Dungeon®

ADVENTURES FOR TSR ROLE-PLAYING GAMES

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COVER
Henry Higgenbotham shows us just how big a dragon's claw really is.

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From the fringe of the mists, shepherds or young boys hunting could see beyond Mondor, west to the flat Plain of Terbrec, land of the Sirle Lords, north to Fallow Field, where the third King of Eldwold's ghost brooded still on his last battle, and where no living thing grew beneath his restless, silent steps. There, in the rich dark forests of Eld Mountain, in the white silence, Myk began a collection of wondrous, legendary animals.
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DRAGON'S DELVE

BY CHRISTOPHER PERKINS

Chip off the old block

Artwork by R.K. Post
Cartography by Michael Scott

Chris tells us that this adventure was inspired by the TSR solo module XS2 Thunderdelve Mountain. *The dragon Glittershard is pure Chris.*

"Dragon's Delve" is an AD&D® adventure designed for 4–8 PCs of levels 3–6 (about 24 total levels). The adventuring party should be predominantly good in alignment.

Some of the monsters in this adventure appear in the AD&D *MYSTARA® MONSTROUS COMPENDIUM® Appendix.* The DM should also have copies of the *MONSTROUS MANUAL™ tome* and the *MONSTROUS COMPENDIUM Annual,* Volume 1. DMs with a copy of *DRAGON® Magazine* issue #227 may wish to substitute some of the dwarven magical items from "Bazaar of the Bazaar" (page 56) for those found in this adventure.

Adventure Background

Three days ago, a pair of mated crystal dragons named Quartz and Facet left their mountaintop lair. They wanted to play a prank on the old amethyst dragon that lived beneath the frozen lake nearby. While the crystal drakes were out dawdling, their playful offspring — a young wingster named Glittershard — became bored with his small hoard and took flight. The young dragon left the lair and flew south toward the settled lands, urged by his curiosity to see what humanoids were really like.

Glittershard had lived a relatively sheltered life, seldom drifting far from his icy mountain home. Although his parents were careful to teach him about the dangers of the "civilized" world, Glittershard (like any crystal dragon) wanted to experience everything for himself.

While scouring the snowy mountains for signs of life, Glittershard happened upon an encampment of stout, bearded humanoids (dwarves). The dwarves were huddled outside a pair of large doors set into a mountainside. Glittershard plunged into the deep, powdery snow and tunneled his way toward the dwarves, hoping to get a closer look at them. They were certainly strange-looking, although Glittershard liked their frozen beards and gruff voices. The dragon crept behind a snowy ridge and listened to the dwarves for a while. Then, when he grew tired of listening, Glittershard begun hurling snowballs at them! The dwarves were

taken aback by the barrage. They could not see who was "attacking" them, so they advanced toward the ridge. When they mounted the crest and saw the dragon packing snow, they froze in disbelief. The dwarves didn't know whether to attack or flee, but Glittershard quickly allayed their fears. He had heard enough of their language to speak with them. He assured the dwarves that his intentions were playful, not malevolent.

Prodded by Glittershard's curiosity and their own boredom, the dwarves told the dragon their story. Forty years ago, a dwarven hero named Galvan Ironstar was named heir to throne of Underduin (a cavernous dwarven kingdom not far from the crystal dragons' lair). Drull, Galvan's twin brother, was envious and decided not to abide by the decision, departing Underduin with his loyal dwarven followers and taking refuge in the abandoned fortress of Thunderdelve. Ten years later, Galvan was sworn in as king. Since then, he has appealed to his jealous brother to return to the kingdom and reunite with his fellow dwarves. On frequent occasions, Drull has politely but sternly refused.

The icy-bearded dwarves who spoke to Glittershard informed the dragon that they were emissaries sent by Galvan to meet with Drull and make amends. They arrived at Thunderdelve less than one day ago and were denied an audience; the dwarves who guard the stronghold's entrance have refused to let them inside. This is not unexpected, since Drull is known for being stubborn. The dwarven emissaries were contemplating their situation and considering whether to return to Underduin when Glittershard crept up and "attacked" them.

Eager to learn more about dwarven behavior and society, Glittershard suggested that the emissaries offer him to Drull as a gift. Glittershard would stay with Drull as a token of good faith; the dragon knew a lot about gems — knowledge he would happily share with Drull and his fellow dwarves. Once Drull had enjoyed the dragon's company and rejoined Underduin, Glittershard would depart and return to his parents. The dwarven emissaries contemplated Glittershard's offer and, with the help of the dragon's *charm person* ability, agreed that this was their only recourse (apart from returning to Underduin in failure). The crystal dragon accompanied the dwarves back to the doors of Thunderdelve. The dwarves once again announced their arrival and offered the dragon as a gift in exchange for a meeting with Drull. Surprisingly, the answer was still "No."

Disappointed that his plan had not gone as expected, the young crystal drake *charmed* the dwarves in the gatehouse and instructed them to open Thunderdelve's doors. After a brief wait, the doors opened, and all were led inside. Thunderdelve was not what Glittershard or the dwarves of Underduin expected. The interior was dreary and dark, hollow and lifeless. Little had been done to restore Thunderdelve to its once-proud glory. The handful of dwarves who led them to Drull's throne room were sallow-faced and non-communicative. Their weapons were old and tarnished.

When Glittershard and his dwarven companions entered Drull's throne room, they saw Drull seated in a crystal throne in the middle of a cold, dark cavern. To the dwarves, Drull looked like a ragged version of his brother, and very much the outcast. Drull's guards left the throne room, leaving the young dragon and his dwarven friends alone with Drull in the large, empty cavern. At that moment, a serpentine monster appeared above Drull, curling its long tail around the base of the crystal throne. Drull's visitors were paralyzed by what they saw lurching over the dwarven lord: a huge dragon with scales of gleaming maroon and teeth the size of stalactites!

For the Dungeon Master

Glittershard was frozen at the sight of the monstrous dragon in Drull's throne room. During Glittershard's moment of hesitation, the evil dragon belched forth a cloud of deadly gas. Unknown to Glittershard and the dwarves of Underduin, the evil dragon and its breath weapon were merely illusions cast by the real monster in Drull's throne room: a baldandar. Baldandars use illusions to mislead and control their victims; the evil dragon's gaseous breath, though not truly life-threatening, did render the dwarves and Glittershard unconscious. Glittershard, who had never encountered illusions before, did not understand that something could look real and sound real yet not be real at all. (The crystal dragon, like the dwarves, made a Successful system Shock roll to survive the illusory damage.)

The dwarves of Thunderdelve have been terrorized by the "evil dragon" known as Stalagmite ever since it "crawled up" from Thunderdelve's chasms six months ago. To this day, the dwarves know nothing about the baldandar, thinking Stalagmite is responsible for all the strange things that have occurred since its arrival. The dwarves believe that the deep dragon can *polymorph* into other creatures and make itself invisible.

Several dwarves from Thunderdelve have vanished since the dragon appeared, but those who suspect that Stalagmite is feeding on the stronghold's dwarven population do not question the dragon for fear of incurring its wrath (and the wrath of their leader, Drull). In truth, the baldandar is carnivorous and does feed on dwarves from time to time by assuming the shape of a slithering tracker and prowling the corridors for strays. Fortunately for the dwarves, the baldandar does not feed often.

The baldandar hails from Nizzinzar, a derro kingdom deep in the Underdark. It has been given the task of securing Thunderdelve for its derro allies. The derro are looking for a subterranean lair close to the surface — a launching pad for raids against the surface dwellers. The baldandar's mastery of illusions and ability to alter its appearance made it an ideal choice to explore Thunderdelve and subjugate its dwarven population.

The baldandar holds Drull and the other dwarves in sway with a *diadem of thought draining*. This elaborate headband was designed by the duergar to weaken the minds of their enemies — the dwarves. The baldandar stole the *diadem* from a duergar stronghold in the Underdark and has since used it to weaken the minds of the dwarves in Thunderdelve.

The baldandar didn't want the dwarves from Underduin entering the fortress, fearing they might find something amiss and report their findings to King Galvan. The derro occupation of Thunderdelve was meant to be discreet, and the last thing the derro wanted was to arouse suspicion from the nearby dwarven kingdom! The baldandar was left with little choice when Glittershard used his *charm* ability to enter the stronghold uninvited. The young crystal dragon, rendered unconscious by the baldandar's illusory dragon breath, has since been blackmailed into helping "Stalagmite" dig a safe pas-

sage from Thunderdelve to a network of caves on the perimeter of Nizzinzar, the derro kingdom. The digging would take years, but then dragons and dwarves have long lifespans. If the crystal dragon refuses to help, the deep dragon has threatened to devour the captured dwarven emissaries.

Quartz and Facet, Glittershard's parents, have been frantically searching for signs of their missing child. Using a *crystal ball,* they have seen images of Glittershard excavating a tunnel with his sharp claws. They also caught sight of a rubble pile, atop which they spotted a rusted metal shield emblazoned with a silver hammer. To identify the shield's emblem, the crystal dragons recently paid a visit to a dwarven hermit. With his help, the dragons determined the origin of the silver hammer emblem and realized that Glittershard was somewhere beneath Thunderdelve Mountain. The helpful hermit dissuaded the dragons from attacking the stronghold, recommending that they visit Underduin and negotiate for Glittershard's release with King Galvan. Conceding to the hermit's wisdom, Quartz and Facet recently paid Galvan a visit. (Nothing they saw in their *crystal ball* suggested that Glittershard was in imminent danger.)

King Galvan Ironstar assured Glittershard's parents that his brother Drull was not known for kidnapping young dragons; nevertheless, he would pursue the matter, if only to find out what happened to his dwarven emissaries. Using their *crystal ball,* Quartz and Facet were able to see the dwarven emissaries imprisoned in cells. Because of magical mineral deposits in the throne room walls, however, the dragons were not able to view Drull or the baldandar, so for the moment they are unaware of the evil in Thunderdelve.

Hoping to avoid a bloody confrontation between Drull and the two crystal dragons, Galvan Ironstar has agreed to hire a skilled band to explore Thunderdelve, locate Glittershard, and free the six imprisoned dwarves. He provides the adventurers with an old map of Thunderdelve Mountain and a magical horn capable of blasting open the fortress' outer doors if necessary. Whether Galvan chooses a band of dwarven heroes or a group of outsiders for the quest depends on the composition of the PC party. In either case, the PCs are chosen because they're the most qualified for the task.

Beginning the Adventure

The PCs begin in the underground dwarven kingdom of Underduin, located on the edge of a sub-arctic or temperate mountain range. If the party is comprised of dwarves, this is not a difficult or unusual place to start. If the party includes other races, they may simply be visiting the kingdom, acting as ambassadors for a city that wishes to trade with the dwarves, or searching for a skilled weaponsmith.

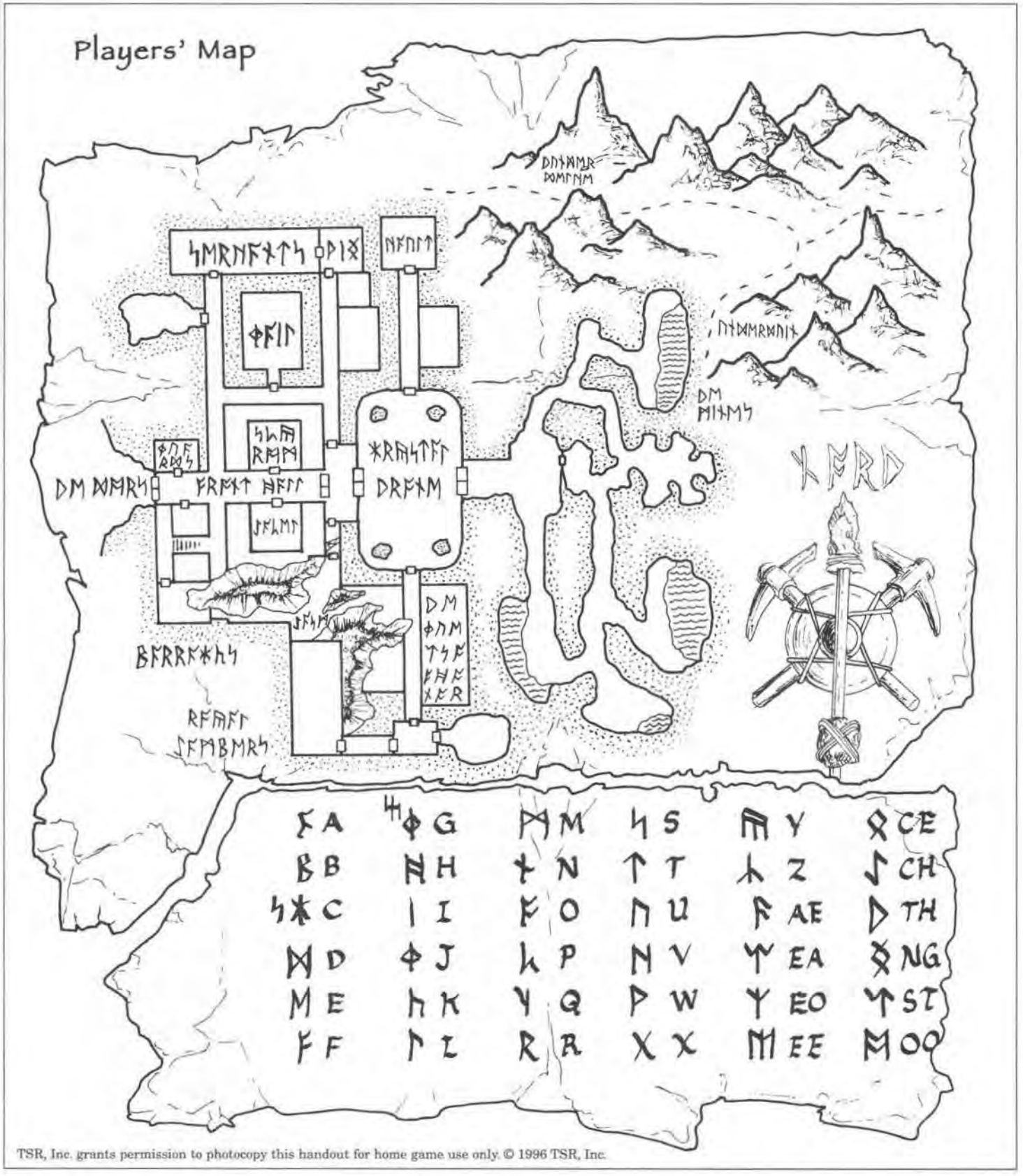
However the PCs end up in Underduin, they soon meet Galvan Ironstar. Galvan suspects that Drull has become involved, willingly or not, in a scheme involving a kidnapped crystal dragon named Glittershard. The young dragon's parents have promised a fair reward for the safe return of their offspring. (See "Rewards for Success" for details.) For the safe return of his six dwarven emissaries, Galvan likewise offers a reward. However, dwarven PCs should feel honor-bound to complete the quest without asking for a reward, since the prestige alone is worth the peril.

If the PCs agree to an audience with King Galvan Ironstar, read or paraphrase the following text to the players:

> Galvan Ironstar leads you into a beautiful subterranean chamber. In the center of a great cavern is a deep lake enclosed by gardens of brightly-colored fungi. A luminescent moss grows on the cavern floor, providing a soft cushion underfoot, while *continual light* spells catch the dazzling array of gem deposits embedded in the walls. Glittering stalactites hang from the cavern roof, some forming columns with stalagmites on the floor.
>
> "Strange things are happening at the fortress of Thunderdelve," says the dwarven king. "Once a formidable stronghold, Thunderdelve was abandoned years ago because of subterranean instability. My brother, Drull, moved into the fortress shortly after I was proclaimed king. He was jealous because I, not he, was named heir to the throne. Stubborn and hot-headed as always, he couldn't bear to live under my rule, so he took his loyal clansmen and left. On many occasions, I have invited them back to Underduin, but each time my brother has refused. Sometimes he acts with such disrespect, it's hard to believe we're family!
>
> "To prove to him that I could be just as stubborn as he, I recently sent six emissaries to Thunderdelve, hoping that Drull had grown weary of his self-imposed exile. While I did not expect my dwarves to return with Drull's good tidings, events took an unpleasant turn.
>
> "Yesterday, my court was visited by a pair of crystal dragons. The dragons were searching for their offspring, a young drake named Glittershard. They believed that Glittershard is trapped somewhere beneath Thunderdelve Mountain. Using a magical crystal orb, the dragons were able to see Glittershard inside the fortress, digging through rock with his claws. With the help of the orb, I also learned that my six emissaries were being held in Thunderdelve's dungeon! Unfortunately, the orb would not allow us to scry on my brother, so I cannot determine whether he is responsible for this travesty.
>
> "I have assured the crystal dragons that I will do everything I can to find and free their son without risking a direct attack against Thunderdelve. The dragons have promised a generous reward to anyone who succeeds in rescuing their son. As for me, I want my emissaries set free and safely returned to Underduin. If Drull is responsible for the imprisonment of the dragon and the dwarves, he must be escorted back to Underduin to answer for his wrongdoings. If evil forces have wrested the fortress from my brother's grasp, I need brave heroes to rid Thunderdelve of its menace. I will provide you with a map of Thunderdelve should you choose to accept this task."

Glittershard's parents are no longer at Underduin. The dragons have promised to return in three days. In the meantime, they have elected to remain in their mountain-top lair just in case Glittershard returns on his own. (The mated dragons are also afraid to leave their "family treasures" unguarded). They use their *crystal ball* to keep an eye on Galvan to make sure he fulfills his end of the agreement. They also use the *crystal ball* to scry on the PCs throughout the adventure. If the PCs successfully rescue Glittershard from Thunderdelve, the parents are there to greet them when they emerge.

Galvan's map of Thunderdelve (Players' Map) is outdated and incom-



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plete, but it provides a general outline of the complex. The DM should give the players a copy of the map at this time. The map runes are written in ancient Dwarven, but Galvan provides the party with an alphabetic index to help decipher the runes. (The DM should allow the players time to interpret the runes if they so wish.)

In addition to the map, Galvan gives the party a *horn of blasting* taken from the vaults of Underduin. "You may need this to enter the fortress," warns Galvan, "but use it sparingly and only as a last resort!" The *horn of blasting* is a useful but dangerous magical item. Like all magic items, the horn has a 20% chance of not working when used by a dwarf. If the horn is used magically more than once/day, there is a 10% cumulative chance that it explodes, inflicting 5d10 hp damage upon the person sounding it. Galvan was warned of the horn's lethality by his advisors, but none of the dwarves know exactly what happens when the horn "malfunctions." For details, consult the *DMG*.

Thunderdelve Mountain

In winter, the broken track to Thunderdelve Mountain is buried beneath a foot or more of snow. However, PCs have no trouble locating the fortress if they use the roughly-drawn map given to them by Galvan. The journey to Thunderdelve should be uneventful, unless the DM wishes to test the party with a few low-risk encounters. (A band of marauding ice trolls or a lone yeti would suffice.)

As the PCs approach Thunderdelve, read or paraphrase the following description to the players:

> You travel through the powdery snow, leaving a track from the gates of Underduin to the valley northwest. After a tiring trek, the ice-capped spire of Thunderdelve Mountain stands ahead of you. From a distance, you can see a pair of doors and some buildings embedded in the mountainside. Large drifts of snow flank the entrance on both sides.

Thunderdelve Mountain is the empty shell of a once-proud legacy. Referred to as the Halls of Paradise by its early dwarven keepers, Thunderdelve once housed nine dwarven clans. The forges of Thunderdelve fashioned metal weapons and wonders the likes of which the world has not seen since. However, all was laid to ruin when Thunderdelve fell prey to a fyrsnaca (a giant flame serpent that burns through solid rock). The fyrsnaca ravaged the dwarven fortress, laid waste to entire levels, and drove the dwarves away. Although dwarven heroes and other brave souls ventured into Thunderdelve to slay the fyrsnaca, none emerged victorious.

The fyrsnaca eventually departed Thunderdelve, leaving a maze of collapsing tunnels in its wake. For years afterward, Thunderdelve was plagued by earthquakes as the rock beneath its subterranean foundations gave way. Other monsters used the abandoned stronghold as a temporary sanctuary until they, too, were driven away. Finally, after three decades, the quakes subsided. Shortly thereafter, Drull Ironstar arrived and made the fortress his own, driving out or slaying any lingering monsters.

The novelty of living in Thunderdelve wore off quickly. The dwarves were few and did not enjoy each other's company. Repairs to the old fortress halted, and the dwarves lost their motivation under Drull's lackluster authority. The young dwarves who followed Drull in the hopes of finding adventure were loathe to remain but stayed, afraid that Drull would consider them traitors.

What Evil Lurks Within

A one-time resident of the Underdark, the baldandar found Thunderdelve after exploring an unstable fyrsnaca tunnel. It then used its *polymorphing* ability to assume the form of a slithering tracker, hiding in seldom-traversed sections of the fortress and luring stray dwarves to their doom. With its *diadem of thought draining*, the baldandar lowered the Intelligence of the entire dwarven population until, at last, the time was right to make its appearance. The stupefied dwarves were quickly fooled by the baldandar's illusions, particularly its illusion of the deep dragon Stalagmite. The dwarves' low Intelligence prevented them from rebelling or formulating a plan to deal with the "dragon." Instead, they unhappily followed Drull's advice and agreed to remain as guards.

Characters encountering the dwarves of Thunderdelve will begin to observe quirks in the dwarves' behavior. Due to their low Intelligence, the dwarves are easily fooled and led into traps. They cannot improvise, nor can they see past the most obvious ruse. Although this has worked well for the evil baldandar, it also means that just about anyone can manipulate the dwarves. Note that the *diadem of thought draining* works only on dwarves and is not a controlling device. PCs who successfully *charm* the dwarves can control them. This is true for Glittershard as well, who has been discretely *charming* any dwarves he sees. During their explorations, the PCs encounter a few dwarves who wish to see Glittershard and his dwarven "friends" freed. Unfortunately, these *charmed* dwarves aren't bright enough to come up with a scheme on their own, and Glittershard has been too busy digging to provide a viable plan of escape.

Not all the dwarves have fared this well since the baldandar's arrival. Over the last several days, the baldandar has used its *polymorph other* spell to transform several dwarves into monsters. In every case so far, the transformation has been permanent and irreversible. The dwarves' reduced Intelligence makes them highly susceptible to adopting the monsters' mentalities. When this occurs, the dwarves become the monsters in every respect.

The presence of derro in the fortress might be enough to rally the remaining dwarves, but so far only Drull and the baldandar know that derro are lurking inside Thunderdelve. Drull is not happy with this, but he has little influence over the baldandar. The derro have confined themselves to the dark chambers south of the throne room (areas **38–44**) to ensure that no dwarf sees them.

The Fortress of Thunderdelve

Thunderdelve is a sprawling complex. Most of its chambers are unlit, as dwarves rely on infravision to move about. Some of the well-traversed areas, like the main hall (area **2**), are torchlit. Corridor ceilings are 12' high and arched, and room ceilings are typically 20' high and either flat or vaulted. Doors are made of thick, iron-bound wood.

In certain areas of the fortress, PCs see dwarven runes etched into walls and doors. To decipher the runes, players must use the alphabetical index included with their copy of the map. If players do not wish to translate all of the runes themselves, the DM can rely on ability checks. A thief who makes a

successful Read Languages roll, a wizard using a *comprehend languages* spell, or a PC with the ancient languages proficiency can decipher the runes correctly. Dwarven PCs who can read their own language have a base 30% chance of understanding the runes.

Unless otherwise noted, all dwarves in Thunderdelve are mountain dwarves with the following statistics: INT low (normally average to high); AL NG or N; AC 6 (tattered chain mail) or 5 (with shield); MV 6; HD 1+1; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; SD 60' infravision; large-size humanoids are –4 to hit; SZ M; ML 14; XP special (see "Rewards for Success"); *MM*/94. Most dwarves wield battle axes (Dmg 1d8) or footman's picks (Dmg 1d6+1). Unless otherwise noted, they have 15 Constitution. The "Dwarves of Thunderdelve" table on page 18 summarizes each dwarf's clan, hit points, AC, weapons and personal treasure.

1. Entrance Doors. The stronghold's entrance is blocked by a pair of heavy, iron-bound doors. The doors are closed and snug. Closer inspection of the entrance reveals holes above the doors where a portcullis once hung. The portcullis has long since rusted away, leaving the doors as the sole defense.

The heavy doors are barred from the inside. They are too sturdy to force open or hack through. Even a *knock* spell cannot open them. However, the PCs can use Galvan's *horn of blasting* to force their way inside, provided the *horn* is blown directly at the doors within 30' of the entrance. If the doors make a successful save vs. crushing blow (save as thick wood), they withstand the *horn's* blast. Further attempts to use the *horn* result in a cumulative –2 modifier to the doors' save.

The dwarves who man the gatehouse (areas **7, 9,** and **10**) do not allow visitors into the fortress regardless of the circumstances. They have direct orders from Drull to keep intruders out. If the PCs attempt to communicate with the dwarves, one of the them bluntly tells the PCs to "Go away!" If the PCs insist on being troublesome, the dwarves shoot warning shots at the party with their crossbows. If the party tries to break down the doors or enter Thunderdelve by other means, the dwarves fight to subdue or kill. The dwarves can be *charmed* into unbarring the doors, but this action requires 3 rounds since the dwarves must go downstairs and physically lift the metal bar.

Charmed dwarves may be coaxed into revealing the location of the secret entrance (area **25**), but only if someone specifically asks them. The dwarves can't remember enough landmarks to accurately locate the secret entrance. PCs have a cumulative 5% chance per hour of finding it. NPC dwarves who are *charmed* may be ordered to lead the PCs to Drull's throne room (area **33**) or the cellblock (area **20**). However, dwarves who aren't *charmed* attempt to restrain or slay the interloping PCs.

2. Great Hall.

> Beyond the entrance lies a large, drafty hall. The cracked remnants of a mosaic floor are visible beneath a layer of debris. Fixed to the walls are several stone torch holders, though many of them have broken off. Those that remain have burning torches set in them, providing enough light to see cracks in the walls and murder holes in the ceiling.

Two dwarves, **Gorin** (hp 9) and **Feodor** (hp 8), stand guard at the east end of the hall. Both dwarves have a Strength of 16 and employ battle axes (Dmg 1d8+1). The have instructions not to allow anyone but dwarves through the doors leading to area **30.** Because of their low Intelligence, they can be tricked and led away easily.

If the PCs forced their way inside using the *horn of blasting,* the dwarves from areas **3** and **5** enter the hall on the following round to defend Thunderdelve from the invaders. The dwarves from areas **7, 10,** and **12** arrive in two rounds, while the dwarves in area **9** shoot intruders through the murder holes in the ceiling. PCs suffer –10 to hit the dwarves above the murder holes as they have 90% cover.

Chiselled into the floor between the doors to areas **16** and **18** are some ancient runes. (Show the players Dwarven Runes #1. The runic letters spell the word "Welcome.")

3. North Guardroom. This unlit room contains four decrepit cots and a stout table surrounded by four dwarf-sized chairs. Lying atop the table are four battered mugs and an uncooked goat carcass. Two dwarves, **Ulrik** (hp 5) and **Tagaron** (hp 7), are sleeping soundly and do not awaken unless poked, prodded, or aroused by the sound of the *horn of blasting.* If alerted to intruders, they rush out into area **2** to repel the PCs. They wear rusted chain mail (AC 6) and wield dull battle axes (Dmg 2d4–1).

4. Spiral Staircase. A stone staircase spirals up to area **10.** The room is unlit and otherwise empty.

5. South Guardroom. This dark chamber contains four cots and four sleeping dwarves. The dwarves keep their battle axes close by in case an alarm is sounded. An overturned barrel serving as a makeshift table stands in the center of the room. Atop the table are four empty ale mugs.

The dwarves are **Krakscorn** (see below for statistics), **Rutgar** (hp 9), **Vlardak** (hp 7), and **Dazlun** (hp 5). Each wears tattered chain mail and carries a shield (AC 5). Krakscorn is tougher than the other dwarves, having spent several years as a wilderness guide exploring the mountains. He is also Drull's lieutenant, second-in-command to Rhorvald (area **12**). Krakscorn is crabby and impulsive. He tends to resolve conflicts with his axe instead of his brain. Krakscorn also knows that several dwarves have fallen victim to a magical "curse" which has turned them into monsters. (He knows about the monsters in areas **22** and **41.**) Krakscorn believes that Stalagmite punished these dwarves for not following orders.

Krakscorn Axe-to-Grind (mountain dwarf): INT low; AL N; AC 5; MV 6; F3; hp 39; THAC0 17 (16 with battle axe +1); #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type +1 (+2 with magical battle axe); S 17 (+1/+1), C 19 (+5 hp/die); SD as dwarf; ML 15; XP 270; rusted chain mail (AC 6), shield, *battle axe +1,* 14 gp in pouch.

6. Stairs Up. These rubble-strewn steps lead up to area **7.** The stairs are unlit and unguarded.

7. South Watchtower. This room is unfurnished and guarded by two dwarves, **Jarok** (hp 5) and **Norlon** (hp 6). They wear rusted chain mail (AC 6) and are equipped with picks and light crossbows. They are fairly diligent about watching for the approach of strangers.

8. Weapons Storage. Piled in the corners of this unlocked room are three old footman's picks, one light crossbow (broken), three poorly maintained suits of chain mail armor (dwarf-sized, equiv-

Dwarven Runes

#1 (area 2) ᚹᛖᛚᚼᚠᚹᛖ

#2 (area 15) ᛗᚠᚢᚾᚦᛖᚾᚱᛋᚾᛒᚢᚱᚾᚾᚼᛞᚠᚱᚢᛖᛋᚾ ᚺᛉᚱᛚᛋᚾᚠᚠᚱᛖᚢᚢᛖᚱ:

#3 (area 16) ᚢᛖᚾᚹᚺᚠᚾᚠᚱᛖᚾᛒᚠᚢᛞᚾᛉᚠᚾᚦᛖᚾᛉᚱᚦᚾ ᚠᚱᛖᚾᛒᚠᚢᛞᛚᛖᛋᛋᚾᚠᚼᛞᚾᛖᛉᛖᚱᚼᚠᛚ:

#4 (area 20) ᛞᚢᚾᛝᛉᚼ

#5 (area 20) ᛗᚠᚱᛒᛚᛖᛗᚠᛁᛉ

#6 (area 26) ᛏᚱᛉᛋᚢᚢᚱᛖᛗ

#7 (area 28) ᛉᚱᛖᛝᚦᚾᚠᚠᚾᛏᛖᚼ

#8 (area 32) ᛗᚢᚾᚠᛗᚹᛗᚠᚼᚾᛞᚢᚾᚠᚦᚠᛚ

#9 (area 34) ᚠᛏᛇᛖᚹᛗᛁᛉ

#10 (area 38) ᚺᚠᚼᚠᚱᛖᛗᛞᚾᚾᚠᚱᛖᚾᚾᚦᚠᚢᚢᛖᚾᛋᚾᚦᚾᚹᚺᚠᚾᚾᚱᛖᛗᛝᛁᛞᛖᚾᚾᚺᛗᚱᛖᚢ:

#11 (area 43) ᛁᚼᚾᚦᛖᚾᛋᛗᚼᚱᛖᛗᛏᚾᚾᚠᚢᛚᛏᚾᚾᚦᛖᚾᚢᛗᚹᚾᛏᚠᚾᚦᛖᚾᚱᚠᚹᚢᚠᛚᛏᚾᚾᛇᚠᛖᚹᛒᛖᚱᚼᚾᚾᛖᛗᚼ:ᚠᚳᛖᛋᚼᚾᚾᚦᛖᚾᚾᛞᛞᛖᚱᚾᚹᚺᛁᛞᚾᚠᚾᚦᛖᚾᚹᚠᚹᚱᚾᚦᛖᚾᚹᛁᚦᚾᚠᚾᚦᛖᚾᚹᚠᚱᛞᛝ:

#12 (area 49) ᛇᚠᛖᛒᛖᚱᚾᚠᚠᚾᚦᛖᚾᚾᛗᚠᚼᛖᚠᛏᛖᚱᚾ:

#13 (area 52) ᚦᚢᚼᛞᛖᚱᛞᛖᚢᚾᛖᛗ:

#15 (area 53) ᚦᛖᚾᚼᚢᚢᚠᚱᛞᛁᚠᚼᚾᚹᛁᚢᚢᚾᚾᛏᛞᚾᛗᚠᚢᚢᚾᚦᚠᚾᚦᛖᚾᚢᚠᚱᛖᛗᚾᚾᚼ

the dwarves when they were sent to inspect his progress on the tunnel (area **60**). They are eager to see their dragon "friend" set free, but none of the other dwarves currently share this sentiment.

Rhorvald Dragonforge (mountain dwarf): INT low (very); AL N; AC 3 (5 without shield +1); MV 6; F5; hp 45; THAC0 15 (includes strength); #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type +3 (1d8+5 with battle axe +2); SD as dwarf; S 18/22 (+1/+3), C 16, Ch 15; ML 16; XP 650; piecemeal armor (AC 5), *shield +1, battle axe +2* (in non-dwarven hands, functions as *battle axe +1*), iron key (opens chest in area **15**).

Rhorvald has "repaired" his suit of chain mail by taking pieces from other suits of armor. As Drull Ironstar's comrade-in-arms, Rhorvald would be extremely upset to learn that an evil baldandar has been manipulating the dwarves using its powers of illusion.

13. Fallen Floor.

> Part of this chamber's floor has fallen into the chasm, creating a deep fissure in an otherwise empty room. Icy vapors float up from the pit.

In the glory days of Thunderdelve, this chamber served as a guard barracks. The dwarves have since removed the furnishings and used the broken-up pieces as kindling for their fire. (See area **12.**) The fissure is 60' deep and filled with jagged rocks. (Falling damage is 6d6+12 hp.)

14. Stone Bridge and Chasm.

> Cold vapors rise from a great chasm which fills this collapsed section of the fortress. The chasm's ice-glazed sides are sheer, and giant icicles can be seen hanging from the high ceiling directly overhead. A stone bridge arches over the fissure, allowing access to a section of hallway beyond.

Characters can see an opening in the far wall, leading to area **31.** The ceiling here is 30' high. The arching bridge is safe to cross, though the chasm is 60' deep and filled with sharp, icy surfaces that make any plunge lethal (Dmg 6d6+12). Characters who descend into the chasm using ropes can inspect the bottom safely. Aside from meandering tunnels (10' diameter) left by the fyrsnaca, there are several items that have fallen into the fissure over the years. Some of them have slipped into narrow crevasses and are difficult to spot; PCs searching the chasm have a 2-in-6 chance per turn of finding one of the following (roll 1d6):

1–2. A *dagger +1* embedded in the ice. Characters must spend 3 rounds chipping through the ice to retrieve it. The dagger has the added power of casting *magic missile* once/day (three missiles). This power operates regardless of the wielder's class.

3–4. A sealed metal scroll tube. Unplugging the scroll triggers a *fire trap* (Dmg 1d4+8) unless the trap is successfully bypassed by a thief or deactivated using a *dispel magic* spell. Inside is a scroll of *protection from fire.*

5–6. A cursed *bastard sword –1* wedged in an icy crack. If the weapon is picked up or held by a fighter, it "glues" itself to the fighter's hands and cannot be removed until a *remove curse* spell is cast. (The fyrsnaca ate the previous owner of the sword, weapon and all, then expelled the blade as waste.)

15. Rhorvald's Quarters.

> This room is furnished for a single dwarf. Against the north wall stands a cot heaped with furs. Hanging on the south wall is a large copper disk beaten into the shape of a fire-breathing dragon with runes engraved around its circumference. Underneath the disk rests an iron-bound wooden chest with a sturdy-looking padlock shaped like a dragon's head. Pushed into the corners of the room are piles of old bones and debris.

This is where Rhorvald Dragonforge (see area **12**) sleeps most of the time. The disk hanging on the wall is his own: a 4'-diameter symbol of his clan, depicting the fire-breathing dragon emblem. The runes along the plate's rim read (in ancient dwarven): "May the fires burn in dwarven hearts forever." (Show players dwarven runes #2.) The copper disk (45 gp) is thin and weighs only 8 lbs.

The padlock securing Rhorvald's chest is very sturdy and can be broken only by a single blow inflicting 12 hp damage or more. It is also well-made, imposing a –15% penalty to a thief's open locks attempt. Inside the chest is a sack of 154 gp, a gem-studded beard comb (worth 225 gp), and a pair of well-oiled dwarven gauntlets wrapped in sheep skin.

16. Temple and Statue.

> The walls of this room are dotted with holes, evidently meant to hold gems and other decorative stones. A statue of a large, bare-chested dwarf stands on a plinth opposite the door, casting its cold stare upon all who enter. It seems thieves pried the gems not only from the walls but also from the statue's eye sockets. Hanging on each side of the dwarf is a moldy tapestry on the verge of falling apart.

The statue depicts Dumathoin, a dwarven deity. If any non-dwarf touches the statue, all weapons inside the room are instantly *teleported* to area **47.** This includes magical melee and missile weapons but not magical items. The stone plinth is actually part of the statue and is engraved with ancient dwarven runes. (Show the players dwarven runes #3. They translate to: "Ye who are bound to the Earth/Are boundless and eternal.") To the right of the statue, hidden behind a tattered tapestry, is a secret door leading to area **17.**

The secret door may be opened by turning the statue and plinth 90° counter-clockwise — a task requiring 19 Strength or a combined Strength of 36. Only three individuals may attempt to turn the statue at once. A *knock* spell cannot open the secret door, and the secret door closes when the statue is turned back.

17. Secret Chamber. This secret chamber contains five sacks stacked neatly against the wall opposite the secret door. Each 10-lb. sack holds 100 silver ingots (worth 5 gp each). Lying across the sacks is an unsheathed *long sword +2, +3 vs. undead* named *Render.* This chaotic evil sword flickers with a dull red light. In addition to functioning as a magical sword, *Render's* hilt contains two spring-loaded compartments each capable of holding and firing a single dart. Both darts are fired simultaneously using a secret trigger in the sword's pommel.

Render once belonged to a bandit who laired in Thunderdelve. The sword doesn't take kindly to being held by individuals of differing alignment. Lawful or neutral persons who touch the weapon suffer 1d6 hp burn damage. If the person is also good-aligned, an additional

1d6 hp fire damage is suffered. If the sword feels so inclined, it uses its power of telepathy to trick a PC into picking it up, but only if the PC seems reluctant. In addition to its other powers, *Render* can find secret doors, *detect evil* and *detect invisibility* (10' radius).

In the far corner of the room, illuminated by the sword's dull crimson light, is a much more interesting prize: a deactivated iron living statue shaped like a 6' tall dwarf. In place of hands, the statue is equipped with two large rock hammers. Used as a tool by the ancient dwarves of Thunderdelve, this animated rock-pounder was left here and forgotten once the fortress was abandoned. PCs who inspect the living statue have a 3 in 6 chance of spotting a small ring-shaped indentation in the statue's forehead. If a magical ring is placed in this indentation, the statue animates. (Even a ring with a *light* spell cast upon it makes the statue function.) It deactivates once the ring is removed.

The statue follows the instructions of whoever activates it. Only that person can remove the ring once it is in place, unless the statue is destroyed (at which point anyone may remove the ring). The statue is imbued with enough intelligence to follow its controller's orders and avoid potential hazards (such as unstable floors or open pits).

Iron living statue (dwarf): INT low; AL N; AC 2; MV 3; HD 4; hp 25; THAC0 17; #AT 2; Dmg 1d8/1d8; SD metal weapons which hit the statue are stuck (attacker gets a save vs. spell to pull weapon free; stuck weapons may be removed only when the statue is destroyed); SZ M (6' tall); ML 20; XP 420; *MYSTARA® MC*/107 (statue, living).

18. Spying Room.

> This room displays some of the most elaborate stonework you've seen so far. On the walls of the chamber are carved dwarven faces — three per wall, nine in all. The floor of the room has a crest chiseled into it: an upright hammer in the middle of a ringed shield.

The chiseled emblem on the floor is the symbol of Thunderdelve. The engraved hammer was once inlaid with silver, but the precious metal was pried out by thieves. PCs studying the dwarves' handiwork see scratch marks left by prying daggers.

The dwarven carvings represent the nine founders of Thunderdelve. The visages are 6' high, 4' wide, and well rendered. If the PCs study the carvings closely, they notice two things. First, all of the dwarven faces have grim expressions, except the one in the middle of the north wall, which has the workings of a smile. Behind this face is a secret door leading to a hidden passage. (See "The Hidden Passage" below.) The secret door has a locking mechanism that keeps it from being opened until the proper latch is pulled. A thief who makes a successful Find Traps roll discovers this latch inside the stone dwarf's nostrils. A *knock* spell may also open the door.

The second thing PCs may notice about the carvings is that — with the exception of the secret-door face — the eyes are cut out, enabling individuals to peer through the eyeholes from behind the wall. The eyeholes have stone shutters in place so people inside the room won't spot them from a distance.

The Hidden Passage

The passage that lies behind this room is roughly hewn. Positioned under each pair of eyeholes is a stone block for dwarves to stand on. Characters who explore this secret corridor are in for a nasty surprise. Lurking in the western branch of the tunnel are two dwarves (**Soren** and **Dral**) *polymorphed* into chokers (diminutive humanoid monsters with elastic limbs used for strangling). The chokers attack anyone (including dwarves) who enters the passage.

The secret doors leading from the secret passage are easily opened from this side. (No special rolls required.) Hidden in the debris of the choker's lair is a labeled *potion of healing*, a silver dagger hilt (15 gp) and a pouch of 23 sp.

Soren and **Dral** (chokers): INT semi-; AL CE; AC 4; MV 9, burrow 3; HD 3; hp 20,15; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (tentacle); SA strangulation (1d8 hp/round); SZ S (4' tall); ML 7; XP 120; *MYSTARA MC*/19. The grip of a choker can be broken only by killing or incapacitating the creature.

19. Larder. Hanging by hooks from the 12' high ceiling are three animal carcasses: a mountain goat, a firedrake with its gullet carved out, and a small reindeer. All three animals were trapped and killed two weeks ago by Krakscorn and his dwarven hunting party (see area **5**). The roughly-hewn chamber is naturally cold and makes an ideal freezer.

20. Cell Block. Carved into the door of this room are some ancient dwarven runes. (Show players dwarven runes #4. The runic letters spell "Dungeon.") The door is not locked.

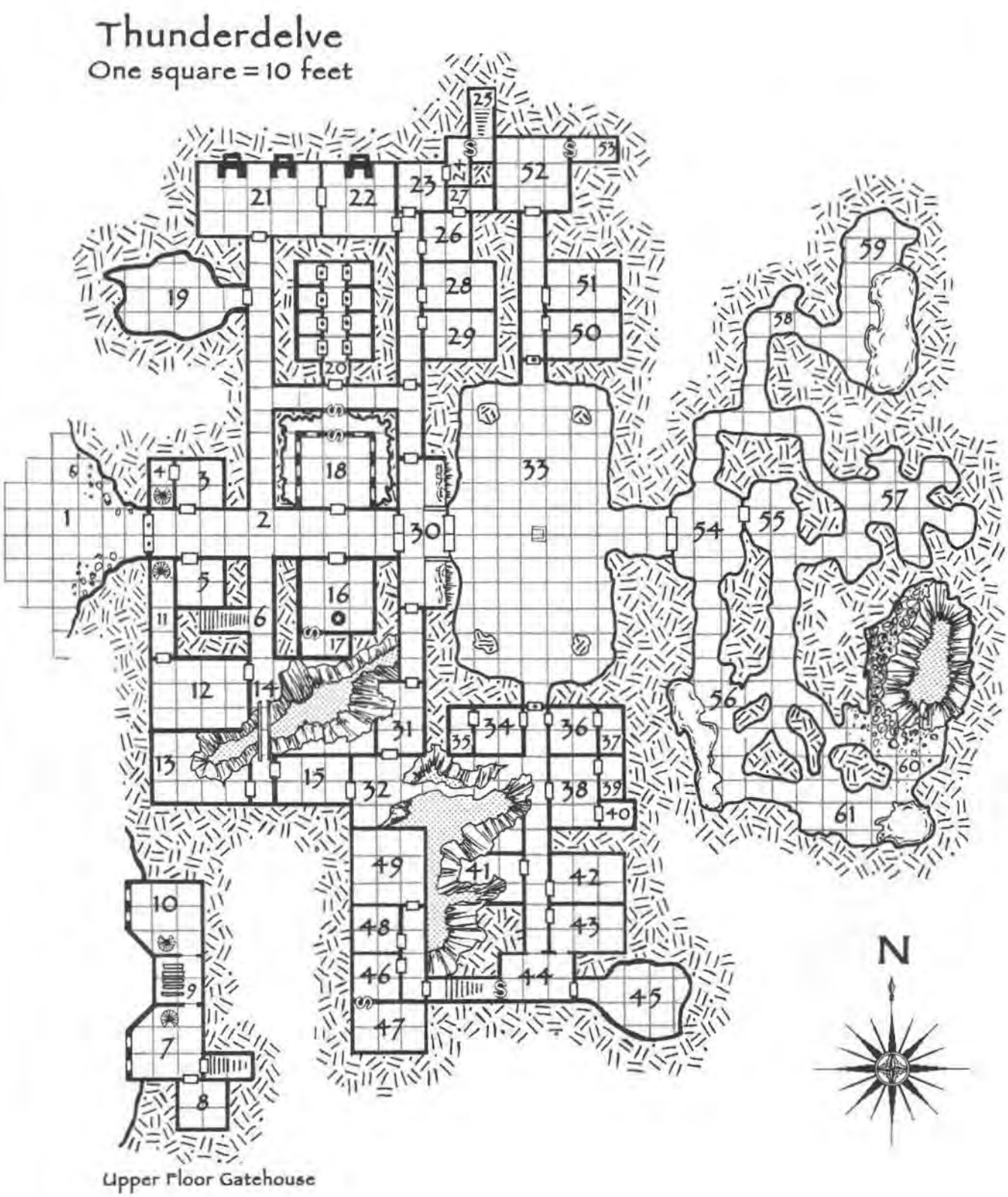
Branching off of this 10'-high corridor are eight cells sealed by iron-bound wooden doors. The doors are only 5' tall — plenty of room for a dwarf to walk through but awkward for larger creatures. A small barred window is set into the middle of each door. PCs peering through the bars can see every corner of a cell's interior. The first thing they notice is that the cells, though spacious, are only 5' tall. Each of the doors is locked, and only the dwarven jailers (area **29**) have keys.

If the PCs have not yet met the baldandar, they encounter it here. The creature has taken leave of Drull to feed on one of the prisoners. The baldandar has *polymorphed* itself into a slithering tracker and is crawling up a randomly-chosen cell door with the intention of entering the cell through the barred window. Most of the dwarven prisoners are asleep, and all are oblivious to the tracker's presence.

When the PCs enter, the slithering tracker clings to the inside of the cell door and renders itself invisible. In its current form, the baldandar has no damaging attacks and prefers to remain unnoticed. Characters who can detect invisible objects notice the tracker once the cell door is opened. If its presence is discovered, the baldandar casts its *confusion* spell on 1d4 random PCs and uses its *fly* spell to escape. The flying tracker heads towards area **33,** slinking beneath any doors in its path. Once in area **33,** the baldandar remains invisible but assumes its true form, taking position behind Drull's throne.

Slithering tracker (*polymorphed* baldandar): INT exceptional; AL NE; AC 5; MV 12, fly 18 (B); HD 6; hp 33; #AT 0; Dmg nil; SA paralyzation; SD transparency, spells; SZ S (3' long); ML 14; XP 2,000; *MYSTARA MC*/11 and *MM*/280. See area **33** for the baldandar's spells and special abilities.

Six of the cells are occupied by King Galvan's emissaries. The dwarves are relatively old (200+ years), and their names are **Evrik** (hp 9), **Ianwulf** (hp 8), **Hagar** (hp 7), **Kolluth** (hp 5), **Arynzorn** (hp 5), and **Dharzad** (hp 4).


Thunderdelve
One square = 10 feet
N
Upper Floor Gatehouse

Dwarves of Thunderdelve

Area	Name	Clan	HP	AC	THAC0	Weapons	Dmg	TREASURE
2	Gorin	Rockforge	9	6	19	battle axe	1d8+1	pouch (16 sp)
	Feodor	Coppershield	8	6	19	battle axe	1d8+1	silver ring (15 gp)
3	Ulrik	Hammersmite	5	6	19	dull battle axe	2d4–1	pouch (3 gp)
	Tagaron	Coppershield	7	6	19	dull battle axe	2d4–1	pouch (5 gp, 12 sp)
5	Krakscorn	None	39	5	16	*battle axe +1*	1d8+2	pouch (14 gp)
	Rutgar	Hammersmite	9	5	19	battle axe	1d8	none
	Vlardak	Stonemantle	7	5	19	battle axe	1d8	pouch (11 sp, 13 cp)
	Dazlun	Silverpick	5	5	19	battle axe	1d8	none
7	Jarok	Hammersmite	5	6	19	pick, crossbow	1d6+1	topaz (100 gp)
	Norlon	Rockforge	6	6	19	pick, crossbow	1d6+1	pouch (4 gp, 23 cp)
9	Orik	Rockforge	6	6	19	pick, crossbow	1d6+1	electrum band (50 gp)
	Argent	Stonemantle	4	6	19	pick, crossbow	1d6+1	none
10	Bryn	Coppershield	8	6	19	battle axe light crossbow	1d8 1d6+1	silver toothpick (1 gp), pouch (18 gp)
	Sundar	Crystalmace	17	4	18	warhammer light crossbow	1d4+3 1d6+1	none
12	Rhorvald	Dragonforge	45	3	15	*battle axe +2*	1d8+5	iron key (area 15)
	Tullek	Stonemantle	10	5	19	battle axe	1d8	gold ring (45 gp)
	Vodin	Coppershield	9	5	19	battle axe	1d8	turquoise spindle (20 gp)
	Gunthar	Rockforge	9	5	19	battle axe	1d8	pouch (16 gp)
	Neredin	Crystalmace	8	5	19	battle axe	1d8	pouch (15 gp, 3 sp)
	Thrand	Coppershield	7	5	19	battle axe	1d8	beryl gemstone (50 gp)
	Uli	Hammersmite	7	5	19	battle axe	1d8	onyx cube (75 gp)
	Bruindar	Rockforge	6	5	19	battle axe	1d8	pouch (10 sp, 10 cp)
	Dazgard	Silverpick	5	5	19	battle axe	1d8	5 silver ingots (10 gp ea.)
18	Soren	Hammersmite	*Polymorphed into a choker (see area 18 for statistics).***					
	Dral	Stonemantle	*Polymorphed into a choker (see area 18 for statistics).***					
20	Evrik*	Marblefist	9	10	19	unarmed	by weapon	none
	Ianwulf*	Cinderheart	8	10	19	unarmed	by weapon	none
	Hagar*	Cinderheart	7	10	19	unarmed	by weapon	none
	Kolluth*	Rockforge	5	10	19	unarmed	by weapon	none
	Arynzorn*	Marblefist	5	10	19	unarmed	by weapon	none
	Dharzad*	Crystalmace	4	10	19	unarmed	by weapon	none
22	Nazrod	Coppershield	*Polymorphed into a gibbering mouther (see area 22 for statistics).***					
26	Haldred	Hammersmite	6	6	19	footman's pick	1d6+1	none
	Vrungar	Dragonforge	5	6	19	footman's pick	1d6+1	pouch (6 gp, 14 sp)
28	Rundle	Coppershield	10	5	19	battle axe	1d8	gold neckband (125 gp)
	Hullen	Rockforge	8	5	19	battle axe	1d8	jade ring (60 gp)
	Irk	Rockforge	8	6	19	footman's pick	1d6+1	pouch (24 sp, 17 cp)
	Gaknarok	Crystalmace	6	6	19	footman's pick	1d6+1	pouch (7 cp)
29	Jared	Dragonforge	8	6	19	footman's mace	1d6+1	iron keys (area 20)
	Brunt	Stonemantle	10	6	19	dull battle axe	2d4–1	pouch (8 sp, 15 cp)
32	Thorbrand**	Rockforge	27	6	17	special**	3d4	see area 32
33	Drull	Ironstar	61	3	12	two-handed axe	1d10+3	see area 33
41	Jasper	Hammersmite	*Polymorphed into an ice mephit (see area 41 for statistics).****					
	Ulgar	Silverpick	*Polymorphed into an ice mephit (see area 41 for statistics).****					
54	Druin	Stonemantle	*Polymorphed into a geonid (see area 54 for statistics).****					
	Gazgar	Dragonforge	*Polymorphed into a geonid (see area 54 for statistics).****					
	Kjell	Rockforge	*Polymorphed into a geonid (see area 54 for statistics).****					
	Murik	Coppershield	*Polymorphed into an urd (see area 54 for statistics).****					
	Diarmuid	Coppershield	*Polymorphed into an urd (see area 54 for statistics).****					
60	Warren	Dragonforge	10	5	19	battle axe	1d8	pouch (2 gp, 25 sp)
	Vangard	Crystalmace	9	5	19	battle axe	1d8	gold armband (50 gp)

* These six dwarves are the emissaries sent to Thunderdelve by King Galvan. Their equipment is stored in area 50.

** Thorbrand is an undead dwarf. He cannot be permanently slain. (See area 32 for details.)

*** In each case, the transformation is permanent. Only a *wish* spell can restore a polymorphed dwarf to normal.

They are dwarven diplomats with AC 10, but they can defend themselves if handed a weapon. They have not been abused, but they are slowly and unknowingly succumbing to the Intelligence-draining power of the baldandar's *diadem of thought draining.* (Their Intelligence has dropped from 12 to 7.) They wrongly believe that the deep dragon's breath weapon rendered them unconscious, after which they were locked in cells as part of a ransom scheme concocted by Drull and his dragon ally. They do not know what happened to Glittershard but fear the worst.

Hidden under a loose floorstone in the unoccupied northeast cell is a copper key, a *ring of warmth,* and a burnt scrap of paper in a small leather bag. The copper key is a spare which unlocks the south door of area **33** (leading to areas **34–49**). The scrap of paper has some old dwarven runes on it. (Show players dwarven runes #5.) The runes spell the name "Marblefist" and are needed to open the secret door in area **44.** The pouch and scrap of paper were hidden here by a thief who crept into Thunderdelve decades ago hoping to steal some dwarven treasures. The loose floorstone is treated as a secret door for detection purposes.

21. Feast Hall.

This room is heated and lit by two blazing fires. Hanging above the blackened hearths are two shields depicting Thunderdelve's crest: an upright silver hammer. Mounted on the walls are the heads of several slain beasts. A long wooden table surrounded by twenty stout chairs occupies the middle of the room. The table has been nicked by axes and littered with ale mugs and bits of uneaten food. Under the table are three broken kegs, while stacked in the southeast corner are three more unopened kegs.

Once per month, the dwarves of Underduin leave a cartload of ale kegs near the entrance to Thunderdelve — a friendly and helpful gesture from Drull's brother, Galvan. Drull himself refuses to drink the ale, but the other dwarves can seldom resist. The three kegs in the southeast corner contain good dwarven ale.

The heads of a number of beasts decorate the walls of this once-proud feast hall: a goat, an elk, three bugbears, a hobgoblin, a quaggoth, a grizzly bear, and an ice lizard. Some are in bad shape, while others were recently slain and mounted by Krakscorn (see area **5**). The shields mounted above the fireplaces are medium-sized and non-magical.

22. Kitchen. An iron cauldron hangs in the hearth of a blackened fireplace, but there is no fire. In fact, the room is cold and dark. A table rests against the eastern wall, and iron-shod utensils hang from hooks above it. Lying in the middle of the floor is a 4'-tall, 8'-wide heap of refuse. The refuse is actually one of the dwarves (**Nazrod**) *polymorphed* into a gibbering mouther by the evil baldandar. If the "pile of garbage" is disturbed or approached within 5', its eyes and mouths snap open, and the mouther begins gibbering. The gibbering is mainly incoherent, although PCs have a 2 in 6 chance of hearing the words "Help me! Help me!" coming from several of the creature's mouths.

The gibbering causes confusion in a 60' radius. In the same round it begins gibbering, the mouther spits at the PCs. The spittle bursts into a bright flare upon striking a hard surface, blinding all PCs who fail to save vs. petrification. The blindness lasts 1d3 rounds, and the mouther is +2 to hit blinded opponents. The floor within 5' of the mouther is like quicksand; PCs attacking with short or medium-sized weapons are –2 to hit.

If three or more mouths attach themselves to a single PC, the character must make a Dexterity check each round thereafter or be "swallowed" by the creature and bitten by all 12 mouths. (Each mouth is +4 to hit because the victim is prone.) Covered PCs who are reduced to 0 hit points are absorbed into the mouther, giving it an extra mouth and pair of eyes, as well as 1 hit point. Only the character's flesh is absorbed; equipment is expelled in a gluey residue. PCs swallowed in this fashion cannot be saved or restored by any means short of a *wish.*

Nazrod (gibbering mouther): INT semi-; AL N; AC 1; MV 3, swim 6; HD 4+3; hp 23; THAC0 17; #AT 6; Dmg 1 hp/bite; SA gibbering, spit, multiple bites (see above); SD ground control; SZ M; ML 13; XP 975; *Monstrous Compendium Annual, Volume 1.*

23. Servant's Quarters. This room is filled with rat bones and debris. Any furniture that once belonged in this chamber has been broken up and used as kindling for the fires in areas **21** and **22.**

24. Pantry. The walls of this room are lined with bare stone shelves. A secret door is hidden behind the shelves along the northeast wall. The secret door pushes open easily enough, revealing a staircase beyond (area **25**). Anyone in this pantry when the secret door is opened feels the cold rush of air from outside.

25. Secret Entrance/Exit. A 50'-long flight of stairs leads from the fortress to the back of an icy crevice, and from there to the outside. From the outside, this secret entrance/exit looks like nothing more than a narrow crack in the mountainside next to a small, frozen waterfall. The stairs are slippery but safe to traverse.

26. Servant's Quarters.

Old rugs cover the floor of this square room. Pushed into opposite corners are two fur-covered beds, above which hang tattered tapestries. You notice that the north door has dwarven runes carved into it. You also see two dwarves sitting in a corner, clutching each other for comfort.

The two dwarves are **Haldred** (hp 6) and **Vrungar** (hp 5). Both dwarves wear rusted chain mail (AC 6) and keep their picks close to them. After being confused by the gibbering mouther (area **22**) and watching one of their comrades get "eaten," these inexperienced dwarves retreated to this chamber. They do not respond to calls of alarm and are afraid to leave on their own, fearing the "monster of many eyes" (the gibbering mouther) and the "evil dragon" (area **33**). These dwarves suffer –4 penalties to all morale checks.

The runes on the north door (leading to area **27**) are written in ancient dwarven. (Show players dwarven runes #6. Translated, the runes say "Treasure.") The dwarves have no treasure of their own and, thanks to the *diadem of thought draining*, can't remember what lies behind the northern door.

27. Trapped Treasure. Drull's dwarves are aware of the trap in this room and avoid it. At the eastern end of the room, a sack containing 45 sp has been placed on the floor to tempt would-

be treasure hunters. In addition to the open sack, the dwarves have left six loose, polished gems (worth 5 gp each) near the eastern wall. Any character who sets foot in the eastern 10' × 10' section of the room triggers a 10' square pit trap. The pit is 10' deep and lined with spikes. Damage sustained from the fall is 1d6 hp plus 1d4 hp per spike. Roll 1d4+1 to determine how many spikes are landed on. The pit's lid has spring-loaded hinges and snaps shut after two rounds.

Impaled on spikes at the bottom of the pit are the skeletal remains of a dwarven adventurer named Darow Blackaxe. Clutched in his bony hand is a turquoise (worth 10 gp) with a *continual light* cast upon it. Characters scouring the pit floor also find a small empty chest, 43 gp (scattered), an onyx brooch (300 gp) fastened to a rotted dwarven cloak, a non-magical dwarven battle axe and a silver ring set with aquamarine chips (actually a ring of water adaptation; see *ENCYCLOPEDIA MAGICA*™, page 1,006). The ring is worth 1,200 gp.

28. Guard Room.

Six small beds have been pushed against the north wall of this room. Against the far wall rests a pair of wooden, iron-bound chests with sturdy locks on them.

Years ago, this room was set aside for dwarven servants. Now it serves as the sleeping quarters for four of Drull's dwarves: **Rundle** (hp 10), **Hullen** (hp 8), **Irk** (hp 8) and **Gaknarok** (hp 6). If an alarm is sounded in either adjacent room (area **26** or **29**), these dwarves will respond. All four have shields and wear tattered chain mail (AC 5).

Rundle suspects that Stalagmite is the one responsible for turning his brother Nazrod (see area **22**) into a hideous monster. He is angry enough to attack the deep dragon if goaded. The other three dwarves have all been *charmed* by Glittershard. They know where the crystal dragon is located (in the caves behind the throne), but they can't remember why Stalagmite is forcing Drull to keep Glittershard prisoner. The four dwarves all know where the dwarven emissaries from Underduin are being held, but they can't remember who has the keys for the cells. (The dwarves in area **29** have the keys.)

The two chests are locked, but the locks may be picked normally. (The keys for the chests were dropped in area **11**). Chest #1 contains smelly dwarven clothing and a pouch holding three small garnets (100 gp each). Chest #2 holds a sack of 150 sp, a loose pile of 10 silver ingots (worth 5 gp each), a pewter *everful ale mug,* and a *potion of hill giant strength* (pale green liquid) labeled in old dwarven runes. (Show players dwarven runes #7. The label reads "Strength of Ten.") The pewter *everful ale mug* fills with a gallon of the finest dwarven ale whenever its holder speaks the command words "To Vergadain!" The dwarves have yet to figure out the command words.

29. Jailers' Room. This room is furnished with a pair of wooden cots, a tattered rug and a faded tapestry which hangs on the south wall. Unless they were drawn elsewhere, two dwarves are sleeping soundly in the cots. These dwarves are the appointed jailers, **Jared** (hp 8) and **Brunt** (hp 10). Both wear tattered chain mail (AC 6). Jared is armed with a footman's mace, Brunt with a dull battle axe (Dmg 2d4–1). Jared carries eight iron keys on a copper ring. The keys unlock the cells in area **20.**

If battle erupts in area **28,** these two dwarves awaken and investigate the disturbance.

30. Bronze Doors.

Two glittering waterfalls are caught in mid-cascade, frozen forever in this well-appointed hall. The waterfalls spout from stone viaducts in the eastern wall, meeting as one with the frozen pool of water set six feet below the chamber's red-quartz floor. Spanning the middle of the pool and leading to a set of great bronze doors is a clear crystal bridge that could easily be mistaken for an ice sculpture.

The doors to the north, west, and south can be barred shut from this side, should the dwarves wish to use the hall as an interior line of defense in case of attack. The crystal bridge and quartz floor are sturdy and safe. Dwarven spells cast upon these surfaces hundreds of years ago completely protect them from non-magical damage.

The bronze doors to the east are magically locked to all but dwarves. A knock spell forces them open; otherwise, the party must either ask or command a dwarf to open the doors for them (assuming there are no dwarves in the party). As soon as a dwarven PC or NPC touches the surface of either door, both doors swing open to reveal area **33** beyond.

31. Partial Collapse.

Part of the western wall has collapsed into a chasm, leaving the room exposed to the cold vapors which rise from the chasm's depths. There is little to be found here except the ruins of a few chairs and two charred and blackened tapestries hanging on the eastern wall

Characters peering through the hole in the western wall can see the bottom of the chasm (60' below) as well as the bridge that spans the far side (area **14**). Those approaching too close to the edge, however, risk falling into the fissure. The floor is brittle and gives way under 150+ lbs. of weight. Any PC who causes the floor to crumble is allowed a Dexterity check at –4 to avoid falling. Falling damage is less than expected (3d6+6 hp) because the chasm slopes outward and is not a straight vertical plunge. See area **14** for details of what can be found at the bottom of the icy fissure.

32. Chasm Bridge.

The eastern end of this room has collapsed into a great fissure. Icy vapor rises from the gorge, obscuring your view of a narrow stone bridge which spans the chasm and leads to a ruined corridor on the other side.

In addition to the natural stone bridge which spans the chasm, PCs can see a partially collapsed room on the far side (area **41**). Lurking in this area but invisible from this side of the fissure are two ice mephits — actually a pair of dwarves *polymorphed* by the baldandar. The ice mephits attack anyone who descends into the chasm or attempts to cross the bridge (–2 penalty to surprise rolls). See area **41** for the ice mephits' statistics.

The narrow bridge is free of ice and deceptively strong. Nevertheless, its width makes crossing the bridge perilous. PCs must make a Dexterity check to cross safely. Crawling PCs receive +4 to their roll. (PCs who are struck by a mephit while on the bridge must make a Dexterity check, at half if standing, or be knocked into the chasm.) The chasm is 50' deep, and damage from falling is 5d6 hp. The chasm is quite large,

extending beneath areas **46–49.** The ceiling above the fissure is 30' high.

Aside from spotting several tunnels left by the fyrsnaca, PCs searching the bottom of the chasm have a 1-in-6 chance per turn of finding one of the following (roll 1d6):

1–2. A locked iron strongbox containing a frozen potion of *invulnerability* (transparent red liquid when thawed) and a small ruby (1,000 gp). The potion must be thawed before it can be imbibed. The strongbox's lock is difficult to pick (–10% modifier to thief's open locks roll).

3–4. A small metal shield belonging to a dead dwarven adventurer. The front is emblazoned with a silver bolt of lightning and the name "Muamman Duathal" written in ancient Dwarven runes. (Show players Dwarven Runes #8.) This is actually a *shield of absorption +2* designed to protect the owner from energy draining attacks. Each time the shield absorbs an energy drain attack, it loses one of its "plusses." After absorbing two such attacks, the shield turns to dust.

5–6. A dead dwarf wearing pieces of rusty chain mail, *gauntlets of ogre power,* and a belt pouch containing five assorted gems (2 × 100 gp, 3 × 50 gp). The corpse is all that remains of Thorbrand, one of Drull's greedy dwarves who lost his footing on the stone bridge and plummeted to his death. If his possessions are removed from the corpse, Thorbrand rises as an undead dwarf and attacks the thieves. Thorbrand cannot leave the chasm; if there are no PCs in the chasm, the dwarf collapses in a heap, waiting for someone to descend into the fissure. Even if Thorbrand's corporeal body is completely destroyed, his semi-transparent spirit continues to haunt the chasm. The undead dwarf can never be destroyed; if reduced to 0 hps, the dwarf returns in 1d4 turns at full strength.

Thorbrand Rockforge (undead dwarf): INT average; AL N; AC 6; MV 9; HD 3+12; hp 25; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 3d4; SA phase door, –3 to opponents' surprise rolls; SD +2 or better weapons to hit; immune to mind-affecting spells and attacks; MR 25%; SZ M (4' tall); ML 14; XP 1,400; *Monstrous Compendium Annual, Volume 1.*

33. Throne room. The following description assumes the PCs enter via the western doors:

> Beyond the great bronze doors you see a huge, dimly-lit, rectangular cave. Four roughly-hewn pillars of stone support the high ceiling. Ensconced in each pillar is a burning torch, and standing in front of each pillar is a tall crystalline statue of a dwarf with clenched fists.
>
> The middle of the floor rises naturally, forming three low steps. Positioned in the center of the great hall, perched atop a sawed-off stalagmite, is a spiked crystal throne. Seated in the magnificent throne is an armored dwarf with a fur-lined cloak draped over his shoulders. A large axe leans by his side, and upon his brow rests a platinum circlet. The dwarf can be none other than Drull Ironstar. Although Drull looks haggard and weary, his resemblance to King Galvan is unmistakable. "Why have you come to Thunderdelve?" he asks in a deep, somber voice.

Unless the party holds open the bronze doors, they close behind the PCs, sealing them inside. Only a dwarf or a *knock* spell can open the bronze doors once they close.

Drull's crystal throne is affixed to its stone plinth and cannot be knocked over. It has AC 0 and 45 hp for attack purposes and can be damaged only by blunt weapons. The *horn of blasting* causes 5d10 hp damage to the throne (save vs. crushing blow at +4 for half damage). If the throne is destroyed, it loses all of its magical powers. Only large-sized melee weapons can reach Drull if he's seated in the throne, assuming the PCs are standing on the hall floor. Anyone seated in the throne gains the following powers and benefits:

- *Protection from normal missiles* (as the 3rd-level wizard spell).
- Complete immunity to fire, lightning, and cold (magical and non-magical).
- The ability to cast one of the following spells, once per round, against a single target or individual: *command, ESP, know alignment,* and *fear.* Each spell can be used up to 7×/day.

Baldandar Tricks

Drull has been affected by the baldandar's *diadem of thought draining* and can barely think for himself. He uses the

The Diadem of Thought Draining

XP Value: 1,000
GP Value: 5,000

The *diadem* is an attractive gold headband with a pointed spire set with three small emeralds (1,000 gp each). The diadem is engraved with non-magical duergar glyphs and was crafted by the duergar as a weapon to use against their dwarven adversaries.

Any dwarf within 240 yards of the *diadem of thought draining* must save vs. rods or lose 1d3 points of Intelligence. This drain is cumulative per day, and victims are unaware of the effect. (A new saving throw is rolled each day to determine whether 1d3 points of Intelligence are lost.) Intelligence never drops below 4, at which point the affected dwarves become indecisive and easy to control. They are also very susceptible to illusions and similar mind-affecting magic, saving at –4. The Intelligence drain is temporary, and any dwarf who leaves the *diadem's* 240-yard range begins to regain lost Intelligence at a rate of 1 point/hour.

In addition to its thought-draining powers, the *diadem* is also a powerful telepathic device. The duergar somehow managed to imbue the *diadem* with psionic energy, enabling the wearer to send thoughts 3 times/day for 3 rounds at a time. This one-way form of communication allows the baldandar to keep its derro masters appraised of its progress. The baldandar also uses the *diadem's* send thoughts ability to communicate discretely with Drull Ironstar. (See area **33**.)

Once per day, the *diadem* can emit a 360° ripple of intense psionic energy which affects all intelligent creatures in a 60' radius of the *diadem's* wearer. (Creatures with 0 Intelligence are unaffected.) Anyone caught in the area of effect must save vs. paralysis or be stunned for 1d6+1 rounds.

The *diadem* is delicate and can be destroyed by the crush of a heavy boot or the blow of a heavy weapon. Good-aligned PCs who destroy the *diadem* should receive 1,000 XPs for doing so.

ESP power of his throne to receive messages from the baldandar (or the baldandar uses the *diadem's* ability to send thoughts). The baldandar is invisible and hidden behind the throne. Regardless of what the PCs say or do, the baldandar casts its *advanced illusion* of the deep dragon, Stalagmite, as soon as the PCs enter the hall. The evil dragon emerges from the eastern set of double doors located behind the throne, but this is simply part of the illusion. The doors to area **54** actually remain closed.

Round 1: Drull waits for a response to his question. If the PCs attack with spells or advance in a threatening manner, the dwarf orders the four crystal statues to attack. At the end of the round, he uses one of the throne's *fear* spells to scare away a random PC. Meanwhile, the "dragon" emerges from area **54** and takes up position behind Drull's throne. (This effectively shields the baldandar, assuming the PCs believe the illusion.) Characters who state they are attempting to disbelieve the illusion must spend the round doing so and are entitled to a saving throw vs. spell at –4. (Baldandar illusions are very believable, but the DM may negate this penalty if he feels the PCs have sufficient reason to think the dragon is not real.) Those who fail their disbelief roll must save vs. petrification or be stricken with fear. (See the *MONSTROUS MANUAL*, page 64, for rules concerning dragon fear.)

Round 2: Drull waits to see how his crystal statues fare. At the end of the round, as per the baldandar's instructions, Drull casts either a *command* or *fear* spell from his throne. In the case of the *command* spell, he orders a random character to "Kneel!" The affected PC loses all Dexterity bonuses for one round, and crystal statues are +2 to hit. Note that the act of kneeling is enough to disrupt a character's spellcasting.

The baldandar finishes programming its illusion and now devotes its time to helping Drull coordinate his attacks. At the end of the round, "Stalagmite" breathes a cloud of flesh-corroding gas (50' long × 40' wide × 30' high) causing 12d8+6 hp of illusory damage.

Characters who believe the illusion and "die" as a result of the gas are rendered unconscious for 1d3 turns. "Slain" PCs who fail a system shock roll actually die as a result of the sheer terror and realness of the illusion. Drull is clearly unaffected by the cloud. (The DM may allude to the dwarf's platinum headband, implying that it somehow protects Drull against the dragon's breath weapon, even though the headband is actually non-magical!)

Round 3: Assuming there are still some conscious PCs in the room, the dragon hisses loudly to reaffirm that it is, in fact, real. It only attacks PCs attempting to maneuver behind the throne, using its tail slap where possible. The crystal statues continue to attack the party. If any PCs dare climb onto his plinth, Drull attacks with his mighty axe. He does not leap down from his throne unless *charmed* or magically commanded to do so.

Round 4+: If all the PCs are slain or knocked unconscious, they are quickly removed from the throne room. Dead PCs are either fed to the gibbering mouther in area **22** or thrown in the nearby chasm. Unconscious PCs are taken to area **20** and locked in cells. (What happens to them next is up to the DM.) Their weapons and valuables are confiscated and placed in area **53.** The dwarven jailers remove any other items the PCs might have and leave them in area **50.** The jailers will not find small items which the PCs have concealed on their persons, nor will they bother to remove the PCs' armor.

If one or more PCs successfully disbelieve the dragon illusion and all of the crystal statues are destroyed, the infu-

riated baldandar orders Drull to attack. At this time, the dwarf leaps into the fray with his non-magical two-handed battle axe. The dwarf fights until slain, subdued, or *charmed.*

The baldandar has a key for the north and south door. If the battle turns against it, the baldandar casts its *confusion* spell upon the party. If this fails (or the spell was already cast), the baldandar uses the *diadem of thought draining* to create a psionic wave meant to incapacitate the party. (See sidebar.) If pressed, the baldandar exits via the north door and retreats to area **52.** If cornered by multiple foes, the baldandar flies up to the ceiling and out of melee range, then moves toward the north door while remaining invisible. It cannot cast its *polymorph other* spell, having already used it on a dwarf in area **54.**

Drull Ironstar (mountain dwarf): AL N; AC 3; MV 5 (6 unarmored); F6; hp 61; THAC0 12; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type (1d10+3 with axe); S 18/34 (+1/+3), D 15, C 17, I 4 (normally 13), W 9, Ch 15; ML 16; XP 2,000; plate mail, two-handed battle axe, platinum headband (worth 3,000 gp), gold ring set with jade tears (worth 750 gp).

Living crystal statues (4): INT low; AL N; AC 4; MV 9; HD 3; hp 18 each; THAC0 17; #AT 2 (fists); Dmg 1d6/1d6; SD not damaged by *shatter* spells; immune to poison, paralysis and gases; ML 20; XP 120; *MYSTARA MC*/107 (statue, living). Drull found these well-carved statues hidden in the alcoves of area **57.**

Baldandar: INT exceptional; AL NE; AC 3; MV 15, fly 18 (B); HD 6; hp 33; #AT 3; Dmg 1d8/1d8/1d4; SA illusions, poisonous bite (save at –4 or fall asleep for 1d4 turns), spells; SD spells; SZ M (6' tall); ML 14; XP 2,000; *MYSTARA MC*/11; *diadem of thought draining* (see sidebar).

In its natural form, the baldandar is a gaunt, lavender-skinned humanoid with an oversized head, long talons and glowing, yellow saucer-shaped eyes. At will, the baldandar can *fly* and become *invisible.* It can also create an advanced illusion or cast *veil* as often as desired. Once per day, it can cast the spells *confusion, magic jar, polymorph self,* and *polymorph other.* (It reserves its magic jar spell for the "final" encounter in area **52.**) All spells and spell-like abilities are cast at 15th-level.

Stalagmite (illusory adult deep dragon): INT as baldandar; AL as baldandar; AC –2; MV 12, fly 30 (C), burrow 9, swim 9; HD 16; hp 92; THAC0 5; #AT 3 + special; Dmg 3d4+6/3d4+6/3d8+6; SA breath weapon, kick, tail slap; SD fear aura; MR 30%; SZ H (varies in size and proportions); ML 20; XP nil; *MM*/82. If the illusory dragon is reduced to 0 hit points, it "dies" and remains dead until the *advanced illusion* spell expires.

34. Alchemist's Workroom. The door to this room is scarred by fire — likely the result of a *fire trap* or *glyph of warding* discharged long ago. Engraved above the door are some ancient runes. (Show players dwarven runes #9. The letters spell "Alchemist.") The door is no longer trapped and may be opened safely.

Placed against the south wall of this cold, dark chamber is a table draped in a tattered gold blanket. The table top is littered with broken phials and overturned jars. Above the table, affixed to the wall, is a stone shelf lined with dozens of cracked and empty bottles.

The golden blanket which covers the stone table is actually a dormant patch of brown mold. (The mold was once contained in a thick glass tank that shattered due to cold.) The mold is covered with a fine layer of frost that makes it glitter in the light. PCs who come within 5' of the table are drained of heat equal to 4d8 hp damage. A *ring of warmth* (like the one found in area **20**) completely protects the wearer from the mold's attack. PCs who stay close to the northern wall may cross the chamber safely.

Half of the containers in this room are cracked, broken or otherwise useless. The remaining containers are empty but usable.

Brown mold (1 patch): INT non-); AL N; AC 9; MV 0; HD n/a; THAC0 n/a; #AT 0; Dmg nil; SA freezing; SD absorb heat; only affected by plant-based magic, *disintegrate* spells and magical cold; SZ M (3' diameter); ML n/a; XP 15; *MM*/255 (mold).

35. Alchemist's Bedroom. This 20' × 10' chamber contains an empty wooden bed frame and an iron trunk. The walls are lined with frost-covered shelves atop which are various humanoid skulls.

The skulls on the shelves belong to a variety of humanoid creatures. The iron trunk has a built-in lock, but the mechanism has been broken and the trunk looted. Left behind are some scraps of cloth and an empty scroll tube that is charred at the top. (The thief who raided the trunk triggered the tube's *glyph of warding* but survived thanks to a *ring of fire resistance.* The parchment that was inside the tube was partially burned, but its remains can be found in area **20.**)

36. Ravaged Guest Room.

> This room has been consumed by fire. The remnants of two charred beds litter the floor, burnt tapestries adorn the walls, and the lingering smell of ash persists even to this day. Cracks and narrow fissures in the blackened floor hint that the stonework may be unsafe.

When the fyrsnaca ravaged Thunderdelve many years ago, it burrowed a passage directly under this room, thus weakening the floor. (The tubular passage is 10' wide and runs diagonally beneath the room, from northeast to southwest.) The cold temperatures have kept the floor from falling through, but sufficient weight will collapse it.

The floor does not collapse if PCs distribute their weight evenly. If three or more PCs occupy the same 10' × 10' square, that section of the floor falls through. PCs who make a successful Dexterity check (at half) can leap to safety. Otherwise, damage from the fall is 1d6+6 hp. (This includes damage sustained from chunks of falling debris.)

To escape the 12' deep pit, PCs must climb back up (in which case a climbing check is required) or follow the descending fyrsnaca tunnel into the nearby chasm (area **32**). The tunnel is piled with debris that requires 15 rounds to excavate before it can be safely traversed. (If multiple PCs excavate the tunnel, this time is factored down.)

37. Bathroom. Unlike area **36,** the floor of this room is safe and secure. In the southern section of the room sits a carved limestone bathtub. Water fills the tub via a 30' metal pipe embedded in the eastern wall; the water comes from the pool in area **56.** The end of the pipe sticks out 5' from the wall and hangs over the edge of the tub. An iron valve fastened to the end of the pipe keeps the water from spilling out until needed. Not surprisingly, the water is ice cold.

38. Guest Room. This room contains three comfortable beds — one in the northwest corner, one in the southeast corner, and another against the east wall directly across from the chamber's entrance. A tapestry hangs above the eastern bed and is sewn with the Thunderdelve crest (a silver, upright hammer) and some golden runes. The tapestry (150 gp) is in excellent shape, and the runes are written in ancient Dwarven. (Show players dwarven runes #10, which translate to "Honored are the guests/Who reside here.") The chamber's floor is cracked and strewn with debris.

This chamber has been taken over by the three derro in area **43.** The derros' beds are heaped with furs taken from other areas of the fortress.

39. Bathroom. This room is identical to area **37.** However, the pipe that fills the limestone tub with water is clogged by a crystal ooze that spills out the instant the valve is opened. The ooze always goes after the nearest warm-blooded creature.

Crystal ooze: INT animal; AL N; AC 8; MV 1, swim 3; HD 4; hp 19; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 4d4; SA paralytic poison; SD unharmed by acid, cold, heat or fire attacks; blows from weapons inflict 1 hp damage/hit; SZ M (7' long); ML 10; XP 420; *MM*/278 (ooze/slime/jelly).

40. Cloakroom. Iron hooks are fastened to the walls of this seemingly empty cloakroom. Zardra the derro (see area **43**) has trapped her "pet" here: an invisible executioner's hood which hovers near the 10' high ceiling. The hood attacks the first non-derro who enters the room. Its initial attack is made at +4 to hit, at which point the hood becomes visible.

Any damage inflicted upon the hood is divided equally between the hood and its victim. The hood cannot be physically pried from its victim. However, pouring alcohol over the hood lowers its maximum strangulation damage by 1 hp/round. After 4 rounds of immersion, the hood is forced to release its prey, fluttering off in an intoxicated manner.

Executioner's hood: INT semi-; AL N; AC 6; MV fly 6 (B); HD 6+6; hp 30; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; SA strangulation (1d4 hp damage/round); SD immune to *sleep* spells; SZ M (3' diameter); ML 13; XP 1,400; *Monster Manual II.*

41. Collapsed Chamber. The west end of this room has fallen into the chasm, creating a sheer precipice 60' above the chasm floor. Perched on the edge of this precipice, concealed by the icy vapors, are two ice mephits. The mephits are actually Jasper and Ulgar, a pair of dwarves *polymorphed* by the baldandar. The mephits keep their eyes on the chasm (area **32**), eager to knock intruders off the narrow bridge or swoop down on intruders in the fissure. However, they will hear the eastern door opening behind them and confront intruders in the room if necessary. The mephits flee to a higher ledge (out of melee range) if reduced to half hit points. Their initial attack is always made with their icy breath weapon.

The ice mephits keep a small hoard of treasure in the northeast corner of the room: a silver-inlaid short sword with a serpent-shaped pommel (100 gp), a beaten pewter ale mug (4 gp) filled with 37 gp, and a shiny golden tube (80 gp) containing a scroll of *protection from gas.* The mephits plucked the scroll tube from the chasm floor.

Jasper and **Ulgar** (ice mephits): INT average; AL N(E); AC 5; MV 12, fly 24 (B); HD 3; hp 18,12; THAC0 17; #AT 2; Dmg 1d2/1d2; SA claw attacks inflict 1 extra point of cold damage, breath weapon (1d6 hp or half if save is successful); SZ M; ML 8; XP 420; *MM*/202 (imp, mephit).

42. Old Nursery.

> This room is furnished with decrepit wooden cradles and playpens. Scattered upon the floor are a few wooden blocks, metal warriors, and small mechanical dragonettes. The floor has shifted and buckled in many places, creating a very uneven surface.

This room is directly above an old fyrsnaca nursery. (The fyrsnaca's nursery is a 30' high, 20' diameter cave directly under this chamber.) Dwarves have a 5 in 6 chance of verifying that the floor is not safe to walk on. Any PC who walks into the eastern 20' × 20' section automatically falls through, taking a 10' square section of floor with him. Damage from the fall (and the collapsing debris) is 3d6+6 hp. Characters can try to climb back up, but this has a 2-in-6 chance of triggering another floor collapse. The safest route is to follow the fyrsnaca's tunnel to the bottom of the great chasm (area **32**).

The fyrsnaca nursery cave is cold and dark. In the middle of the cave's floor are four unhatched fyrsnaca eggs — translucent spheres each 5' in diameter. The red worms inside the eggs are dead, their bloated bodies bulging against the eggs' thick shells, giving them a reddish hue. The debris from the chamber above has a 75% chance of shattering one or more of the eggs, filling the room with a nauseating stench of decay.

If the PCs cause a collapse here, the derro in area **43** hear them and prepare for the party's arrival. None of the toys found in this room are functional or valuable.

43. Uninvited Guests. Unless the PCs have been extremely quiet reaching this chamber, they are heard by the derro who inhabit the room. If the chamber's occupants are surprised, the DM must modify the encounter.

When the party first enters the room, the chamber appears to be 20' wide and 20' deep. A *huptzeen* (detailed below) has used its *phantasmal force* spell to create an illusory wall blocking off the easternmost 10' × 20' section of the room. The chamber's inhabitants (three derro and the *huptzeen)* are hidden behind the illusory wall, ready to "greet" the PCs regardless of which door they come through.

Characters with 19 Intelligence see right through the *huptzeen's* phantasmal wall. However, the three derro (Chalyx, Zardra, and Ezzil) have taken the added precaution of rendering themselves invisible. (The derro savant, Chalyx, clutches the *huptzeen* to render it invisible as well.) Characters lucky enough to possess a *gem of true seeing* not only penetrate the phantasmal wall but also the derros' *invisibility* spells.

> You open the door into a square chamber devoid of furnishings. The bones of a dead dwarf lie in the middle of the room, but otherwise the chamber is bare.

The skeleton is all that remains of an old dwarf who died of heart failure during the fyrsnaca attack. His possessions were stolen by thieves many years ago.

As soon as most of the party enters the room, Chalyx casts his *wall of ice* (ice sheet form), dropping it on the PCs for 3d10 hp damage (no save). The falling ice sheet fills the western 20' × 20' section of the room. Although the

attack renders Chalyx visible, the derro is still hidden behind the *huptzeen's phantasmal force* wall. Zardra blasts a PC spellcaster or fighter with her *ring of icebolts* after the ice sheet drops, rendering her visible as well. Ezzil dons his *gargoyle cloak* but does not attack this initial round.

Chalyx's *huptzeen* floats in the air and casts *mirror image*, creating 1d4+1 illusory images of itself. The phantasmal wall is instantly dispelled. In the meantime, Chalyx targets a random PC (preferably a mage or fighter) with his *lightning bolt* or *paralyzation* spell. Zardra uses another charge from her *ring of icebolts* while Ezzil attacks the nearest PC in his gargoyle form.

In the rounds which follow, Chalyx relies on his *huptzeen* and *cloak of displacement* to provide protection. He casts any remaining offensive spells before drawing his magical dagger. Meanwhile, the *huptzeen* bombards PCs with *magic missiles*. Zardra continues to employ her *ring* until forced into melee combat, at which point she relies on her trusty poisoned dagger. Ezzil fights as a gargoyle until he is slain or his *gargoyle cloak* is destroyed. In the latter event, he fights with his poisoned dagger.

If the PCs attempt to fall back, or if they stay relatively close together, the *huptzeen* casts its *slow* spell on them. If the PCs are too spread out, it localizes its *slow* spell to a single PC target — preferably the strongest-looking fighter. If either Zardra or Ezzil is killed, Chalyx attempts to flee while the *huptzeen* covers his escape. (It can cast its *wizard lock* on a door to keep the PCs from pursuing.) As a last resort, Chalyx uses his magical scroll to *teleport* away, leaving his students to fend for themselves.

Chalyx (derro savant): INT genius (18, or 17 without *ring of clear thought*); AL CE; AC 3 (natural AC 8 plus *cloak of displacement* and 17 Dexterity); MV 9; HD 7; hp 36; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon or spell; SA spells; SD spells; MR 30%; SZ S (4' tall); ML 12; XP 5,000; *MM*/96 (dwarf); *dagger +3, dwarf-sized cloak of displacement* (affords +2 protection and +2 to saves vs. direct attacks; first attack always misses), *ring of clear thought* (immune to *sleep, charm,* and *fear;* +4 to save vs. psionic blast), *rod of protection* (absorbs half the damage from all attacks; disintegrates after absorbing 42 hp damage),

huptzeen (shaped like staff; see below), wizard's scroll (*dispel magic, teleport,* and *shout* cast at 15th-level, written in the Drow tongue).

Spells (cast at 7th-level, usable once/day): *ESP, invisibility, levitate, lightning bolt, paralyzation* (as wand), *wall of ice.* Chalyx can also *comprehend languages* and *read magic* at will.

Chalyx's staff (huptzeen): INT very; AL N; AC 3; MV fly 3 (D); HD 5; hp 29; THAC0 15; #AT 0; Dmg nil; SA spells; SZ S (4' long, 1" diameter); ML 20; XP 1,400; *Mystara MC*/63. The *huptzeen* casts the following spells at 5th level (each once/day): *magic missile* (×2), *phantasmal force, sleep; mirror image, wizard lock; slow.*

The *huptzeen* looks like a golden staff with an orb of red quartz at the bottom and a golden illithid's head at the top. Set into the illithid's eyes are two small rubies (1,000 gp each). If reduced to 0 hp, the huptzeen explodes for 1d6 hp damage (10' radius). PCs collecting the pieces recover the two rubies and the equivalent of 160 gp.

Zardra (derro student): INT exceptional; AL CE; AC 5 (natural AC 8 plus 17 Dexterity); MV 9; HD 4; hp 23; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon or spell; SA poison, spells; MR 30%; SZ S (4' tall); ML 12; XP 1,400; poisoned dagger +1 (poison similar to *ray of enfeeblement* spell; save vs. poison negates effect; hidden compartment in dagger holds enough venom for 3 successful attacks), *ring of icebolts* (100' range; 2d6 hp damage or save vs. wands for half damage; fire-based creatures save at –4, cold-based creatures at +4; 8 charges remaining), *wand of secret door and trap detection* (6 charges).

Spells (cast at 4th level, usable once/day): *invisibility, spider climb.*

Ezzil (derro student): INT exceptional; AL CE; AC 5 (natural AC 8 plus 17 Dexterity); MV 9; HD 4; hp 22; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon or spell; SA poison, spells; MR 30%; SZ S (4' tall); ML 12; XP 1,400; poisoned dagger +1 (poison inflicts 2d6 hp, save at -2 for no damage; hidden compartment in dagger holds enough venom for 3 successful attacks), *gargoyle cloak* (wearer polymorphs into gargoyle; cloak destroyed if wearer suffers 20 hp damage from edged weapons, fire or acid).

Spells (cast at 4th level, usable once/day): *invisibility, light.*

Ezzil (gargoyle form): INT as above; AL CE; AC 2 (natural AC 5 plus 17

Dexterity); MV 9, fly 15 (C); HD 4+4; hp 22; THAC0 15; #AT 4; Dmg 1d3/1d3/1d6/1d4; SD +1 or better weapons to hit; SZ M (6' tall); ML 12; XP 1,400; *MM*/125 (modified).

PCs searching the eastern end of the room find a book with copper pages. The derro recently found the book beneath a loose floorstone. The text is written in dwarven and describes the process of making living iron and crystal statues (as detailed in the *Mystara MC Appendix).* The process is very complicated and costly. However, the book itself does not interest the derro. What interests them is imprinted on the back cover — some ancient dwarven runes which detail how to open the secret door in area **44.** (Show players dwarven runes #11.The runes read "In the secret vault, the key to the royal chambers lies. Open the door with a word.") If PCs locate the "vault" (area **53**), they find the command word needed to unlock the secret door in area **44.** This secret door blocks passage to the stronghold's royal suites and treasury (areas **46–49**).

44. Old Runes.

> All the furniture in this room has been reduced to piles of wood and debris. Strewn in the corners are some old bones and a few loose copper coins. Engraved along the south wall are all thirty-six characters of the ancient dwarven alphabet. They appear in four rows of nine, each one carved in its own square block.

The alphabetic runes on the wall match those written on the Player's Map of Thunderdelve. If the PCs lost the map, they must decipher the symbols from memory or use magic (such as a *comprehend languages* spell).

Each symbol in the alphabet appears only once. The letters "C" and "G" each have two symbols, depending on whether the letter is pronounced hard or soft (cape/city, guard/general). The second symbol for "C" is identical to the symbol for "S" and the second symbol for "G" is identical to the symbol for "J". However, each symbol appears only once on the wall. Furthermore, each symbol is etched into a stone that can be depressed. Nothing seems to happen when the stone buttons are depressed at random. However, if the correct "combination" is entered, the secret door along the west wall opens.

The correct combination is a 10-letter word in common tongue: "Marblefist." In the Dwarven runic alphabet, however, "Marblefist" is spelled with only 9 letters, since "st" is represented by one symbol. The Marblefist clan founded Thunderdelve (along with eight other clans); the first appointed Clansmaster of Thunderdelve was Vrune Marblefist.

The clue to opening the secret door lies in area **53,** engraved on a stone shield. Higher-level PCs could determine the combination using *commune* or *legend lore* spells, but lower-level PCs must rely on dumb luck, the ancient history proficiency, or the shield. Neither the derro nor the dwarves have been able to crack the combination; in fact, no one currently residing in Thunderdelve has seen what lies beyond the secret door!

If the PCs depress the nine correct symbols in the correct order, the secret door opens. The secret door is protected by a *ward of impenetrability,* a forgotten dwarven spell which protects a stone portal or wall from physical damage and magic meant to alter its shape or form (such as *rock to mud* spells). The magic also prevents extra-dimensional passage through the protected stonework (such as *portable holes* and *passwall* spells). As for *knock* spells, mechanisms built into the door prevent them from working.

45. Fungi Garden.

> Beyond this door lies a dark cavern filled with fungi. The fungi seem to be feeding off the decayed remains of other plants which have died from years of neglect. The cavern floor is thick with loam, and green moss has begun climbing up the walls.

The fungi in this cave are not dangerous, although the PCs may suspect otherwise. PCs attempting to set the cave ablaze find that the mushrooms and other fungi don't burn very well.

Near the back of the cave, not visible from the entrance, is a dwarven skeleton. This dwarven thief died of poison from a trapped lock. PCs searching the skeletal remains find a suit of *leather armor +1,* a non-magical dagger, a pouch containing three assorted gems (50 gp and 2 × 100 gp), a copper key to the north door of the throne room (area **33**), and a jade statuette depicting the dwarven god of thievery, Vergadain (600 gp).

46. Banners of Nine Clans.

> This room is empty save for nine beautiful banners: three on each of the north, west, and south walls. The banners hang from iron rods mounted near the ceiling and nearly touch the floor with their golden tassels. On each banner is depicted a different clan crest.

The banners depict the crests of the nine clans that founded Thunderdelve: Crystalmace, Firedelve, Dragonforge, Cinderheart, Ironstar, Rockforge, Marblefist, Evenshield, and Thunderaxe. (Some of the clans have died out since the fortress was built, but most remain.) Each banner is worth 200 gp intact, but removal of these banners would be frowned upon by the dwarves of Thunderdelve and Underduin.

Hidden behind the banner of Clan Marblefist is a secret door leading to area **47.** The door is protected by a *ward of impenetrability* (see area **44**) and can be opened only with the stone dial in area 49. A *knock* spell does not work.

47. Locked Treasure Vault.

> Your light catches the gleam of gold and silver coins, but this secret trove is not filled with objects that glitter. Thousands of loose coins lie strewn upon the floor, mostly in the eastern half of the chamber, and stacked against the eastern wall are four padlocked chests. However, the rest of the treasure seems to have deteriorated with the passage of time. Littering the floor are dozens of shields, weapons, and suits of armor — all rusted to the point of uselessness. Even the chamber's guardian — a hulking iron automaton vaguely resembling a monstrous dwarf — looks like it's about to crumble into a heap of rust.

Any weapons which were *teleported* from area 16 are found here, lying on the floor at the base of the rusted automaton (see below). The creature in this room devours metal weapons at a rate of 1d4+1 weapons/day. Weapons are eaten randomly, but the longer the PCs take reaching this chamber, the more likely their weapons are destroyed!

All of the ferrous metals in this treasury, including the iron statue and the padlocks on the chests, have rusted to the point where even a gentle touch causes them to fall apart. The creature

responsible for this mass metallic destruction is a xaver. Xavers look like swords, possessing hard silvery bodies and six faceted eyes that resemble emeralds set around the hilt of a blade. They scuttle about on tiny, retractile worm-like legs which they can hide inside their sword-like shell. This xaver was placed here inadvertently and has spent the last century devouring the metals in this room. The gold and silver items have been spared, as have the items in the chests. The PCs see the xaver as they approach the chests; it looks like a finely-wrought long sword, although a *detect magic* spell reveals that the "blade" is not magical. Any armored or metal-equipped character who picks up the xaver is attacked.

The loose coins on the floor amount to 2,561 gp, 8,056 sp, and 11,392 cp.

Chest #1 contains 450 pp.

Chest #2 contains the *hammer of Vitroin* buried under 450 pp. The *hammer of Vitroin* is a *warhammer +1, +3 vs. wyrms* (AL CG; INT 9; Ego 12). The powers of this relic are fully described in the *ENCYCLOPEDIA MAGICA*, pages 558–559. (If this resource is not available, assume it has no additional abilities.) Among its more useful powers is the ability to *cure light wounds* up to three times/day. The dwarves of Underduin know it cannot be removed from Thunderdelve. (PCs may try, but the hammer vehemently resists.) The weapon mysteriously appeared here after it was lost during a battle that left the fyrsnaca severely wounded and an adventurer dead.

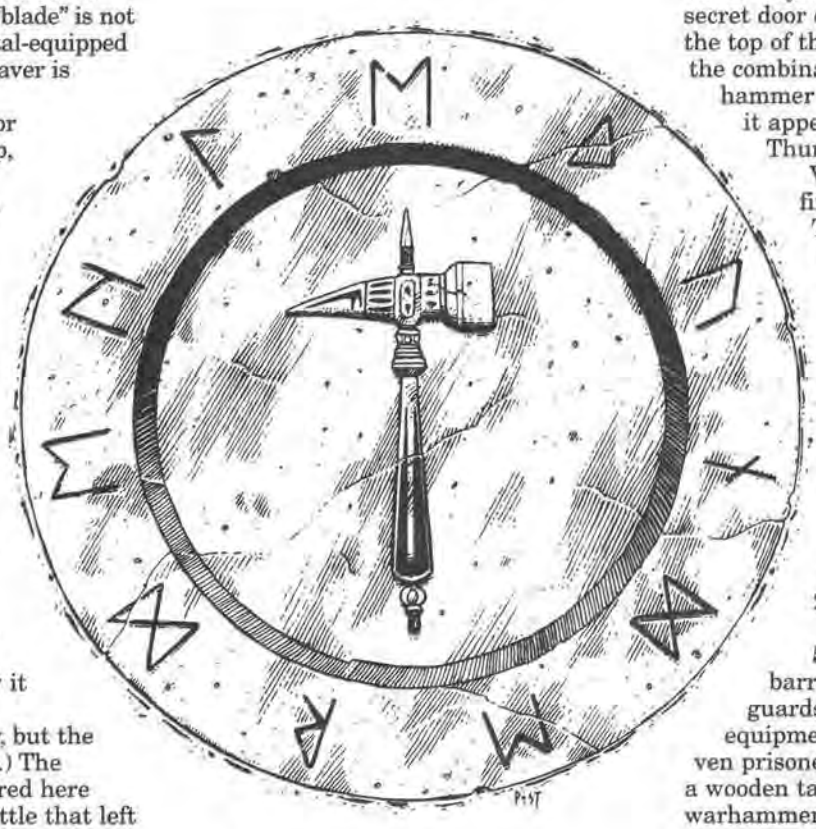
Chest #3 contains 50 gold bars with the symbol of Thunderdelve engraved on them. Each bar is worth 100 gp and weighs 2 lbs.

Chest #4 contains 166 assorted gemstones (3 × 5,000 gp, 8 × 1,000 gp, 14 × 500 gp, 29 × 100 gp, 45 × 50 gp and 67 × 10 gp) and a gold wire tiara (2,100 gp).

Xaver: INT very; AL LN; AC 2; MV 9, jump 3; HD 3; hp 16; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4+1; SA metal corrosion (1 segment); SD unharmed by metal weapons; immune to fire, electricity and poison; cold-based attacks inflict an extra 1 hp/die; MR 45%; SZ M (5' long); ML 14; XP 270; *MONSTROUS COMPENDIUM® Annual, Volume 1.*

48. Empty Room. Set aside as a bedroom for the children of Thunderdelve's clanmaster, this chamber is now devoid of furnishings.

49. Clanmaster's Bedroom. Engraved in a stone crest above the door are some dwarven runes. (Show players dwarven runes #12. They read "Chamber of the Clanmaster.")



A large bed cut from marble and cushioned with moss rests against the north wall of this 30' × 30' chamber. Carved into the west wall is a 6' diameter circular carving with old Dwarven runes around its circumference and the symbol of Thunderdelve set in the middle. Tattered rugs cover the floor.

The circular carving is elaborately carved, and the indented hammer is made of solid silver (worth 450 gp). The hammer is a replica of the *hammer of Vitroin.* (See area **47.**)

The decorative circular dial is actually the locking mechanism for the secret door to area **47.** Closer inspection of the carving reveals that it actually consists of two parts: a 1' wide outer ring engraved with 11 runes (letters of the alphabet), and a 4' diameter circular section that turns like a combination lock. The silver hammer in the dial's center is used to turn the lock, and the secret door opens when the hammer's silver "head" is pointed to the right sequence of letters.

The 11 runes spell out T-H-U-N-D-E-R-D-E-L-V-E (with one rune to symbolize "TH"). The combination for opening the secret door is V-R-U-N-E. (There are three E symbols on the "wheel." The secret door opens when the E-symbol at the top of the wheel is used to complete the combination. This way, the silver hammer finishes upright — just as it appears on the actual Thunderdelve crest.)

Vrune Marblefist was the first Clanmaster of Thunderdelve (see area **44** for details) and his name appears on the stone shield in area **53.** Dwarven PCs familiar with ancient history can make a proficiency check to determine whether they remember Vrune's name. The only dwarves in Thunderdelve who possess the ancient history proficiency are the dwarven prisoners in area **20.**

50. Old Barracks. Once a barracks for the throne room guards, this room now contains equipment belonging to the dwarven prisoners in area **20.** Strewn atop a wooden table are four dwarven warhammers, two footman's maces, three empty wineskins, a tinderbox, a backpack of dwarven rations, and six silver badges of office (bearing the crest of Underduin; worth 25 gp each).

If the PCs were captured but managed to escape, they find their non-magical and non-valuable equipment here, mingled with the dwarves' paraphernalia. None of the party's confiscated weapons, treasure or magic items are kept here; these are stored in Drull's secret vault (area **53**).

51. Dwarven Priests' Chamber. Five stone beds rest against the north wall of this chamber. The beds are noth-

ing more than glorified stone slabs. The dwarven priests of Thunderdelve used ancient dwarven magic to alter the consistency of the beds, making them quite comfortable to sleep on. However, the beds have since reverted to immutable blocks of stone.

52. Drull's Quarters. Draped on the floor in front of a large stone bed is a white fur, while hanging on the walls are several dwarven shields and weapons. Closer inspection of the walls reveals that they are perforated with rows of tiny holes.

The bed (which stands against the west wall) has a tapestry hanging above it, and sewn into the tapestry is the symbol of Thunderforge (an upright, silver hammer). Above and below the hammer emblem are some ancient dwarven runes. At the foot of the bed is a steel-bound trunk with handles on the sides.

This chamber was originally a library, and the holes in the walls were once used to support rows of stone shelves. When the library's contents were destroyed centuries ago, the shelves were replaced with mounted shields and dwarven weaponry. PCs can see several dwarven spears, pole-arms, hand axes and axepicks, none of which are magical. There are also nine small, non-magical shields hanging on the walls, each one depicting the crest of a different dwarven clan. (See area **46** for a detailed description of each crest.)

This room suffered extensive damage during the fyrsnaca upheaval but was repaired using the *hammer of Vitroin*, a dwarven relic found in area **47.** This is where Drull resides when he's not slouched in his crystal throne. The white yeti's fur was brought to Thunderdelve by Drull and is worth 1,200 gp intact. The tapestry is in poor condition and worth only 50 gp. The tapestry's runes (show players dwarven runes #13 — translate to "Thunderdelve/The Dwarven Paradise.")

Drull's unlocked trunk normally contains his armor and other personal possessions. It currently holds his dwarven *helm of bravery* (covers entire head, with eyeslits; affords +2 to save vs. *fear*), a *hand axe of throwing +1* and a non-magical traveling cloak lined with wolverine fur. Hidden beneath the fur cloak is a 5,000 gp emerald which the baldandar uses as a magic jar receptacle.

If the baldandar was soundly beaten in area **33** and forced to retreat to this chamber, it lies on the bed and waits until it senses the approach of intruders. The baldandar then conceals itself with a veil spell, making its body look like a large fur draped upon the bed. (A *detect invisibility* spell does not uncover things hidden by a *veil* spell, and PCs may actually touch and caress the soft fur.) After concealing its humanoid form with a *veil* spell (lasting 15 turns), the baldandar transfers its life force into the magic jar receptacle (the emerald) and waits for an unsuspecting PC to come within range of its trap.

The magic jarred baldandar can sense beings within 150' of the receptacle and tries to possess the most powerful party member. The PC is entitled to a saving throw to resist the baldandar's possession. Modifiers to this roll are

listed in the spell description. (Consult the *PHB*.) A *protection from evil* spell protects against the *magic jar* spell, and a successful *dispel magic* can force the baldandar's life force from its host.

If the baldandar succeeds and takes over a PC, it uses its new body to assimilate into the party, attacking the moment it is discovered or the first time the party is caught off guard. The baldandar can shift freely from the host to the receptacle if the two are within 150'. (To this end, the baldandar tries to stay within 150' of the emerald or takes the emerald with it when it leaves.) Each attempt to shift requires one round. If discovered, the baldandar fights until its host is slain, then shifts back into the gem (1 round) and tries to take over another PC the following round.

A secret door in the northeast corner leads to area **53.** The door may be detected and opened normally.

53. Secret Vault. The only contents in this dusty chamber are two open trunks filled with treasure and a long, stone shield mounted on the far wall. The shield's surface is covered with ancient dwarven runes. The chamber also contains any weapons and magic items taken from captured PCs (see area **33**) as well as treasures which Drull has collected since settling into Thunderdelve. This trove is contained in a pair of 3' × 2' × 2' wooden trunks, neither of which has a lid:

Trunk #1 contains a bag of 412 cp and a large sack containing 145 gp, 712 sp.

Trunk #2 contains six gems (2 × 100 gp, 4 × 50 gp), a topaz necklace (1,200 gp), a leather belt studded with garnets (600 gp), a dwarven priest's scroll (*meld into stone, slow poison,* and *stone shape* cast at 9th level) and a *potion of extra-healing* (transparent blue liquid) hidden beneath 211 ep and 625 cp.

The runes on the shield are depicted in dwarves runes #14. Translated, the shield's inscription reads as follows:

> Eons after the birth of Underduin, nine clans came to the Mountain and carved the Halls of Paradise. Daradok of Clan Dragonforge, Thorald of Clan Crystalmace, Valdemar of Clan Rockforge, Maegar of Clan Thunderaxe, Nagarod of Clan Evenshield, Daxault of Clan Firedelve, Jarod of Clan Ironstar, Volok of Clan Cinderheart, and I, Vrune of Clan Marblefist, formed an allegiance that would not sunder. Even the warring clans of Thunderaxe and Firedelve found peace beneath the Mountain. In their honor, the Mountain was renamed Thunderdelve.
>
> To bind nine clans as one, a great steel hammer was forged in the heart of Thunderdelve and named for the brave dwarf who created it. Thus the Hammer of Vitroin came to exist as a symbol of dwarven strength and unity.
>
> As Clanmaster of Thunderdelve and First Keeper of Paradise, I hereby swear to protect the Mountain and all within from the ravages of evil and the passage of time. And may the gods watch over us all.
>
> Vrune Marblefist
> Guardian of Thunderdelve

The name of Thunderdelve's first clanmaster, Vrune Marblefist, is important if PCs wish to enter the royal chambers (see areas **44** and **47**). Although the clanmasters of Thunderdelve are long gone, the hammer of Vitroin can still be found in area **47** (as well as any weapons the PCs "lost" in area **16**).

The stone shield has hinges hidden on one side, allowing it to be opened like a door. Behind the shield, more runes have been carved into the wall. (Show players dwarven runes #15.They translate to: "The Guardian will lead you to the vault. Dare not take what is not yours.") This cryptic message gives the PCs a clue to help them get past the secret door in area **44,** and also warns them about stealing treasure from area **47.**

54. Entrance to the Mines. If Glittershard is digging in area **60** (50% chance), the PCs hear the distant echoes of the dragon's excavation when they first enter this chamber.

> This 30' high crystalline cave is blackened by fire, and soot has taken away most of the room's bright luster. Stone benches have been carved into the walls, and three quartz-speckled boulders have been arranged in the middle of the floor. Perched atop two of the boulders are a pair of grey imps with folded wings. They watch you closely with their wide, opalescent eyes.

The grey "imps" are actually Murik and Diarmuid, two dwarves whom the baldandar *polymorphed* into urds. They only attack if the PCs try to exit the chamber via the north, east, or south passages. (The east passage is blocked by a normal wooden door.)

The three speckled boulders are actually the shells of three geonids. Like the urds, the geonids are actually *polymorphed* dwarves (named Druin, Gazgar, and Kjell). They help the urds fend off the party and chase PCs through the tunnels if necessary.

Murik and **Diarmuid** (urds): INT low; AL NE; AC 8; MV 6, fly 15 (C); HD 4; hp 21,16; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (dagger) or 1d3 (bite); SA rock bomb; SZ S (4' tall); ML 7; XP 120; *MM*/214 (kobold).

Druin, Gazgar, and **Kjell** (geonids): INT average; AL CN; AC –2; MV 6; HD 2; hp 12,10,9; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (claw); SA surprise (–4 penalty to opponents' rolls); SZ S (3' tall); ML 11; XP 65; *MYSTARA MC*/47.

55. Old Armory. This dark cave was once an armory, but most of its contents have rusted or been removed. Hanging on the walls are five suits of chain mail (unusable). Lying on the floor are old spears and axes, none of them magical. Some of the weapons may be salvaged, but the DM should impose damage penalties due to their poor condition.

If Glittershard is excavating in area 60, the PCs hear him clearly from this cave. They will also hear a pair of dwarven voices. At this distance, there's no way to make out what the dwarves are saying. If the PCs make a lot of noise, the two dwarves will hear them and investigate.

56. Crystal Cave. The passage leads to a 12'-high crystal cavern. A thin layer of ice has formed atop a pool of water in the western portion of the cave. The ice covering the pool is too thin to walk on. However, the ice-cold water is fresh and safe to drink. The pool is only 5' deep, and PCs inspecting it closely have a 1-in- 6 chance of noticing two iron pipes embedded in the eastern wall, 2' below the water's icy surface. These pipes funnel water from the pool to the bathtubs in areas **37** and **39.**

If Glittershard is excavating in area **60,** the PCs hear him. They also hear the dwarves' voices in area **60,** but not clearly enough to understand what the dwarves are saying. Any loud noise in this cave will lead the dwarves to investigate.

57. Dark Cavern.

> The walls of this cave contain fewer crystal deposits than other areas of the mine, making the room seem much darker. In the light, you can see five dark alcoves along the cavern walls.

The alcoves were once used to store equipment and supplies for the dwarven miners. Later, they were used to store the living crystal statues encountered in area **33** and the iron statue in area **17.** The alcoves are currently empty.

58. Alcove. Around the "bend" of this roughly-hewn tunnel lies an 8' deep, 10' high alcove. Discarded in the alcove are six rusted mining helmets (sized for dwarves), several broken picks, and a non-magical dagger with an onyx pommel (75 gp).

59. Aballin's Cave. This bright, crystal cave has a peaked ceiling 20' high. A deep pool of water fills the natural stone basin to the east, while north of the pool you can see a dark alcove.

Floating along the edge of the 30' deep pool are pieces of broken ice. The icy "skin" which periodically forms on the water's surface is regularly broken by the creature that lives in the pool: an aballin.

The aballin resembles a water weird. Its fluidic form is indistinguishable when immersed in the pool. Characters who approach the water to gauge the water's depth or fill their canteens are in striking range of the aballin. (Surprise rolls are made at –4.) To attack, the aballin shapes its fluidic body into a 10' long gelatinous pseudopod and lashes out from the water. If it hits, the aballin draws its victim into the water on the same round, and the PC begins to drown. (See "Holding Your Breath" in the *PHB* for rules on drowning.) The victim can fight the aballin (if possible) but cannot escape until the aballin dies or releases its hold. Any PC wearing the *ring of water adaptation* (see area **27**) or possessing some form of underwater-survival magic (such as a *helm of underwater action* or a *water breathing* spell) is completely protected from the aballin's drowning attack.

Aballin: INT average; AL N; AC 4; MV 6, swim 15; HD 3; hp 18; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg special; SA drowning; SD blunt magical weapons to hit; immune to fire, cold, electricity, visual-based magic, poison and paralysis; SZ L (10' tall); ML 14; XP 270; *Monstrous Compendium Annual, Volume 1.*

At the bottom of the aballin's pool are some treasures from its past victims: three rusted dwarven picks, a dwarven skeleton dressed in rusted chain mail, a human skeleton wearing *banded mail +2,* a *ring of feather falling,* an unsheathed *long sword +1,* and 16 assorted gems (2 × 100 gp, 5 × 50 gp and 9 × 10 gp).

60. The Dragon's Pit. If Glittershard is encountered here, he is at the bottom of the pit digging a tunnel from Thunderdelve to the derro caves in the Underdark. If the dragon is not encountered here, he is resting in area **61.**

The following description assumes the two dwarves who guard the dragon are present. If they have been led away, remove the first *italicized* sentence. If Glittershard is sleeping in area **61**, remove the second *italicized* sentence.

> This crystalline cavern is the site of a great excavation. Surrounding a large, central pit is a mound of piled rocks, crystal and other debris. *Seated on two large chunks of rock at the southern end of the pit are a pair of dwarves, both armed with battle axes. Dull scraping noises can be heard emanating from the depths of the great pit.*

Glittershard has charmed the two dwarves in this chamber. The dwarves continue to "guard" the dragon, even though they would never harm or intimidate Glittershard. The dragon likes having the dwarves around for company, even if they aren't very bright.

Warren (hp 10) and **Vangard** (hp 9) have been ordered to watch the dragon and report to Drull if Glittershard stops digging. The dwarves allow the crystal dragon to take frequent naps and are wracking their feeble brains for a plan to help free Glittershard from the clutches of the "evil dragon" Stalagmite. Glittershard has made it clear he will keep digging until his dwarven friends (in area **20**) are freed. If the PCs have successfully freed the dwarven emissaries, Warren and Vangard are relieved and announce the party's arrival to the dragon.

The dragon's pit drops 100' before levelling off. Its sides are rough and contain many handholds, making them relatively easy to climb. A 10' wide tunnel at the bottom of the pit leads northeast, descending steadily at an angle of 15°. The damp, rubble-strewn tunnel crosses several old fyrsnaca tunnels (which lead nowhere) and goes for nearly 250 yards before coming to an abrupt end. PCs searching the rubble around the pit find a dented, fire-scarred shield with the Thunderdelve crest on it (the same shield seen by the adult crystal dragons in their *crystal ball*) and a dented, non-magical mining helmet.

61. Glittershard's Cave. If the crystal dragon is not digging in the pit (area **60**), he is sleeping in this cave. The following description should be modified if Glittershard is not present:

> The walls, ceiling and floor of this high cave are covered with splendid crystal-line deposits. A small pool of crystal-clear water swirls in the southeast corner of the room.
>
> Sleeping on the floor with its head near the pool is a stunningly beautiful dragon with white, glossy scales and spiked, crystal ridges along its back, wings and tail. The dragon's claws are transparent and sharp, except the front ones which have dulled edges.

The young crystal dragon is sound asleep. However, Glittershard awakens to the sound of voices in the cave or calls from area **60.** The dragon is quite small (14' body, 12' tail) and can easily traverse the wider tunnels of Thunderdelve's mines. If the PCs were successful in freeing the dwarves in area **20,** Glittershard leaves with them. He can help the PCs exit Thunderdelve safely, *charming* any dwarves he encounters on the way back to the entrance. Glittershard is upset if the PCs harmed or killed any of his *charmed* dwarves. However, the dragon would never think to attack the PCs unless they attacked first, in which case he would use his *charm person* ability to quell hostilities. The dragon's foreclaws inflict 1 hp less damage because they have been worn down by days of digging.

Glittershard's pool is filled with fresh, cold water. The pool is 10' deep and contains no treasure.

Glittershard (young crystal dragon): INT exceptional ; AL CN; AC 1; MV 9, fly 24 (C), jump 3, burrow 3; HD 8; hp 45; THAC0 13; #AT 3 + special; Dmg 1d6+2/1d6+2/ 2d6+3; SA breath weapon

(dazzling shards cause blindness for 3 turns plus 3d4+3 hp damage), *charm person* (once/round at will); SD immune to light-based attacks and normal cold; SZ L (14' body, 12' tail); ML 17; XP 3,000; *MM*/71 (dragon, gem — modified).

Concluding the Adventure

If the PCs are successful in reaching Glittershard, the young dragon's parents learn of this via their *crystal ball*. Quartz and Facet fly to Thunderdelve at breakneck speed (movement rate 48), arriving before Glittershard and the party emerge from the fortress.

> Having found the young crystal dragon and his dwarven companions, you exit the fortress only to find that the valley floor is covered in a heavy blanket of snow. It seems a storm has passed, though a few snowflakes continue to fall from the sky. Nestled in the snow outside the main entrance, staring at the gates with anticipation, are two giant drakes with scales of translucent crystal. Their sharp eyes spot you immediately.

Glittershard's parents do not have any treasure for the PCs at this time. However, the dragons promise to bring them a "gift" once Glittershard has been flown home and the party has returned to Underduin.

Quartz and **Facet** (mature adult crystal dragons): INT exceptional; AL CN; AC –3; MV 9, fly 24 (C), jump 3; HD 13; hp 95,83; THAC0 7; #AT 3 + special; Dmg 1d6+7/ 1d6+7/2d6+7; SA breath weapon (causes blindness for 7 turns and 7d4+7 hp damage), spells, kick, tail slap, wing buffet; SD fear radius (25 yards, save at +1), immune to light-based spells and normal cold; MR 15%; SZ H (48' body, 42' tail); ML 18; XP 9,000; *MM*/ 71 (dragon, gem).

Both dragons can cast *charm person* at will, *suggestion* (3×/day) and *color spray* (3×/day). They also know the following wizard and priest spells, which they cast at 13th-level of ability: *shield, sanctuary, resist fire and cure blindness.*

When Glittershard sees his parents, he hesitates to confront them. He lowers his head shamefully and swishes his tail in the snow. His parents' recrimination, however, is not forthcoming, and they smother him affectionately. After the happy reunion, Glittershard turns to his *charmed* dwarven friends (assuming they survived the party's "assault" and the dangers of Thunderdelve) and bids them a sad farewell, knowing his parents won't let him near the dwarves for a while.

If the PCs destroy the baldandar's *diadem of thought draining*, the dwarves begin regaining their lost Intelligence at a rate of 1 point/hour. Regardless of how smart the dwarves are, they want to return to Underduin and leave their ordeal in Thunderdelve behind them. (Drull, if alive, also expresses his desire to return home given the circumstances.) Even if the *diadem* was left intact, the dwarves begin to regain lost Intelligence once they travel beyond the diadem's 240-yard range.

Rewards for Success

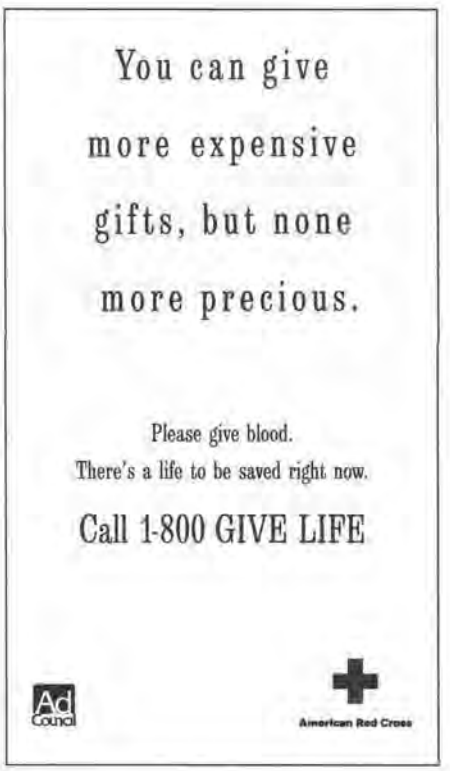
If the PCs were successful in freeing the dwarven emissaries, King Galvan holds a special ceremony in their honor and awards each PC a finely-wrought gold medal worth 200 gp. Although the medal is non-magical, it is considered a testimonial of the character's skill and is worth far more than any magic item in the dwarven kingdom of Underduin. If the PCs freed the dwarven emissaries, retrieved the dragon, and rescued the dwarves of Thunderdelve from the clutches of the derro and the baldandar, each character receives a platinum medal (worth 2,000 gp) instead. Very few heroes are awarded such tokens of honor, so the PCs have every right to be pleased. The PCs are invited to spend the next four months in Underduin so dwarven masons can carve statues of them! (The DM can run several adventures using Underduin as the party's starting point. The dwarves would be more than happy to provide whatever equipment the party needs.)

Three days after returning to Underduin, the PCs are visited by Glittershard's father. Quartz gives the party a *snowpearl*, a white crystal orb 5" in diameter. The PCs can use the snowpearl to call upon the dragons once. When the orb is held and the word "Sinnizad" is spoken aloud, a *whispering wind* spell warns Quartz and Facet that the party needs assistance. One or both of the dragons (50% chance Quartz, 30% chance Facet, 20% chance both) fly to the party's location, provided it's within 100 miles, and render assistance however needed. The crystal dragons consider the *snowpearl* quite a prize. It can be sold for 200 gp, but the dragons are not obliged to help the orb's new owner.

In addition to the *snowpearl*, Quartz gives each PC an *ioun stone* shaped like a flickering white snowflake. This crystal snowflake provides +1 to saving throws vs. all cold-based attacks. (See *Encyclopedia Magica*, page 615.)

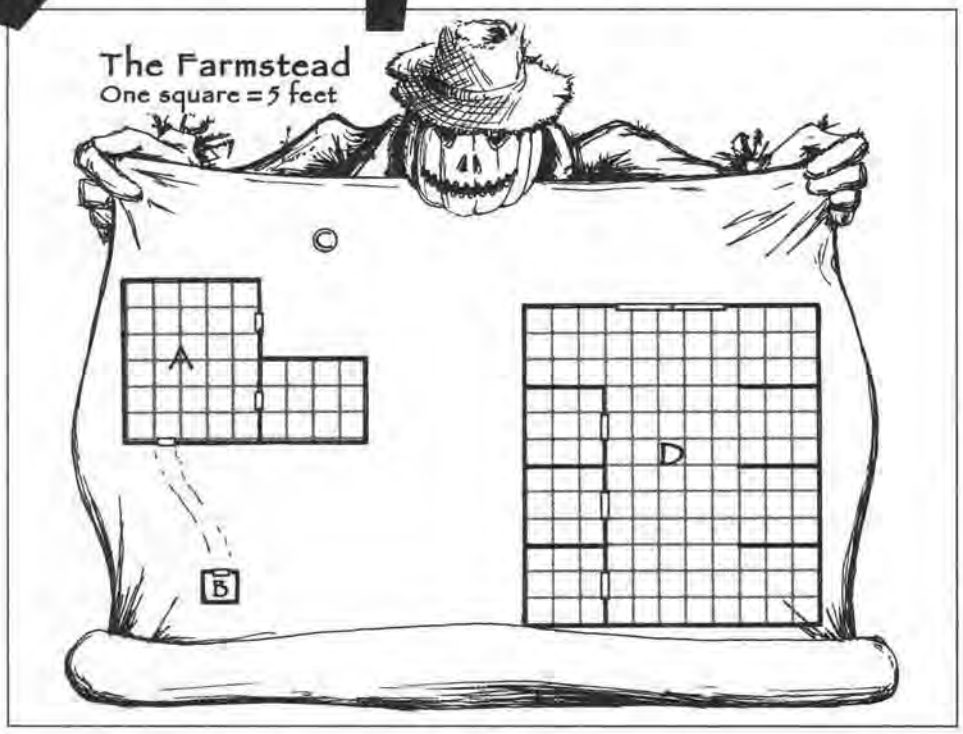
For each dwarven emissary rescued, the party should receive 500 XP (3,000 XP total if all six are returned alive). If Thunderdelve is restored to its prior state (i.e. the derro and baldandar are slain or driven away), the party should receive a story award of 1,000–2,500 XP depending on the difficulty of the task and the players' ingenuity (DM's determination).

For rescuing Glittershard, the party should receive 6,000 XP. (They would get half this amount for slaying the crystal dragon.) The DM should feel free to award additional XPs to PCs who accomplished difficult tasks or who declined to accept monetary rewards for their success. By the same token, the DM may penalize PCs who slaughtered dwarves needlessly or performed stupid or inane actions within the stronghold, like using *charmed* NPC dwarves as cannon fodder or sacrificial lambs. Ω



Side Treks

BLOOD



by Lance Hawvermale

Cartography by Michael Scott

"Blood on the Plow" is an "interlude" adventure for a small party of PCs levels 4–6. It can be inserted into virtually any campaign world where agriculture is a common way of peasant life, at any time during the late summer months.

When the PCs Arrive

The late summer sun has turned the pastoral fields and prairies of this lonely agricultural region a golden color. It is miles away from the nearest hotbed of civilization. Standing defiantly alone in a sea of encroaching prairie grass and ripened wheat is a single farmstead consisting of a two-room shanty, a bright red hay barn, and a sagging split-rail fence that serves as the corral for a pair of emaciated oxen. A tired old scarecrow hangs on its wooden frame in the center of a nearby patch of wheat. Half a dozen brazen blackbirds perch upon its shoulders and hollow pumpkin head. It is into this bucolic setting that the PCs ride while en route to the site of their next adventure. Any druid or PC with a proficiency in agriculture finds it odd that the farmers who live here have not yet brought in their wheat crop, as the customary harvest season ended nearly a week ago.

As they approach the farm, the PCs take note of a middle-aged woman working in the wheat field nearest the house, her long blonde tresses bound up behind her head to keep them out of the way while she works. She is currently laboring under the sun, doggedly swinging a heavy scythe through the tall yellow stalks of wheat. It is apparent that she is attempting to single-handedly bring in the crop. As the PCs near, they can hear the woman groaning with every swipe of the scythe, and the large damp triangle of perspiration that stains the back of her dress bears testament to her determination. Even so, she clears but a few feet of wheat every two minutes or so, and her stamina appears to be flagging. At this rate, it will take her a month to harvest the fields — if she lasts that long — and by that time the wheat will have surely spoiled. It is apparent that, working alone, the woman has little hope of saving her crop.

For the Dungeon Master

Miciah and Katy Stringfellow have lived alone on their humble farmstead for eleven summers. Unable to have children, the Stringfellows have been forced to work their land with no one to help them but the gods — and recently the gods seem to have left them to fend for themselves. Just before harvest season, Miciah fell from the loft in the barn and shattered both of his legs, an accident that made it impossible for him to be of any help with the bringing in of the crop. Though it would cost them some of their earnings, the Stringfellows had little choice but to hire a farm hand, one Casey Goodno, to assist them in the rigors of the harvest. Two weeks ago, however, Casey suffered an accident of his own: he slipped and toppled headlong from the porch while carrying an armful of tools and was impaled on the business end of a sickle, dying instantly. Now, with no other recourse, Katy must bring in the crop by herself, for without the money from their wheat the Stringfellows will be destitute. At her wit's end, Katy valiantly labors in the field, fully aware of the folly of her efforts, while Miciah languishes helplessly in the house and curses the gods for his ill luck.

Luck, though, has little to do with the Stringfellows' recent run of disasters. A malevolent force is at work, undermining the couple's gallant endeavors to survive. Neither Miciah nor his wife have yet noticed that their raggedy old scarecrow doesn't look quite the same as it used to. This is because it has been replaced by a living, sentient counterpart, a scarecrow construct fashioned by an evil wizard who lived far to the south. After its creator died, the scarecrow took on a consciousness of its own and, seeking to reach colder climes, set off on a long journey northward. It has stopped in many places since then, always staying just long enough to harass, frighten, and finally kill as many helpless humans as it can. It has lived in the Stringfellow wheat field for over two weeks now, inconspicuously posing as

ON THE PLOW

the family scarecrow. In that time it has killed a farm hand and come very close to killing Miciah as well. It has planned its next attack for the night the PCs arrive, but seeing the newcomers, it wisely delays its malicious actions for a few days while it estimates the weaknesses of the adventurers.

Scarecrow: INT average; AL NE; AC 6; MV 6; HD 5; hp 37; THAC0 15; #AT 1+gaze; Dmg 1d6+charm; SA charm gaze or touch; SD immune to cold; SZ M; ML 14; XP 1,400; *MM*/170.

Once every round, the scarecrow is capable of using its powerful gaze attack on any victim within 40'. Anyone so unfortunate as to meet the golem's dreadful gaze must make a successful saving throw vs. spell or succumb to a special fascination effect. A fascinated individual can take no actions on his or her own behalf, permitting the scarecrow to pummel the paralyzed person to death. Fire is particularly harmful to a scarecrow, gaining a +1 to its attack bonus and +1 point of damage per die.

Unaware of the golem's intentions, Katy hospitably welcomes the PCs into her home, offering them what little the Stringfellows have to give. Over a simple dinner, Miciah overcomes his pride enough to tell the party his sad story. It is very important, however, that Miciah says nothing to make the players think that evil is afoot. Miciah firmly believes that it was his own two left feet that caused him to fall from the loft, and he doesn't mention to the party the details of how Casey Goodno met his grisly end, preferring to simply say, "Our last farm hand, a boy by the name a' Goodno, didn't work out all that well, and we ain't the gold to hire another." If the crop isn't to market in a week, Miciah says, the grain will be worthless.

At some time during the conversation, the PCs should offer to help the Stringfellows harvest the wheat. If for some reason the PCs neglect the Stringfellows and leave them to their fate, the scarecrow eventually the couple's undoing, and the party receives no XP for the adventure. If, on the other hand, the altruistic PCs offer to assist the Stringfellows, they spend the night in the hayloft of the barn, and at sunrise the next morning beat their swords into plowshares, so to speak.

Bringing in the Crop

Regardless of the size of the party, the DM should make the players hustle day and night for the next six days, going at it whole-hog in 14-, 16-, even 18-hour shifts in order to harvest the wheat. The DM is encouraged to show the party that such work can be more taxing than even the most grueling of adventures. Katy breaks the party into shift groups; there are many aspects of harvesting, including cutting the wheat, separating the grain, and chaff, and loading the grain into barrels and then onto wagons.

Two times during the week, the scarecrow attempts to sabotage the party's efforts, hoping to encourage them to pack their things and leave. During the night, the crafty golem loosens wagon wheels, rigs the scythe blades to fly free during use, and sets rats upon the grain, always taking care to ensure that these mishaps appear to be the result of either bad luck or the incompetence of the PCs. All in all, it is one of the most demanding, yet potentially most gratifying, weeks of honest work and toil the PCs have ever experienced. PCs with the endurance proficiency will count their blessings!

The Farmstead

A. Main House. There are two rooms in the Stringfellow shanty: the bedroom and what passes for the living room. Furnishings throughout the house are simple and practical. There are no unnecessary amenities.

B. Outhouse. This small, flimsy building serves as the only toilet facility on the farm. The walls are fashioned of uneven planks of wood, and when the wind blows, it whistles through the knotholes in the walls like the moan of a tortured spirit. Scattered behind the outhouse are the tattered remains of the original scarecrow — old flannel shirt, blue overalls, and straw hat — which the golem shredded and left here to be carried off by the wind. Observant PCs notice that these mysterious articles of clothing were torn to pieces in violent fashion, perhaps alerting them to the danger.

C. Well. The well could very possibly become an oasis in the long, hot days the PCs will endure. They are liable to draw dozens of buckets of spring water up the frayed hemp rope of the well, finding the water fresh, clean, and surprisingly plentiful. Good drinking water is the only thing of which the Stringfellows have an abundance.

D. Barn. More spacious than the main house, this barn is where the Stringfellows store their grain, straw, and tools. Hanging on stout wooden pegs can be found a variety of sickles, hoes, spades, scythes, shears, and tack for the plow-oxen, including a cumbersome yoke and harness. The DM should feel free to further burden the party with whatever vermin he or she decides might be inhabiting the darker recesses of the barn, such as giant rats, spiders, or snakes.

The Scarecrow Attacks

When the wagon is finally loaded with grain and the PCs are more exhausted than they have ever been, the scarecrow makes its play. On the night before the wagon is to be driven to town and its contents sold at the market, the scarecrow climbs down from its frame and launches a surprise assault on the slumbering adventurers. Caught unawares, the PCs are probably not wearing their armor and not in reach of their equipment, and may be forced to fight with the weapons at hand, transforming farm implements into makeshift swords and impromptu battle axes. Also, the DM should be aware that any spellcasters in the group may have not taken the time to gain their full complement of spells for that day. If the mages and priests were hard at work from dawn until dusk and never stated that they were

Continued on page 59

GRIMJAWS

BY JENNIFER TITTLE STACK

Stuffed animals

Artwork by Lorelle Ahlstrom and R.K. Post
Cartography by Michael Scott

Jennifer is an attorney with the Legal Aid Society in Columbus, Ohio. She says that this adventure started out as a zoo, but then the crocodile took on a life of his own.

This short adventure can be used alone or in conjunction with a larger campaign. The adventure takes place in the Vast Swamp, near Cormyr in the FORGOTTEN REALMS® setting. However, it can easily be adapted to any swamp area of the DM's choosing. The adventure will be enhanced by the DM's study of *Elminster's Ecologies: The Cormyrean Marshes (EE:TCM).* Enough information is provided for the adventure to be played without this reference.

The adventure is suitable for 2–3 PCs of levels 5–7, or one higher level PC. The party should include at least one player with access to healing magic. The PCs should be open-minded about creatures they encounter, and they must not be evil.

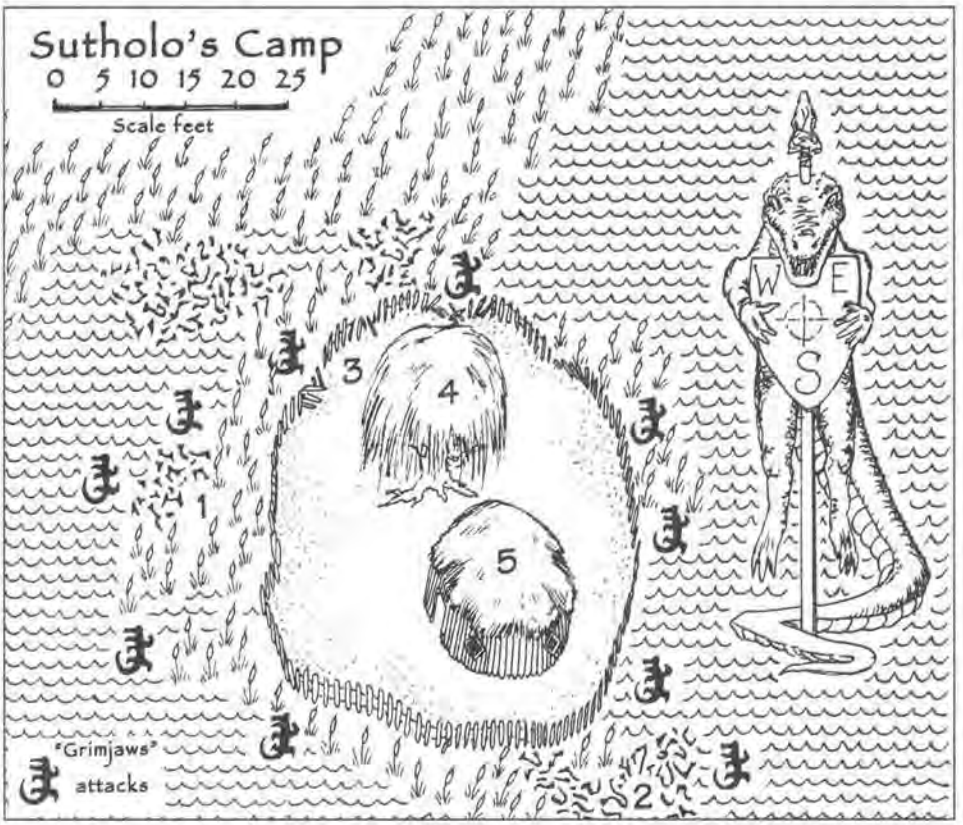
For the Dungeon Master

The story of Grimjaws begins with Sutholo, a lizard man of the Cormyrean swamps. Sutholo was born into a fairly civilized community in the Tun Marsh. The lizard men of the Tun are relatively sophisticated and peaceful (*EE:TCM*/18–20). Sutholo was known among the tribes as a learned lizard man. An excellent warrior, he was fascinated not by the hunt but by the creatures he killed. Members of Sutholo's tribe believe that the animals they hunt are sent by their patron Semuanya. Sutholo thought that, by studying his kills, he could learn about Semuanya's plans for the lizard man tribes. He also listened closely to stories about the tribes and their ways, even tribes in the far Vast Swamp. Unlike the lizard men of the Tun, those of the Vast Swamp are a cruel and primitive group. The Vast lizard men venerate the vile Sess'innek, a tanar'ri lord with sinister plans for their race (*EE:TCM*/20). Sutholo had heard of Sess'innek and his followers, so he decided to venture into the Vast to learn whether the lizard men there could be turned from their wicked ways.

Sutholo soon learned that the lizard men of the Vast were filled with a murderous hatred that extended even to their own kind. Instead of leaving the Vast in frustration, though, Sutholo became fascinated with its animal and

plant life. He began to preserve unusual creatures and plants in order to study them and eventually to share his findings with the shamans of his own community. But Sutholo underestimated the dark influence of the Vast Swamp itself. He built a small hut on a peninsula of solid ground at the edge of the Darkflow, a river fed by the Vast. He discovered a large crocodile living in the area, one with an unusually massive jaw structure. Sutholo decided to kill and preserve it for study. After an intense fight, Sutholo slew the beast. He preserved its remains using herbs wrapped tightly around the carcass with cloth.

That night, a strong storm arose over Sutholo's camp. Wind and rain swept the curing crocodile remains into the Darkflow. The waters, rich in evil magic (*EE:TCM*/6–7, 32), infused the crocodile with dark power. On that strange night, Sutholo's preserving efforts were warped, and the crocodile became an undead mummy. Grimjaws, as the crocodile became known, now rules the area. He has infected the surrounding waters and creatures, including Sutholo, with mummy rot.



Into the Vast

There have always been rumors about what ruins lie in the Vast Swamp. But recently, a small cache of tools carved with Espruar runes, allegedly retrieved from the marsh, has ignited the local tavern gossip. A few scholars suggest that the tools may originate in an ancient city that flourished near the dawn of Elven civilization. Others believe that the tools were used to grow magical healing herbs. Elven sages refuse any comment, which only widens speculation. Many adventurers are intrigued by these rumors, but only a few actually decide to make the journey. You are some of the few.

You have been traveling through the Vast Swamp for several days. You have found none of the great treasure you heard so many stories about: no lost elven kingdoms, no miraculous healing herbs. You have found only dark vines, black squirrels, rain, and a sticky, all-pervading mist. As the sun sinks, the sounds of the swamp seem hushed. The underbrush grows thicker, and some of the plants seem foreign to the area. You come to a thickwall of vines. You push past them and realize that they hide a stake fence. As the vines rustle, something seems to jump at you. It is a snake, with bared fangs. After a quick shock, you realize that it is dead, and that its body has been preserved.

Terrain of the Vast Swamp

The PCs may begin to view the Vast itself as a monster. It is a dark and frightening place; simply negotiating its terrain is a dangerous undertaking. Movement through the swamp is at half normal speed, and only a quarter normal speed during the frequent hard rainfalls that flood the area. What little solid ground there is is formed in small islands around oak or willow trees. There are some areas (marked on the map) of very shallow water, 1"–6" deep. PCs may not realize that outside these regions, the depths increase to 15'–30'.

1. Stinging Nettles. These plants cause 1–4 hp damage to any PC that brushes bare skin against them. PCs with bare arms or legs should roll 1d6 while passing this area; a roll of 6 indicates that the PC is stung.

2. Deadfall. Old twigs, branches, and vines have jammed in place over a deep pool of water. The material can support 120 lbs., but PCs weighing more than that collapse the deadfall and tumble into foul water. A falling PC suffers 3d6 hp damage from impalement on sharp sticks and must make a swimming proficiency check against drowning. Other PCs must spend two turns clearing debris before they can reach their fallen comrade. PCs with the survival proficiency (swamp terrain) recognize the deadfall for what it is.

3. Stake Fence. A wooden stake fence rings the small island camp site. Some sections are damaged, others overgrown. The stakes are carved with pictographs and decorated with feathers. PCs with a proficiency in religion may recognize the pictographs as symbols of the lizard man patron Semuanya (–3 penalty to proficiency check).

4. Sutholo's Camp. The camp itself is built on a peninsula of solid ground under a gray willow tree. Outside the fence is the watery home of Grimjaws. The water around the camp is tainted with mummy rot (see Grimjaws'

Grimjaws

Due to his unorthodox creation and because he was an animal in life rather than a human, Grimjaws is not a normal mummy. He retains many of his characteristics as a crocodile, but he holds the terrifying powers of a mummy. His tough hide is a mottled gray, green, and brown.

Grimjaws, Crocodile Mummy: INT animal; AL NE; AC 3; MV 6, swim 12; HD 6+3; hp 33; THAC0 13; #AT 2; Dmg 2–8/1–12; SA surprise, fear, disease, drowning; SD see below; SZ L (15' long); ML 15; XP 3065; see *MM*/49&261.

Grimjaws' favorite tactic is to drown his prey (information on this tactic is paraphrased from *DRAGON® Magazine* #187). A roll of 20 indicates that he has clamped his huge jaws firmly on the victim and is steadily dragging the victim underwater (see *PHB* for rules on drowning). Pulling a victim free requires 60 combined Strength points. If a rescue attempt is made, Grimjaws shakes the victim, inflicting double bite damage in that round. Each puller must then make a successful Dexterity check or lose his/her grip. Grimjaws releases a victim after two rounds of successful pulling. If this occurs, he withdraws from the melee.

Unlike living crocodiles, Grimjaws retains his normal movement in cold temperatures. His touch causes mummy rot, a disease that is fatal in 1–6 months. For each month, the victim permanently loses two Charisma points. A *cure disease* spell cures mummy rot. A paladin's lay on hands ability does not cure this magical curse. Any creature that views Grimjaws must save vs. spell or be paralyzed for 1–4 rounds. If the party contains six members (perhaps by the inclusion of the cured Sutholo), each PC saves at +1. Human PCs receive an additional +2 to their saving throws. Magical weapons inflict half damage on Grimjaws. He is immune to *sleep, charm, hold,* and cold-based spells. Grimjaws is vulnerable to fire and holy water. Anyone killed by him rots immediately and cannot be raised unless both *cure disease* and *raise dead* spells are cast within six rounds. A *resurrection* or *wish* spell turns Grimjaws into a normal crocodile. Turning Grimjaws also restores him to his normal crocodile state.

Grimjaws, Normal Crocodile: INT animal; AL N; AC 5; MV 6, swim 12; HD 3; hp 19; THAC0 17; #AT 2; Dmg 2–8/ 1–12; SA surprise, drowning; SZ L (15' long); ML 9; XP 65; *MM*/49.

When the party first enters the area, Grimjaws is located in the position shown on the map. As his statistics indicate, he swims quickly but is sluggish on land. As the party approaches the fence, Grimjaws begins circling the area around Sutholo's hut. Any PCs who see him risk becoming paralyzed with fear. Grimjaws' first attack is on any paralyzed PC. If he has not been seen, he attacks the PC farthest from the hut. PCs examining the pictographs on the stakes are automatically surprised by this assault. Grimjaws reacts to any attack as if it damages him, even attacks to which he, as a mummy, is immune. When hit, he sinks low into the water. PCs may be fooled into thinking that Grimjaws is injured even when he is not. It may take a long time for the PCs to realize that Grimjaws is not a normal crocodile. Sutholo knows that Grimjaws is some type of undead creature, although he does not know what kind.

Years ago, Grimjaws himself created the peninsula by bringing up ground from the depths of the river. This earth-moving is a natural part of crocodilian nest-building behavior. As a mummy, Grimjaws treats the peninsula as a normal mummy treats its underground lair, as a place to protect. Once something (or someone) is on the peninsula, Grimjaws treats it as his. Since Sutholo has been on the peninsula longest, Grimjaws is particularly reactive to him. If Sutholo leaves the island, Grimjaws attacks him first. Grimjaws pursues Sutholo through the swamp until one or the other is destroyed. Grimjaws climbs onto land to pursue Sutholo, but generally he avoids solid ground. Grimjaws prefers to keep in constant contact with the waters of the Darkflow, since it was the river's evil magic that created him. There are certain points where Grimjaws may come onto land far enough in order to clamp his jaws around characters and drag them under water. Grimjaws attacks any characters in the water as soon as he can swim to their location. In or out of water, his first tactic is to attempt to drown his victims.

sidebar). Anyone touching the water has a 1-in-10 chance of contracting the disease. Anyone drinking the water has a one in four chance of falling ill.

Preserved, stuffed animals are found throughout the compound. Sutholo prided himself on his skills as a taxidermist, and these are his life-like subjects of study. The largest animals are stationed around the camp. They include several large black squirrels, a foot-long section of gray tentacle, a small hydra head, and a swamp panther.

5. Sutholo's Hut. A one-room thatch hut is the largest structure in the camp. Drying herbs are tied to the walls. One group of herbs is the essential ingredient in Sutholo's embalming and preserving potions. These herbs may be quite valuable (worth up to 500 gp) to taxidermists, some priests, necromancers, and morticians. Another group of herbs are rare species of water lily, which contain healing properties (*EE:TCM*/7).

Vast Swamp Water: This water lily, when properly dried and blessed by a priest, cleric or shaman, acts as a *potion of vitality*. Sutholo knows the method of drying the plant properly. In fact, the plants in his hut are properly dried, they only require a *bless* spell to function as healing aids.

Elven Sketch: Wrapped in several large leaves and leaning in one corner is a new acquisition, a sketch inscribed on a piece of polished petrified wood (see page 37). Anyone familiar with elven languages realizes that the runes at the bottom of the sketch are ancient Espruar runes that read "Aeltais." Anyone with a proficiency in ancient history may identify Aeltais as a legendary city in elven lore, which was said to possess the secret of youth, health, and immortality. This piece of petrified wood is valuable to sages of elven lore or ancient history, and could bring 100–300 gp. If the party could provide a purchaser with more information about the origins of the piece, the price would rise.

Read the following when the PCs enter the hut:

> A sickly sweet smell permeates the hut. Several small preserved animals are placed around the room. A spear carved with pictographs and decorated with feathers stands in a corner. In another corner are a water skin and slabs of wild pig meat wrapped in large leaves.

A large lizard man lies on a bed of rushes. His skin is brown but dotted with scabs. He writhes in pain. To your surprise, he calls out in a broken form of the common tongue. You can barely understand, but he calls out, "Danger!" He picks up a small preserved crocodile husk and gestures outside.

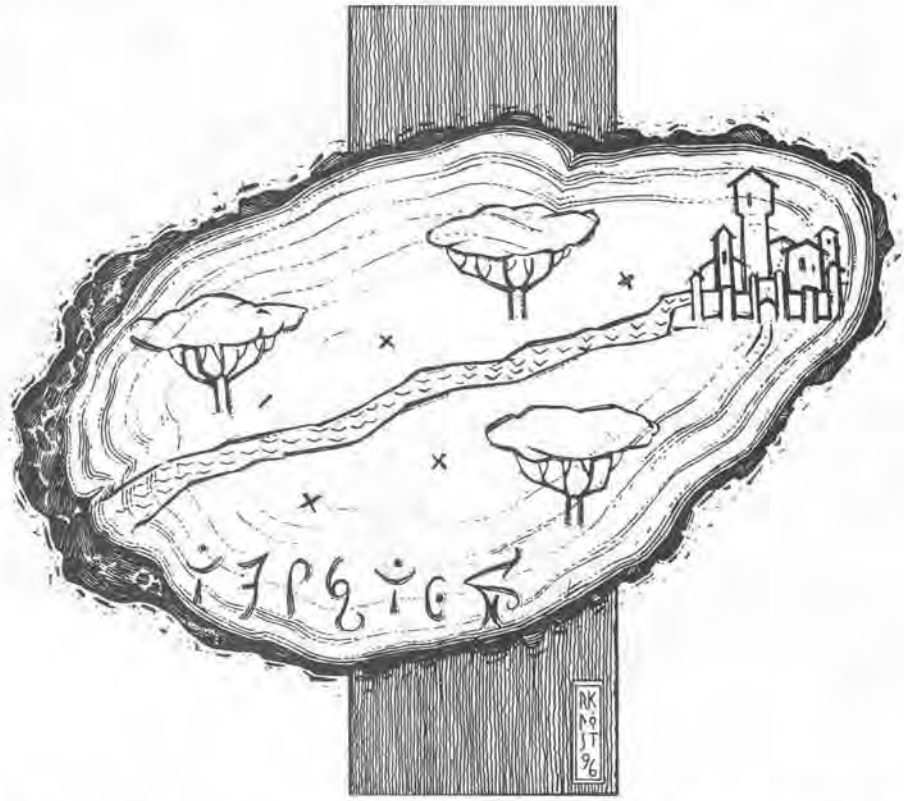
Sutholo, Tun Lizard Man: INT high (Sutholo is superior among even the Tun lizard men, whose Intelligence is average); AL N; AC 5; MV 6, swim 12; HD 2+3; hp 12; THAC0 19; #AT 3 or 2; Dmg 1–2/1–2/1–6; SZ M; XP 150 (Sutholo's unusual Intelligence accounts for his increased XP. See "Concluding the Adventure" for discussion of how XP are awarded); *EE:TCM*/20 (see also *MM*/227). Sutholo is proficient in herbalism. Like a few of the other advanced lizard men of the Tun Marsh, Sutholo speaks a crude form of the common language (*EE:TCM*/19).

Sutholo is a dedicated follower of Semuanya. He views his patron not as the aloof and uncaring being often described but as a calm and reflective deity who reveals his plans in subtle ways. Sutholo approaches new encounters with curiosity and an open-mindedness that is unusual for his species. He possesses a fearlessness that comes not from savagery but from a belief in a predetermined natural order.

Sutholo has been suffering from mummy rot for a month. Only a *cure disease* spell or more powerful spells that work in similar ways can heal him. A *regenerate* spell makes him more comfortable and allows him to communicate more easily with the PCs, but it does not cure him. If the PCs try to talk with Sutholo or make efforts to cure him, he pulls a necklace of stone fetishes out of the rushes and hands it to the PC who was most helpful or communicative. This necklace acts as a *ring of free action.* This item can be quite valuable to the party in the swamp because it allows movement in water at normal rates. See *DMG*/148 for more details.

Concluding the Adventure

The PCs receive half of Grimjaws' XP award for killing him, all points for turning him into a normal crocodile. They receive all of Sutholo's XP award for completely healing him, none for killing him, and half for attempting to heal him. If the PCs manage to cure



Sutholo, he can become a valuable ally. He is familiar with the swamp terrain and its creatures and plants, and he can guide them through the swamps and help them locate rare medicinal herbs. If a good rapport is established, he may stay with the PCs through further adventures.

Continuing the Adventure

The Shaman: Sutholo's journey to the Vast Swamp is part of a larger quest to become a shaman. *The Complete Book of Humanoids* explains the role and abilities of a shaman. *COB*/40-42 gives players a guide to role-playing a lizard man. This information will be useful for the DM if Sutholo is used in future adventures, or for players if they want to use Sutholo as a PC. Sutholo is currently at 0-level and has no special shamanistic powers.

The Elves: A millennia ago or more, the Vast Swamp was a green land populated by elves. The sketch (above) found in Sutholo's hut is a map of ancient Aeltais, a city that existed in the early period of elven civilization. The Aeltaisian elves used magical tools to cultivate special healing herbs, which still grow in the Vast Swamp in a weakened form. The PCs may wish to use the sketch as a map to search for the ruins of the ancient city. Sutholo knows little about the sketch but can show the PCs where he found it. He considers it an interesting curiosity but would part with it in exchange for a gift of weapons, armor, or particularly good food (he enjoys raw eels).

The Grell: Among Sutholo's taxidermy collection is a section of tentacle. If the PCs ask him how he acquired this piece, he tells of many snakes that jumped at him from the vines. One "snake" struck him, and for a moment he could not move. With great effort, he thrust his spear point through it. Actually, Sutholo's attacker was a worker grell that withdrew when its prey was not paralyzed by its attack. The Vast Swamp is home to several hives of powerful grell, including the Imperator, a reputed divine grell being (*EE:TCM*/14–16). Sutholo can lead the PCs to the place where the "snakes" attacked him, but they may meet more than snakes if they go. Ω

THE RAT TRAP

BY TIMOTHY IDE

Dirty rotten scoundrels

Artwork by Timothy Ide
Cartography by Michael Scott

Tim writes: City adventures have always appealed to me with their attendant hazards of grimy taverns, thieves, cutthroats, and mysterious goings on.

"The Rat Trap" is an AD&D® adventure for 6–8 PCs of levels 6–10 (approximately 50 levels). It is set in a large medieval/renaissance style city that can be one that the PCs know or are merely passing through. It is primarily concerned with thieves and is suited to campaign at least partly based around that class, although any other character class is suitable as well.

Adventure Background

For many centuries Carn Perrin has been the cultural and commercial capital of the Kingdom of Rondar. It is a large sprawling city on the banks of the river Relindonar and is home to some of the greatest cathedrals and universities in the land. The finest scholars and theologians have lived and worked here, and their thoughts make up much of the Royal Perrin Library.

At the city's center is the great Nirn Perrin, the fortified residence of the Duke of Perrin, the County Governor. This is the political hub of the city and indeed the country, there being no higher authority — apart from the king himself, who resides in the north.

While a great many noble, wealthy, and learned people live in Perrin, the city has its seamy side, which most of its citizens try to ignore. This is in the poorer southwestern districts near the docks, where the river barges arrive and depart, bringing trade goods up and down the length of the kingdom. Despite regular patrols of the city guard, a thriving crime element has existed here for centuries, with a history and culture all of its own.

For good or ill, local businesses and merchants have learned to live with the local Thieves Guild, mostly paying their protection fees dutifully to avoid trouble. While hardly a perfect state of affairs, the payments required are bearable (just), and daily life in commerce grinds on. The Constabulary do their best to control the proceedings but as most of the thieves are smart and some of the City Guard are on the take, their job is thankless and difficult. The police are apathetic about what is going on; so long as no one rocks the boat they leave the thieves to their own devices. Naturally,

the thieves are keen to preserve this state of equilibrium. Recently, however, a new force has crept into town.

Over the last four months, throughout the western districts, a series of ghastly murders has been committed by a mysterious person or creature known as "Gobbling Jack," the nickname owing to the devoured bodies. Also, there has been a series of audacious and occasionally violent robberies committed against the merchants and traders in this area. A number of wealthy aristocrats have also been plundered of coin and valuable *objects d'art*. Both the aristocrats and the Merchants Guild are howling for justice, as the robberies are hitting those who have paid their protection fees as well as those who have not. The police have no idea of what is going on, as all their informants have either clammed up, disappeared, or turned up victims of Gobbling Jack. The situation is threatening to get out of hand, as more and more merchants leave the city and the economy begins to collapse.

For the Dungeon Master

At the beginning of the year, the Thieves Guild of Perrin (then known as "The Friendly Fellows") was taken over by a clan of highly intelligent wererats lead by an unpleasant swashbuckler known as Greyblade. They migrated to Perrin via the sewers, which connected with a series of uncharted tunnels leading to an underground river to the North. Traveling with Greyblade were his consort, Spellfang; his brother, Gruffle; and his six children Riff, Gerelan, Retha, Gus, Teryl, and Vatin. The latter range in age from young adult to mature. Gus, Teryl, and Vatin came out of the same litter and so are much closer than the others. All of his children fear and respect "Old Man Greyblade," but it is Gruffle whom they love for his sense of fun and depraved sense of cruelty.

In human form, Greyblade and some of his followers made themselves known to the Friendly Fellows Guild Master, Ferald the Slink. Asking to join the Guild and promising to abide by its rules, the wererats were made welcome by the Fellows.

Greyblade soon repaid this courtesy by murdering Ferald and his closest associates before taking over the guild. The rest of the thieves were given an ultimatum: join the new regime or die.

Many of the thieves, not being overburdened with scruples, have welcomed Greyblade as a leader, perceiving him as a new and powerful force. Other thieves resent his intrusion, which spoils what was to them a perfectly well running operation. Now the Fellows are at war with the city, and all the lucrative protection rackets have come loose, with businesses either refusing or unable to meet Greyblade's excessive demands (Greyblade has killed most of these traitors). Many have fled the city, but one or two have remained and are trying to work out some means of revenge for the deaths of their colleagues and the destruction of their order.

Greyblade's clan are an elite group of natural lycanthropes known as the "lords." Greyblade often styles himself King of the Wererats. Other lycanthrope genotypes are certain to have lords, but their existence has not yet been recorded (see "wererat lord" sidebar).

Greyblade and his followers have been around for nearly a century, wandering from city to city, robbing and pillaging for a while before moving on. Their usual tactic, and the one that they have employed in Perrin, is to infiltrate the local thieves guild, murder its leaders, and assume control, infecting all their new followers with lycanthropy. Greyblade makes this transformation more palatable to new recruits by dressing it up as a kind of religion, "an initiation into the true mysteries of power." Victims of Greyblade's infection are heirs to a kind of bloodlust that must be slaked every month or more, hence the recent vicious murders. Thus Gobbling Jack is not just one monster, but several. Greyblade and his "court," as he calls them, are immune to this condition or else have learned to control it. This does not prevent them from indulging it whenever they see fit.

Once Greyblade and his mob have robbed their current location of everything that isn't nailed down, they leave the city by some previously arranged bolt-hole, taking only what treasure they can carry with them and leaving the new wererats to fend for themselves.

Without any strong leadership, the new wererats are eventually discovered by the authorities, hunted down, and destroyed. Most governing bodies are ruthless in their efforts to destroy the threat of plagues, especially such evil and destructive ones as lycanthropy, which have the ability to spread anarchy on such a terrifying scale.

The beauty of Greyblade's tactic is that once the authorities have eventually hunted down the last wererat in the city, they think the problem is solved. Finding most of the stolen loot also goes a long way to convincing them. In reality, of course, the problem has merely moved somewhere else, and the whole evil cycle starts up again.

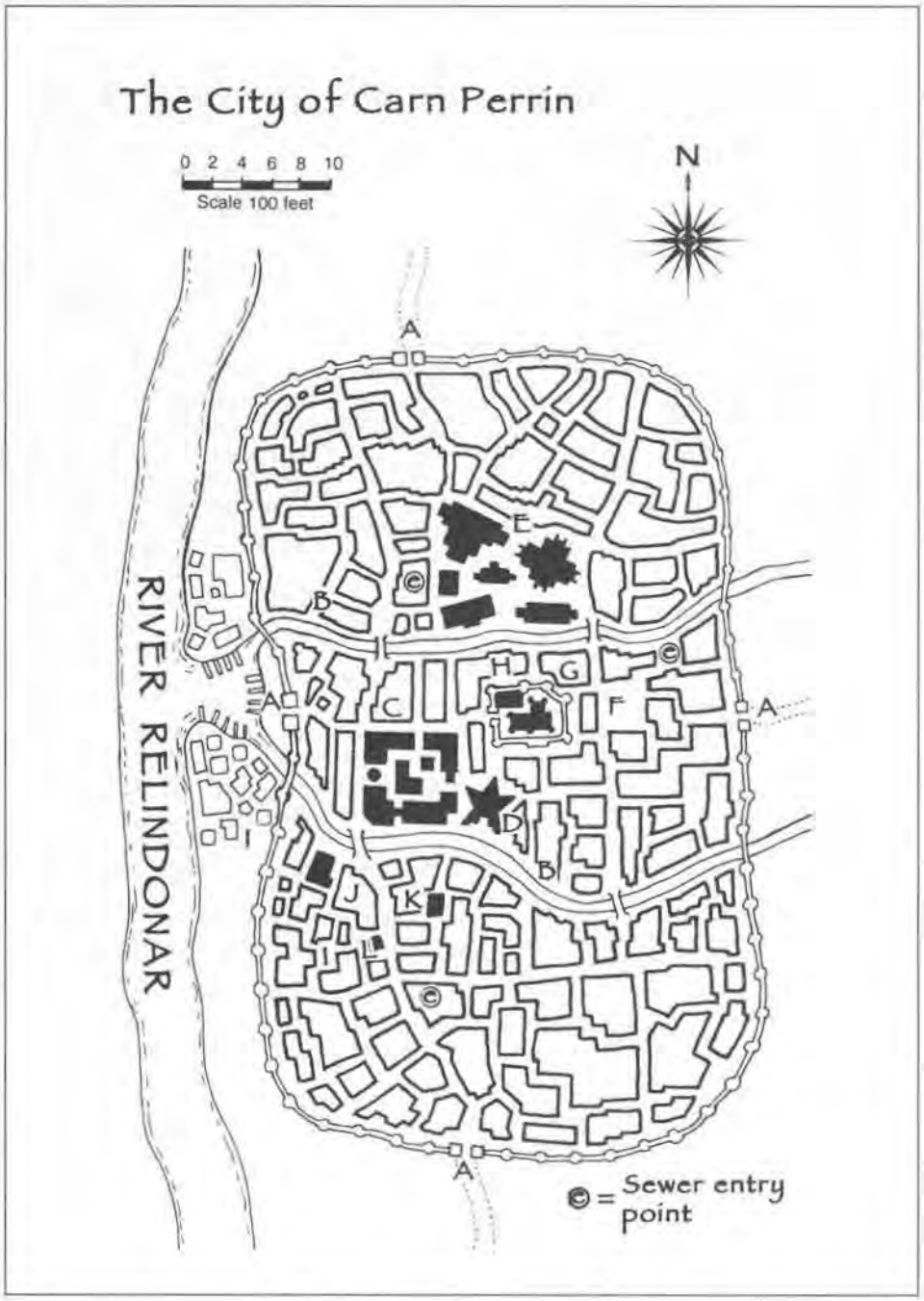
DM's Note: Greyblade's current mob consists of infected thieves from the Friendly Fellows. They are a motley crowd, and their appearance varies from extremely well-dressed to beggar-like. They behave as standard infected wererats with the following adjustments: All infected wererats may trigger their change into rat form if they are in danger or possessed of an urge to kill. They may also change if a wererat lord is presently in sight. If confronted by blood or violence while in rat form, the infected wererat must make a saving throw vs. polymorph at –9 or fall victim to bloodlust (see page 53 of *Van Richten's Guide to Werebeasts* for further details). Wererats in bloodlust receive a +2 attack and damage bonus and a –2 to AC. The bloodlust leaves the wererat once the original stimulus no longer confronts the wererat.

Arrival at Carn Perrin (Day One)

Before you lies the city of Carn Perrin, capital of the kingdom of Rondar. It is a spectacular sight, with its white glittering walls and red tiled turrets. Here lies the center of all knowledge and learning in Rondar, for within these walls are some of the kingdom's finest libraries, universities, theaters, and cathedrals. For the less intellectually inclined, here also can be found some of the country's finest taverns, music halls, and bawdy houses.

However, things are not as rosy as they seem. For months you have been hearing rumors of evil doings in Perrin. The city is in the grip of a crime wave which is bringing trade and commerce to a standstill.

As if this weren't enough, a series of grisly murders has been committed throughout the city. You have met many merchants on the road who tell tales of being robbed during the night by the mysterious killer, or "Gobbling is apparently due to the devoured Jack," as he has become known. This nature of the bodies found.



You have heard that rewards of 2,000 crowns per person have been posted by the government, and several of the more wealthy guilds of Perrin, to put an end to both the crime wave and Gobbling Jack.

The City of Carn Perrin

Below are listed all the major places of interest in Carn Perrin. Likely encounters are given with each location and occur once on a 4 or better on 1d6 (roll every three turns). The DM should use these encounters as he sees fit to flesh out the adventure when it seems appropriate, rather than relying on the dice.

A. Main gates. Framed in a mighty barbican, the gates leading into Perrin are open during the day and closed at night. They are equipped with heavy reinforced gates and a portcullis (which is rarely used). There are four City Guards on duty here at all times to make sure there is no trouble. They recommend that adventurers seek out the "Rusty Sabre" inn. They are mostly honest but not incorruptible. Their bribe fee is usually 10 plus 1d20 gp, but they do nothing that threatens the security of the city. There is an entry fee of 5 cp during the day and 10 cp at night. Entering or leaving the city at night requires the guards on duty to open a postern gate within the main gate itself. Only horses and men may leave in this fashion; carriages and wagons are forbidden until daylight hours for reasons of security.

City Guards (4): INT average; AL LN; AC 3; MV 6; F2; hp 16 each; THAC0 19; Dmg by weapon type; ML 12; plate mail, halberd, long sword.

B. The Canals. The canals of Perrin are usually choked with small boats and barges traveling up and down the city's length delivering goods and wares. The water is unclean because, despite council regulations to the contrary, people insist on dumping their refuse in it.

C. University District. The universities of Perrin are some of the most famous in the land. Here can be found the Colleges of Music, Art, Law, Mathematics, and Magic. Also here is the well-known Royal Perrin Library, with its collection of over 1,000 books, all chained to the shelves.

The PCs may run into one of the student gangs here who specialize in roughing up passers-by or other student gangs. Occasionally they head down to Dockside and try to "cut up" some of the ruffian gangs there. Student gangs are basically offensive debating groups armed with rapiers, ready to prove that their philosophies are better than any one else's. To avoid a full-fledged brawl in the street, they may agree to a fencing bout between their best swordsman and the PCs' best fighter to prove who is right. The only rules are no weapons other than a rapier and dagger, and no armor of any kind. Combatants fight stripped to the waist, and the bout is generally to six hits rather than to the death. The students place bets of anything up to 100 crowns (gold pieces) against the PC duelist, and they barrack and cheer madly during the bout.

Duels are generally frowned upon in public, so the students generally conduct them in a back street behind a deserted wing of the Mathematics college.

Theradion (student duelling champion): AL N; AC 6 (Dexterity bonus); MV 12; F8; hp 51; THAC0 13; AT 2/1; Dmg by weapon type; S 18/ 75 (+2, +3), D 18, C 14, I 16, W 9, Ch 9; XP 650; rapier (*Complete Fighter's Handbook*, page 119), dagger.

Weapon proficiency: rapier specialist.

Theradion is a tall, good-looking young man with an athletic build. He is arrogant and not used to losing and sulks if he does.

Student gang members (3–12) AL N; AC 8; MV 12; F3–F5; hp 17 (×4), 22 (×4), 29 (×4); THAC0 18, 17, 16; Dmg by weapon; ML 9; XP 65 (×4), 120 (×4), 175 (×4); padded armor, rapier, and dagger.

D. The College of Magic. This institution is a good place for purchasing spells, and it offers them at a cut rate if the mage in question joins the Perrin Mages' Guild (1,000 gp for a year's membership). It is a tall, tower-like building built on a floor plan shaped like a pentacle.

To join the Mages' Guild, the wizard in question must be sponsored by a member. This could be the wizard PC's mentor or merely an NPC friend. The neophyte guild member is asked to perform a test of several 1st–3rd level spells (DM's choice) before a panel of six experienced mages who assess his performance. The test being passed, the neophyte is inducted and taught the secret handshakes and passwords, then is presented with a copy of the guild's constitution and guidelines. The most important of these include forbidding the use of magic for evil practices or selling spells that undercut the Guild prices (500 gp × spell level). Transgressions may be punished in a variety of ways, and range from being shunned by all wizards for a period of time to being paid an after dark visit by one or several lesser baatezu (for exceptional rule violations).

The present head of the Mages' Guild is the Magus Morinia Mephit-Quencher, a wise old lady who always dresses in peacock blue.

E. Church District. The cathedrals of Carn Perrin are one of the city's major attractions. The oldest of them, the temple of Imbar the Watcher, the god of Law and Justice, is over 1,000 years old (although what the guides do not tell is that it has undergone at least two extensive reconstructions in the last 500 years).

The cathedrals are very spectacular, filled with soaring pillars, exquisite stained glass, and glowering gargoyles. The clergy here appear to be unarmed and unarmored, but most carry concealed maces and wear breastplates under their robes. They have no rumors and advise the PCs that only through constant prayer and the occasional offering to the church can evil be destroyed. They may cast spells for the PCs for a suitable donation.

Clerics (1–6): AL LG; AC 4; MV 12; levels 8–11; hp 48, 54, 60, 66, 67, 69; THAC0 19; Dmg by weapon type; ML 11; breastplate, horseman's mace; 10–30 gp each;

The other major cathedrals are the Temple of Canetar the Divine Master of Swords, Corenicor, Patron of the Arts and Sciences, and Erathmor the Earth God. The DM should feel free to adapt these cathedrals to whatever deities are present in his campaign.

F. Market Place. This is the commercial hub of Perrin, now suffering from a lack of patrons. The PCs notice that at least half of the available booths and stalls are empty or closed down. PCs seeking information from any of the merchants or storekeepers must make Charisma checks to avoid being seen as threatening minions of the new Thieves Guild. If the PCs fail their Charisma checks, the guards rudely tell them to go away and mind their own business. They do not fight unless the PCs do. Merchants and storekeepers have 1d4 rumors from the Rumor Table. Merchants have 4–8 guards with them at all times.

Merchants (2–5): AL N; AC 6; MV 12; 0-level; hp 4; THAC0 20; Dmg by weapon; ML 8; brigandine armor, dagger, 10–100 gp.

Guards (4–8 per merchant): AC 4; MV 9; F3; hp 18 each; THAC0 18; Dmg by weapon; ML 10; chain mail, shield, halberd, morning star.

Thieves (1–4): Thieves are typically nondescript types who try to pick the pockets of PCs. They steal nothing so valuable as magical items, but they try to get cash carried on the person (2 gp × level of pick pocketing thief). Thieves are 95% likely to be Greyblade's mob or else are 1st–3rd level freelancers.

Rumor Table

Whenever the PCs talk to a citizen, there is a base 50% chance of learning one of the rumors below:

Roll 1d6

1. "This crime wave is being committed by a mob from out of town. You mark my words." (True)

2. "The Vigilance Committee is behind these robberies. They just pretend to look after the city." (False)

3. "Last night the watch saw a dark shape that fled from them down a side alley. It was at least eight feet tall and stank of brimstone." (False. The Watch was startled by Riff, who ran off down the alley and gave them the slip. The Watch couldn't quite see who it was, and their imaginations did the rest.)

4. "I heard tell that Gobbling Jack is a vampire. None of those killed had any holy symbols on them; no wonder they was easy game." (False. All holy symbols were stolen and melted down by the wererats.)

5. "Gobbling Jack is not one man, its two. And they've a coach. That's how they could kill one person in the Dockside and two more just outside the College of Music five minutes later." (False)

6. There was a circus here last year. Gobbling Jack is merely one of their tigers, which escaped and is living in the park." (False. There was an escaped tiger, but it was recaptured soon after.)

G. Governor's Palace. This is a fortified palace approximately 200' square. It is a spectacular multi-level affair sprouting many little turrets. Colorful banners stream down its whitewashed walls and a large flag depicting the arms of Carn Perrin flies from its highest tower.

The gates of the palace are open during daylight hours. If the PCs wander inside the palace, read the following:

> The interior of the palace is no less impressive than the outside. Rich tapestries hang in the marble halls, interspersed with polished suits of full plate armor. The floors are decorated with tasteful mosaics depicting glorious moments of the city's history. The high ceilings contain many stained glass skylights that let colorful beams

Perrin After Dark

If the PCs wander the streets at night, they are likely (1–3 on 1d4) to have an encounter every three turns. Carn Perrin's streets are dark and foreboding at night, without lights. Traveling at night without a lighted lantern is punishable by a heavy fine (50 gp). This law is enforced by any of the city watch that the PCs encounter.

If the PCs patrol the city at night hoping to catching Gobbling Jack or the burglars red handed, they have no luck. The wererats are very good at what they do and have already avoided three groups set to catch them. The city is a big place, the night is long, and it is impossible for the PCs to be everywhere all the time.

If the PCs are exceptionally cunning and prepare a trap to lure Gobbling Jack, there is a growing chance (10% chance +5% cumulative every night beyond the first) they may succeed. The DM should remember that wererat senses are more acute than humans. The creatures do not, for instance, attack a *phantasmal force* illusion of a young maiden they cannot smell or hear. If the PCs are nearby but take no precautions to mask their scent or to muffle any sounds, the wererats likewise "smell a rat" and do not attack.

DM's note: It is impossible for non-thieves to remain quiet by simply not moving. Leather creaks, mail jingles, and articulated metal joints scrape and clank with even a PC's breathing.

If the DM judges that the PCs have successfully set up a trap that would fool the wererats, use the following encounter. The wererats approach in giant rat form, gradually surround the victim, transform into man-rat form, and attack. As soon as the wererats realize they have been tricked, they scatter in all directions.

Wererat thieves (10): INT average; AC 7; hp 18 each; T3; THAC0 19; SA backstab ×3 damage; XP 270; short sword, dagger; PP 35%; OL 35%; MS 45%; HS 40%; DN 30%; CW 75%; RL 20%.

1. City Watch or Guard: The Watch and Guard are on the lookout for suspicious characters or anything out of the ordinary. One in eight carries a lantern.

The watchmen (use the same statistics for guardsmen) are lead by an officer. There is a 30% chance that they are lead by a newly appointed volunteer who has made a name for himself by being an officious busybody (Guardsmen always have a regular officer.) If the PCs start to look threatening, he quickly backs down, makes excuses, and leaves, but the PCs are under close observation by a group of dedicated watchmen from then on.

Watchmen or Guardsmen (5–20): AL LN; AC 7; MV 9; F0; hp 4; THAC0 20; Dmg by weapon; ML 8; studded leather, small helmet, glaive guisarme, truncheon.

Officer: AL LN; AC 6; MV 9; F2; hp 12; THAC0 19; Dmg by weapon; ML 12; brigandine, buckler, truncheon, long sword.

Relb Taran (volunteer officer): AL LN; AC 6; MV 9; F1; hp 8; THAC0 20; Dmg by weapon type; ML 7; brigandine, long sword, truncheon.

2. Deadbeat. A lonely, smelly old man (60%) or woman (40%) staggers past the PCs, clad in many layers of rags and clutching a bottle. Anything the deadbeat says is pretty incomprehensible. The DM may wish to tantalize the PCs by having the deadbeat ramble on, saying things like: "I seen 'em... I seen 'em... 'orrible whiskery... whiskery thing... scratch, scratch, scratch... 'tweren't no man...."

Deadbeat: AC 10, hp 2.

3. Robbers. This is a group of common footpads after money. They are not too bright and attack even a well-armed party. They suddenly become smarter and run at their first casualty. They know nothing of Gobbling Jack or the robberies, but they have robbed the odd murder victim that they have found, usually of boots or small personal items.

Robbers (1d4+8): INT average–low; AL CE; AC 8; F1; hp 6 each; THAC0 20; Dmg by weapon; ML 3; padded armor, club.

4. Murder Victim. In a darkened alleyway the PCs espy a dark-stained huddled form. It is the remains of a victim of "Gobbling Jack." The body is a shredded wreck, mostly devoured. The clothes are ripped to rags and soaked in blood. If examined closely, it can be seen that the bite marks are that of a large creature with big frontal incisors.

The appears to have been someone quite poor, judging by the battered

of sunlight stream down, giving the palace a warm glow.

Dour looking, black clad bureaucrats stalk in and out of this hall, all apparently preoccupied. One or two notice your group, and presently an important-looking individual approaches. He is a tall, thin man in his late thirties and walks with a slight stoop. He has a long pointed beard and wears a heavy gold chain about his neck.

"You look in need of assistance. May I help?" he says, with a slight nod.

This is a polite precursor to the PCs' being asked to leave. If asked, the man introduces himself as Beraden del Operin, the Lord High Chamberlain. If the PCs claim to have information or desire to meet with the governor, they are told to return at 9:30 A.M. sharp.

If the PCs keep this appointment, they are kept waiting at least 20 minutes before a civil servant calls their names and leads them into the Governor's audience chamber.

You are lead into a grandly appointed audience chamber. The governor, one Foderian del Lentios, is an elderly man, who appears to be suffering from a minor skin ailment. He looks querulous and tense. Del Operin stands beside him.

After an awkward pause, del Operin introduces you to His Excellency the governor, who attempts a polite smile.

"Well," says the governor. "what can you do for me?"

The path the conversation takes is entirely up to the PCs. If they volunteer their services and describe how good they are at what they do, the governor is impressed and appoints them as "special constables" charged with solving the crimes. This is an honorary position, with powers only to investigate the burglaries and Gobbling Jack. It does not entitle the PCs to bully the citizens and insist on free drinks. It does entitle the PCs to recognition by city officials, such as the Guard and the Watch. If asked about the crimes, the governor recommends that the PCs speak with either Commander Gundar Medran or Inspector Vodrec Filadrin at the Guard House (see location **H** below).

In dealing with Del Lentios, the PCs should be circumspect. The governor is not a well or patient man, and he suffers from mild paranoia owing to the prob-

lems plaguing the city. He does not deal well with crises, being more at home with bureaucratic minutiae. He is convinced that sooner or later he will be removed from office and that Del Operin will take his place. It is a secret source of bitterness to the Governor that his subordinate would make a better governor.

The governor is also a man used to the proper forms of address. Those that do not address him as "your Excellency" and show due deference find their interviews quickly terminated and receive no help at all.

H. Guard House. The guard house is in the outer bailey of the governor's palace. It is a typical barracks, two stories with a training yard. Also attached to this complex is the City Watch barracks and headquarters. The chief of the City Guard is Commander Gundar Medran, while the chief of the Watch is Inspector Vodrec Filadrin.

There is rivalry between the Watch and the Guard; it is common knowledge that the two chiefs do not get on.

It is unlikely that the PCs can meet either Medran or Filadrin, as both are busy. Instead, the PCs are fobbed off on a surly lieutenant who is interested only if the PCs have something to tell him. Special constables may use their influence to talk to either commander.

Commander Gundar Medran of the City Guard is a soldierly looking individual of about 60 years. He appears tall and fit and is rarely seen out of armor. He is a war veteran and has three fingers missing from his left hand and a slight limp to prove it. He has spent nearly all his life in the army and has little regard for anyone who is not a soldier. As far as the PCs are concerned, he is well disposed toward any fighters or clerics (assuming they are of a reasonably smart and military appearance) and fairly crisp with any "civilian" looking PCs (druids, barbarians, rogues, and mages cut no ice with him).

The problems of the city have him at a loss. Unseen enemies are not the commander's specialty at all, and he has no clear idea on how to deal with the problem. He can tell the PCs that his men have seen nothing and that he is more concerned with tracking down and arresting the leader of the Vigilance Committee (see "Perrin at Night" sidebar) before someone is hurt.

Commander Medran may give the leadership of a night time Guard patrol

nature of the shoes. There is no purse to be found, only some cut loops on the victim's belt.

Not much can be gleaned from the victim with a *speak with dead* spell. He died in a state of intoxication, and the answers will be slurred and incoherent. All the unfortunate man saw before he died were "red eyes ... teeth ... lots of teeth ... claws...." Neither the Watch nor the Guard can help identify the victim. As they say: "People go missing here every day. Maybe someone will come to identify the deceased's clothing and effects." No one does, although further details of this affair are up to the DM.

5. Vigilance Committee. This is a group of concerned citizens who do not trust the competence of the Watch or the Guard. Thus they have formed the "Vigilance Committee" and have taken matters into their own hands. Every night they patrol the streets searching for "Gobbling Jack" or trying to catch the thieves at work. If they meet the PCs, they are aggressive and accuse them of all manner of mischief. The PCs must talk fast to persuade them of their non-involvement but the Vigilance Committee requires some convincing, as they are out for scalps. They are led by a "Mister Jem," a tall, unshaven man (a tanner by trade), who has a strong dislike of the upper classes. If any of the PCs are obviously well born or of noble stock, he is especially rude and unpleasant to them.

"Mister Jem": AC 5; F6; hp 50; THAC0 15; Dmg by weapon; ML 9; brigandine and buckler, long sword.

Committee members (12): AC 6; F4; hp 20; THAC0 17; Dmg by weapon; ML 9; brigandine, long sword.

6. Giant Rats. These scavengers are common at the best of times, especially in a big city such as Carn Perrin. However, it seems these days they are bolder and more numerous.

Giant Rats (5–50) AC 7; MV 12, swim 6; HD 1/2; THAC0 20; Dmg 1–3; SA disease; SZ T; ML 7; XP 15; *MM*/300

If at any time a *speak with animals* spell is used on a giant rat, it can inform the caster of the existence of "the Master" who to them is a huge rattish presence, very powerful and terrible. As to the Master's location, the rats can give an image of the sewers. If a giant rat is *charmed*, it can lead the PCs to the approximate location of the Smell Pit. It is be up to the party to discover the secret door themselves.

DM's Note: Although the encounters are given as random, it is suggested that the DM work out some means of threading them together. For example, the PCs meet the old deadbeat, then later find the corpse, only to be discovered by a suspicious Vigilance Committee. Or perhaps the City Watch persuades the PCs to join up with them, only to be attacked later by the wererats, who make short work of the ill-armed watchmen.

Sewer Encounters

Roll 1d4

1. Otyugh (1): INT low; AL N; AC 3; MV 6; HD 8; hp 48; THAC0 13; #AT 3; Dmg 1–8/1–8/2–5; SA grab, disease; SD never surprised; SZ L; ML 14; XP 1,400; *MM*/283

Somewhat of a mixed blessing, the small group of otyughs that live in the sewers eat some of the refuse that builds up underground, but they have been known to prey on the workers who try to clear blockages and shore up collapsing walls.

2. Giant Rats (6–60): INT semi-; AL NE; AC 7; MV 12, sw 6; HD ½; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1–3; SA disease; SZ T; ML 7; XP15; *MM*/300

Here in the sewers, the rats are in their natural habitat. While the PCs are here, they see quite a few rats of the giant variety, but only when this encounter is rolled do the rats attack. At other times they merely stalk the PCs and encourage them to waste arrows trying to drive them off (for details on giant rats, see encounter **6**.

3. Carrion Crawlers (1–6): INT non-; AL N; AC 3/7; MV 12; HD 3+1; THAC0 17; #AT 1 or 8; Dmg Special or 1–2; SA paralysis; SZ L; ML special; XP 420; *MM*/35

These hideous beasts scurry about on the ceiling of the sewers in search of prey or edible refuse. Mostly they subsist on rats, but they are willing to try something larger.

4. Giant Bluebottle Flies (1–10): INT non-; AL N; AC 6; MV 9, fly 30 (D); HD 3; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1–8; ML 7; XP 65; *MM*/204

For a while before the flies attack, the party hears a low sinister buzzing sound that comes and goes until suddenly the giant flies appear.

to the PCs if they are special constables, but no more. Traveling with soldiers should hamper the PCs' investigation, as groups such as the Vigilance Committee and the wererats can hear or smell them a mile away.

Commander Gundar Medran: AL LN: AC 2; MV 6; F8; hp 51; THAC0 13; AT 2/1; Dmg by weapon type; S 16, D 12; C 16, I 11, W 13, Ch 16; plate mail, long sword, dagger, shield; long sword specialist.

City Guard (squads of 5): AL LN; AC 3; MV 6; F2; hp 16 each; THAC0 19; Dmg by weapon type; ML 12; plate mail, halberd, long sword.

Inspector Vodrec Filadrin is a short, stocky man with a jovial countenance that masks a nasty, suspicious mind. He has been a member of the Watch for a long time and has seen all manner of shady characters. Any thief or rogue PCs should feel slightly uneasy in this man's presence, as his eyes are knowing, and he seems to be able to read thoughts. (He can't; it is just a trick he has developed to unsettle suspects).

Filadrin is a much more subtle and cunning man than the commander. He is also wary, as many a villain has tried to do away with him in the past. Because of this he always wears chain mail under his robes and has a metal skullcap concealed in his hat.

Despite Filadrin's cunning, he has not been able to discover any real leads in the matters of the burglaries or Gobbling Jack. He can tell the PCs that there has been a great upheaval in the underworld recently, since all informants have vanished or turned up as victims of Gobbling Jack. He believes Gobbling Jack to be monster of some kind, owing to the nature of the claw marks and large incisor-like teeth marks on what was left of the victims. As far as the victims themselves are concerned, they seem to have been chosen at random, with the possible exception of the informants. The grisly list includes a deadbeat, an old lady, a pair of young lovers, a guardsman off duty, at least five prostitutes, a music student, and about five others. Perhaps the only thing in common is that they were all murdered after dark and that the victims were mostly alone and vulnerable.

Inspector Filadrin permits a group of watchmen to accompany Special Constables, but they have as much success as has the City Guard.

Inspector Vodrec Filadrin: AL LN; AC 5; MV 9; F7; hp 38; THAC0 14; AT 2/1; Dmg by weapon type; S 13, D 12, C 14; I 16; W15; Ch 14; chain mail, long sword, dagger; long sword specialist.

Watchmen (groups of 8, with one officer): AL LN; AC 7; MV 9; F0 (F2); hp 4 each (8); THAC0 20 (19); Dmg by weapon type; ML 8; studded leather, small helmet, glaive guisarme, truncheon (club).

I. Docks District. This is one of the more seedy ends of town where the city's fleshpots are located. Here among the poor and broken down half timbered houses of the disadvantaged can be found brothels, gambling dens and the lodges of not a few secret societies (DMs discretion). Most of the latter are obscure political movements who are usually all talk.

There are members of various gangs who prowl the city looking for fights with other gangs and avoiding various law patrols. They try to provoke fights with the lesser armored PCs (i.e., nothing above chain mail).

Ruffians (3–12): AL N(E); AC 6; MV 12; F 3–5; hp 18, 24, 30; THAC0 18(×4), 17(×4), 16(×4); Dmg by weapon; ML 9; XP 65(×4), 120(×4), 175(×4); studded leather armor, buckler, broadswords.

Beggars (1–8): Beggars are relatively uncommon in Perrin but nevertheless present. They may (20%) have a rumor from the rumor table (see sidebar).

J. The Rusty Sabre. This is a large sprawling establishment that caters to the needs of travelers in search of a place to stay. Many of the inns and hotels in Carn Perrin are unwilling to admit those who seem to be a noisy, quarrelsome lot who attract trouble and whose armor puts nasty dents in the furniture. This leaves "The Rusty Sabre," which specializes in boisterous trade and has reinforced tables and chairs, most of them bolted to the floor.

"The Rusty Sabre" generally has a clientele of 1st- to 6th-level warriors and rogues, although the latter are in short supply at the moment. On any night, the PCs can expect to meet 1d20+10 patrons in the bar, 80% of which are fighters, 20% thieves. The latter are not likely to be recognizable as such, however. The thieves are 60% likely to be members of the Friendly Fellows or else are freelancers who have not left town yet or who are keeping a low profile.

The Friendly Fellows thieves are not friendly at all and do not talk unless pressed. They are noncommittal about the robberies and Gobbling Jack, saying merely that it is a terrible business and that they hope the villains are caught. The freelancers' reactions are, if anything, more wary, as they are afraid of who or what may be listening. Some suspect secretly that Gobbling Jack is part of the Friendly Fellows new order. The most any of them says under pressure is, "Look, all I know is that the Fellows have changed their leader and things aren't safe here any more," and then scuttle off. Asking who the "Fellows" are does not get a polite answer; it is not a good idea talk about them in public.

The proprietor is one Madam Goresia Fogmor, commonly known as "Greasy" to her patrons. She is a large, attractive woman with an eye patch. She is a retired mercenary fighter herself. Her age is hard to tell, but she is actually 48. She has a strong mothering instinct and may take a shine to the youngest male fighter with the highest Charisma and make a special fuss of him (packed lunches, hot pies, and so on).

"Greasy" Goresia: AL CG; AC 7; MV 12; F10; hp 94; THAC0 12; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type; S 17, D 17, C 13, I 10, W 14, Ch 16.

Staff of the Rusty Sabre: "Grubby" Dargin (gnome) the cook (hp 8), Sissy, Marcie and Wina the maids (hp 3 each), Bert and Jef the potboys.

K. Rilp's House. See "An Honest days Work" below.

L. Rilp's Warehouse. See "A Night in the Warehouse" below.

The Game's Afoot

The adventure takes place as a series of episodes over a period of days. As soon as the PCs have found lodging, their troubles begin.

The Tickle (Day Two, 11:20 A.M.)

On the first or second day as the PCs wander through the city taking in the sights, they have a valued item stolen. This item can be anything up to and including the size of a sword.

In the press of the crowd you suddenly jostle an old woman carrying a basket of apples. Not being particularly agile she loses her balance and crashes to the ground. Sitting among the apples she bursts into tears.

"After all my troubles and now this," she wails.

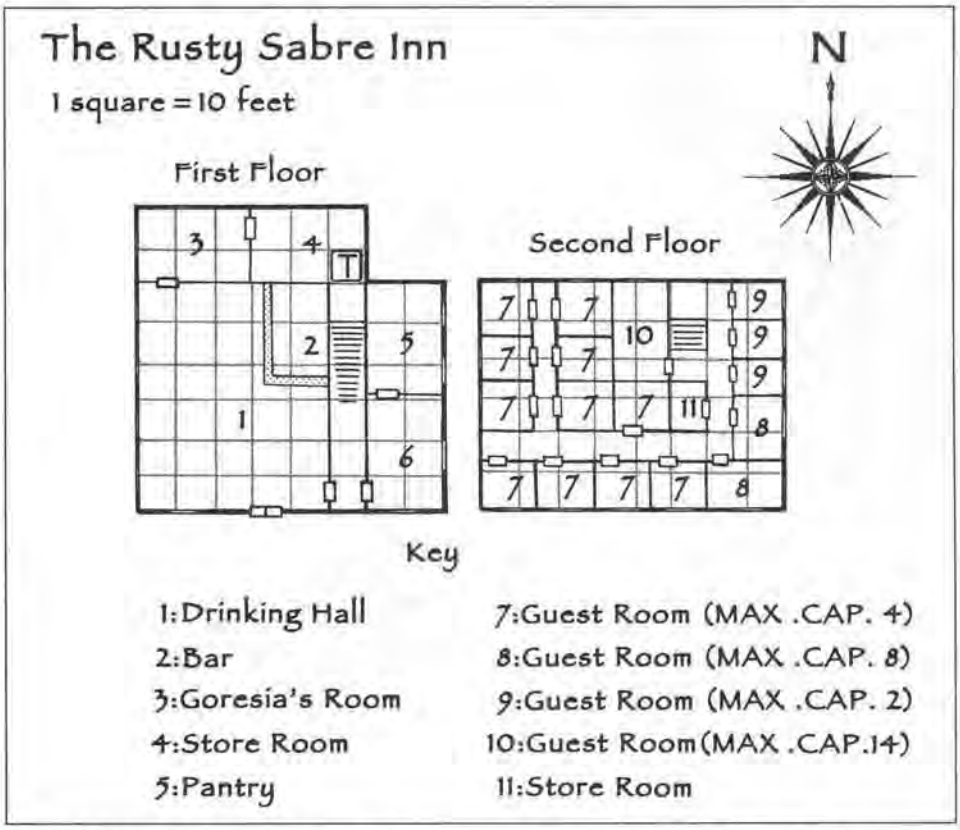
The DM should now give the PCs an opportunity to decide what to do. They will most likely rally round and help the old lady (actually Retha in disguise), not noticing Teryl slip up behind them and steal the valued item (roll Teryl's Pick Pockets chance).

If Teryl is successful, he blends in unnoticed with the crowd and walks casually away. If helped, the "old woman" thanks the PCs, comments on "her rheumatics," and hobbles off around the nearest corner.

If Teryl fails his attempt, he still gets the item, but his victim notices him. Teryl then runs for it, leading the PCs a merry dance all through the city. Unless the PCs are exceptionally fleet of foot, he gives them the slip. If they catch up with him, he drops the item and still runs for it. If Retha's game is discovered, she too flees, transforming into rat form as soon as she is out of sight. All the PCs find in the deserted alley are some rotting old wooden crates, a pile of the old woman's clothes, and a large rat, which scampers off as if startled.

In the event of a chase, it is important to remember the speeds at which both Teryl and the PCs move. Teryl moves at 12, so only lightly encumbered PCs, such as rogues or mages for example, are going to be able to keep up. If none of the PCs can match his speed, then Teryl escapes. If the PCs can match his speed but not overtake him, Teryl attempts to lose himself in the crowd (equivalent to his Hide in Shadows roll) If that fails, he runs for the canal. If the PCs begin a hue and cry, large numbers of excited citizens (1d6+10 citizens per round) join the chase, all falling over each other, upsetting cabbage stalls and generally getting in the PCs' way (roll a Dexterity check for every pursuing PC to avoid being tripped up and fall prone by a clumsy citizen). None of the mob are able to catch Teryl, since he is much too agile and may add to the confusion by yelling "Stop, thief!" himself.

Once having reached the canal, Teryl dives in with the item (if he has it). If it is a large item (such as a sword), he drops it to the bottom to come back for later that night. In the canal, Teryl changes into giant rat form and swims away underwater.



If either Teryl or Retha are caught, they come quietly, saying nothing. If imprisoned, they escape the following night in rat form. If *charmed,* they do not volunteer any information about Greyblade, simply answering the questions asked.

Retha (wererat thief/wizard): INT high; AC 4 (leather armor and Dexterity); MV 12; F7/W5; hp 38; THAC0 17/13; Dmg by weapon type; SA surprise, backstab ×3); SD hit only by magical or silver weapons; SZ S–M; XP 2,000; long sword, dagger, light crossbow. Thief abilities: PP 45% ; OL 45%; FRT 45%; MS 65%; HS 60%; DN 50%; CW 85%; RL 30%

Spells: *charm person* (×2), *spider climb* (×2), *alter self, darkness 15' radius, fireball.*

Teryl: INT high; AC 5 (leather armor and dexterity); MV 12; T6; hp 35; THAC0 18/15; Dmg by weapon; SA surprise, backstab ×3; SD hit only by magical or silver weapons; SZ S–M; XP 1,400; short sword, dagger, light crossbow and leather armor. Thief abilities: PP 45%; OL 45%; FRT 40%; MS 60%; HS 55%; DN 45%; CW 80%; RL 25%.

Lull Before the Storm (Day Three)

Allow the PCs to get their bearings in the city and investigate a few places. This is an opportunity for the PCs to visit the Governor's palace, talk to the local constabulary, and so on.

Murder Most Foul (Day Four, 3 A.M.)

Staying at the Adventurer's Rest is one Zardinel Grish, a neutral thief. Zardinel is a freelancer who has angered Greyblade and his mob by refusing to join the new order. Tonight Zardinel pays the price.

The top floor of the Rusty Sabre is given over to guest rooms, and it is here that the PCs are assumed to be staying. Zardinel is in a room adjoining one of the PCs rooms.

At about 3 A.M., six 5th-level wererats, lead by Gus, climb the wall outside Zardinel's room. They force the window, creep into his room, murder him, and devour his remains. All that is be found in the morning is another victim of "Gobbling Jack"!

Gus (male): 6th-level rogue/wererat: INT high; AC 6 (leather armor and Dexterity); MV 12; hp 36; THAC0 18/15; Dmg by weapon type; SA surprise, backstab ×3; SD hit only by magical or silver weapons; SZ S-M; XP 1,400; long sword, dagger, light crossbow, leather armor.

Thief abilities: PP 45%; OL 45%; FRT 40%; MS 60%; HS 55%; DN 45%; CW 80%; RL 25%.

Thieves (infected wererats; two male, four female): AC 6 (leather armor and Dexterity); T5; hp 30 each; THAC0 18/17; SA backstab (x3 damage); XP 420; long swords, leather armor. PP 40%; OL 40%; FRT 35%; MS 55%; HS 50%; DN 40%; CW 80%; RL 25%

If the PCs are of the paranoid variety (and most are), they may have set a watch and have a chance of interrupting the murders. The DM should make Move Silently rolls for Gus (as leader of the operation) three times, once for breaking into the room, once for the murder, and once for leaving.

Assuming a PC hears something, the DM should make a secret Intelligence roll to check if the PC realizes something sinister is afoot, otherwise the noise seems to be nothing, and the night passes without event. If the PCs do take action, they can probably surprise the murderers, but they are too late to save Zardinel, who is dead with a dagger in his heart. Gus and his evil crew flee via the window and run off down the street, changing into giant rat form.

If the PCs are all sound asleep, Zardinel's murder is discovered the following morning. The PCs are roused by the shrill screaming of Sissy the maid, who is the first to make the grisly discovery. If anyone thinks to look, there is a trail of bloody paw prints leading down the outside wall and away to an alley, where it stops (The wererats transformed back into human form, put their boots and clothes back on and walked casually off.)

The Rusty Sabre is in uproar, crowded with angry and frightened patrons all haranguing Goresia about the security of her establishment. Greasy is giving as good as she is getting, threatening the more aggressive ones with a clout from her fist. Sissy is having hysterics, and Wina and Marcie are trying to comfort her.

Within the hour, the City Watch arrives, lead by Inspector Vodrec Filadrin, to try to make sense of the situation. If the PCs interrupted the murderers, Filadrin is keen to question them most carefully. He wants details of everything they saw and did, and anything else they remember. If the PCs tell the Inspector that wererats are involved, he tells them not to pass this information on to the public, "As we don't want to alarm the citizens and alert the villains, do we?" If the PCs saw nothing, he merely wants their names.

An Honest Day's Work
(Day Five, 10:00 a.m.)

The PCs are approached by a messenger with a letter. The letter bears an unfamiliar seal, that of a shield with three stars on it over a dolphin.

The message reads:

> Dear Adventurers,
>
> I am in need of such brave and resourceful adventurers such as yourselves to do a small guarding job for me. I can pay reasonable fees as I am a wealthy man. There is nothing illegal in the services that I require.
>
> Yours Sincerely,
> Rilp Bermain

The messenger is Mevran Goss, Rilp's right hand man and minder. He is a burly, stocky man with scarred knuckles and a broken nose, the legacies of countless prize fights in his youth. He is a cheerful loquacious sort and wears a well worn-studded leather jack.

Mevran Goss (human fighter): AL CG; AC 6; MV 12; F5; hp 49; THAC0 ; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type; S 18/86; D 16; C 15; I 11; W 16; Ch 15; studded leather, dagger, short sword.

Weapon proficiency: short sword specialist.

Mevran offers to guide the PCs to Rilp's house on the outskirts of the Dockside district. It is an expensive-looking place with lead-paned windows, and built entirely of brick with a slate tiled roof.

> Mevran hammers a complicated series of knocks on the door. After a pause, the door swings slowly open.
>
> You enter a darkened hallway. Before you stands a plump, balding man with a hand crossbow beside him on a small table. He eyes you apprehensively. "Its all right sir," says Mevran. "These are the right people"
>
> "Forgive my poor manners," says the portly man. "I am Rilp Bermain, entrepreneur and dealer in *object d'art*. How do you do?"

With the pleasantries duly observed, Rilp gets down to business.

> "I am a merchant," says Rilp, "and like all honest men in this city, I am hurt by this accursed crime wave. In the past month, my warehouse has been hit twice, and all my most valuable stock plundered. Quite frankly, I and the other merchants are getting sick of it. The other merchants, however, do not have my contacts.
>
> "My boy Mev here," says Rilp, slapping Mevran on the shoulder, "is a retired member of the light-fingered gentry. Although no longer involved in that game, he still has his ear to the ground. He has found out when they next mean to strike."
>
> "That is correct, sir," says Mevran. "I have been conducting a financial arrangement with a certain young lady from the Rusty Sabre, who is engaged in an intimate relationship with one of the Friendly Fellows. According to her lover's information, the Fellows have a new leader who possesses strange mystical powers that he can pass on to his followers, thus allowing them to elude discovery or detection in the course of their nefarious pursuits."
>
> "We now have a date," says Rilp. "Tomorrow night, my warehouse is to be plundered again. I want you to guard the warehouse and catch these pilfering marauders. You should be careful, however. Other merchants are finding it hard to employ muscle, because their guards keep on turning up missing. I myself have lost a few lads over the last month. All we found was a lot of blood."
>
> "Murder is for amateurs," says Mevran. "There is an art to nicking stuff, and you can't do it properly with bloody fingers."

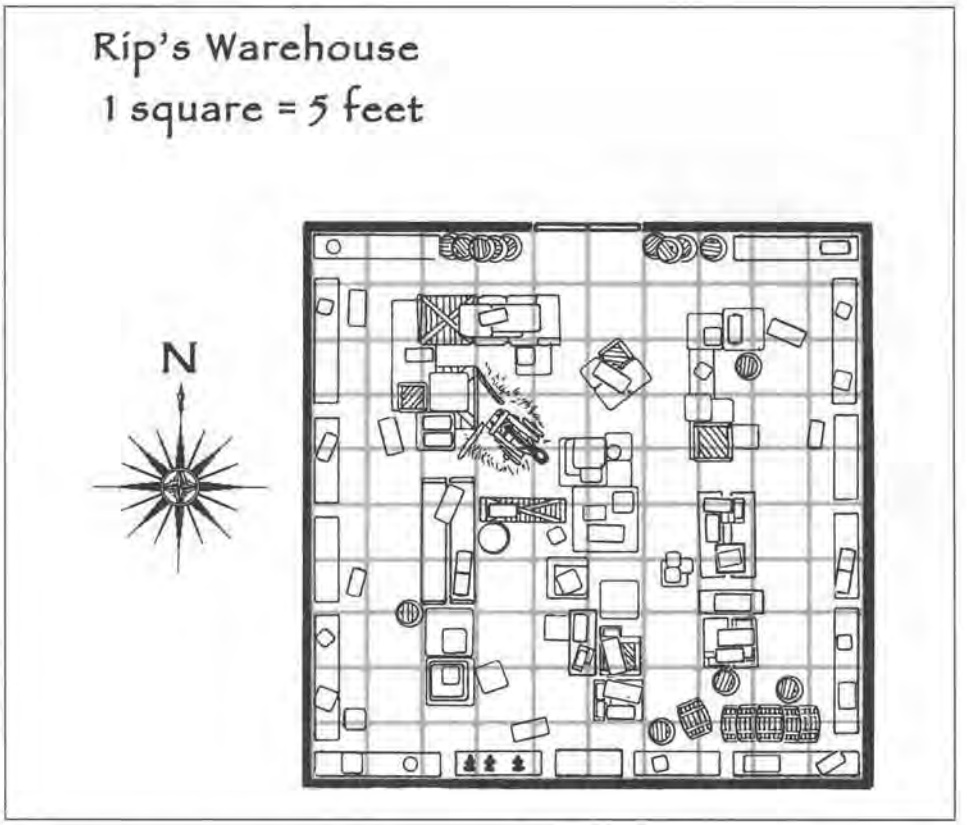
Rilp is actually a fence (known as "Rilp the Shifter") and was a fully paid member of the old regime of the Friendly Fellows. Only the top guildsmen and a few select couriers knew his identity, and most of their dealings were conducted through Mevran. Greyblade's *coup d'etat* changed all that, and all those who dealt with Rilp are now dead. Rilp knows of the power change, but he doesn't know who or

what the new rulers are. The sensation of being burgled like a common merchant is a serious affront to Rilp. He means to do something about it.

Rilp Bermain (human thief) AL N; AC 7; MV 12; T7; hp 35; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 10, D 17, C12, I 16, W 14, Ch 14; rapier, main gauche dagger (*The Complete Fighter's Handbook*/104, 119), thieves' tools; Thief abilities: PP 45%, OL 45%, FRT 45%, MS 65%, HS 60%, DN 50%, CW 85%, RL 30%.

Rilp offers the PCs 1,000 gp each if they accept the job, half up front, the rest on completion of the job. He deducts sizeable slabs of this amount if the PCs damage or destroy parts of his stock in the course of their watch. Warehouses full of valuable goods are not the places for errant *fireball, ice storm, and lightning bolt* spells.

If asked why he hasn't gone to the constabulary with this information, Rilp snorts derisively and says, "Garn! Those boys are all very well for crowd control and kicking beggars, but the subtleties of setting traps for burglars are quite beyond them."



A Night in the Warehouse (Day Six, After Midnight)

Rilp's warehouse is about 50' × 50' square and is filled with shelves, boxes and crates. All sorts of goods are available, from centuries-old wine to valuable paintings to low grade furniture and rusty old suits of armor. It is a veritable Aladdin's cave of interesting pieces and knickknacks. Any PC thief should make an Intelligence roll to see whether he guesses the stolen nature of some of the goods. If queried about this, Rilp has any number of feasible excuses as to their origins. He is used to dealing with the occasional police inquiry, after all.

The roof of the warehouse rises to a steep peak and has two high windows that let in a modicum of light. There is no ceiling, only exposed beams and rafters. There is one 10'-wide doorway on the north side of the warehouse.

Any traps or preparations the PCs make are entirely up to them. The DM should adjust the thieves' tactics accordingly if the PCs' presence is obvious.

Five 5th-level wererats (in man-rat form) and Spellfang, under cover of night and a *darkness 10' radius* spell, climb the outside wall of the warehouse onto the roof and let themselves in through the high window at approximately midnight. Move Silently rolls should be made for the wererats while they are on the roof to see if they are detected. They then climb down the beams, drop to the floor, and proceed to rob the place. Spellfang makes no noise as she glides to the floor with her *feather fall* spell. She then casts *Tenser's floating disc* for the thieves to load up with goods.

If the PCs are visible to the thieves as they drop through the skylight, then the rumble begins. The thieves attempt to backstab anyone they can, while Spellfang casts *magic missile* on any spellcasters or other PCs she deems especially dangerous.

If it becomes apparent that the wererats are losing, or at least not making headway, they flee, either swarming up into the rafters and leaving via the roof or else trying to escape through the door.

Spellfang 9th-level mage/wererat: INT exceptional; AL CE; AC 6 (Dexterity); MV 12; hp 32; THAC0 18 as mage, 11 as wererat; Dmg by weapon type; SA surprise SD hit only by silver or +1 magical weapons; SZ S–M; XP 3,000; *dagger +2, ring of invisibility, boots of silence, wand of magic missiles.*

Spells: *charm person, feather fall, spider climb, Tenser's floating disc, alter self, darkness 15' radius, web, blink, invisibility 10' radius* (×2), *ice storm, dimension door, teleport.*

Spellfang is Greyblade's mate. In her human form she is attractive in a rodent-like fashion, but her eyes betray a feral lust that most characters with a Wisdom over 12 find disturbing.

She and Greyblade have been together for many years, and she has had many litters by him. Most of these leave the pack and go off on their own after a while. Some of her last litter are still with the pack, as are two or three of the previous litters. These make up the bulk of Greyblade's court.

Spellfang is sly, devious, and thoroughly evil — a fitting consort for Greyblade. She fears and respects her mate and loves him as much as any of the wererats are capable, but she has her eye on Gruffle, Greyblade's younger brother and second in command. Her true love is her children, and anyone harming them will have made a bad enemy.

Wererat Thieves (5): AC 6 (leather armor and Dexterity); T5; hp 29 each; THAC0 18/17; SA backstab (dmg x3); XP 420; long swords, daggers, light crossbows, leather armor; PP 35%; OL 35%; FRT 25%; MS 45%; HS 40%; DN 30%; CW 75%; RL 20%

Greyblade's Revenge
Day Seven, 7:30 P.M.

Assuming the raid was driven off, Greyblade is enraged at the temerity of certain merchants denying the Friendly Fellows their proper due. Obviously certain merchants haven't learned that Greyblade and his mob are not to be trifled with.

Greyblade, using his rattish cunning, realizes that there was a leak from within the Fellows' ranks, or else such a trap wouldn't have been left for him. Greyblade is nothing if not thorough in his preparation of jobs, and such resistance is a personal insult to him. He quickly traces where the leak came from and eliminates the thief responsible, as well as the serving maid who passed on the information. The following day, while Mevran is delivering a load of "hot" wines to a tavern owner, he is abducted by members of Greyblade's mob.

In the evening, Rilp approaches the PCs at the Rusty Sabre, or wherever they are staying, disguised as a peddler.

> At the Rusty Sabre, "Greasy," between serving drinks, is trying to calm Sissy and Marcie, who have just heard of the death of their colleague Wina. She was found floating in the canal, yet another victim of "Gobbling Jack."
>
> "I knew she shouldn't see that good for nothing Girnar!" wails Sissy. "I knew he was nothing but trouble!" Girnar, as you recall, was Mevran's contact. No one has seen him all day. Some say he murdered Wina and may even be Gobbling Jack.
>
> While you ponder this, a smelly old man clad in rags sidles up to you and pulls at your arm.
>
> "Word in your ear Guv'nor," he says. After a moment, you recognize something familiar about the old fellow. It is Rilp in heavy disguise. He ushers you to a darkened corner, away from the commotion at the bar. Even under his convincing make-up, you can tell that he is seriously alarmed.
> "Mevran has gone missing," he says. "Those scum you fought the other night are on to me, and soon they will be on to you as well. Who would have thought the Friendly Fellows would have come to this, infested by wererats?" Rilp fumbles under his ragged cloak for a second and produces an envelope which he passes to you. "Today I received this."
>
> Inside the envelope is a letter written in an old-fashioned script. Its message is short and threatening. It reads: "You who defy us, expect the death of one thousand bites."
>
> "I am leaving this accursed city," says Rilp. "I suggest you do the same."

Rilp leaves the city unless the players can persuade him otherwise. Rilp slips out of the city gates and makes with all speed to a nearby town where he has a sister who grudgingly puts him up for a while.

The Death of One Thousand Bites refers of course to the gnawing to death of a victim by members of Greyblade's clan in the throes of their bloodlust. As for the PCs, however, they are a little more circumspect, and the message is purely for effect.

The Night of Fire
(Day Eight, 1:30 A.M.)

Never one to let the grass grow beneath his feet, Greyblade launches his attack that night. The assault is lead by Gruffle, Spellfang (if she is still alive), and Retha, the four 7th-level thieves armed with four flasks of burning oil, and the ten 6th-level thieves.

In the middle of the night, a hooded and cloaked 7th-level thief stands under the PCs' window and throws pebbles at their shutters. The rest of the band waits out of sight behind street corners, hiding in the shadows, crossbows at the ready.

When a PC opens the shutters, the thief in the road says: "I have a message for you, from Greyblade." With that, Retha and Spellfang let fly with their *fireball* spells, right inside the PCs' room. (The 6th-level thieves then open fire with their crossbows into the open window, while the 7th-level thieves lob flasks of burning oil into the room. PCs inside the burning room suffer 1d6 hp damage per round thereafter.)

This goes on with the wererats trying to do as much damage with as little risk to themselves as possible. They abandon the struggle if things are not going their way or when they suffer 30% casualties. Hit and run is what the wererats do best. While the PCs struggle with the wererats, the Rusty Sabre burns like a torch unless the PCs can do something to stop it. If the fire goes unchecked, it is eventually brought under control before it spreads to nearby buildings, but the Rusty Sabre is gutted.

The Friendly Fellows continue their nightly attacks on the PCs in this manner wherever they go. Soon the PCs find that no one is willing to put them up for a night for fear of having their house burned down. They also find themselves being shot at by sniper wererats on the roofs of houses or in upstairs windows. The snipers never hang around having fired; they are always gone by the time the PCs track down where they were shooting from.

Gruffle 10th-level Rogue/wererat; INT exceptional; AC 0 (Dexterity and armor); MV 12; hp 60; THAC0 16/11; Dmg by weapon type; SA surprise, backstab ×4; SD hit only by silver or +1 magical weapons; SZ S–M; XP 5,000; +2 short swords (×2), +2 leather armor. Thief abilities: PP 55%; OL 55%; FRT 60%; MS 80%; HS 75%; DN 65%; CW 90%; RL 35%.

Gruffle, as previously stated, is Greyblade's younger brother and second-in-command. As wererats go, he is quite genial and Greyblade's children refer to him as "Old Uncle Gruff." He looks similar to Greyblade, only younger and less moth eaten looking. He fights with two magical short swords of which he is immensely proud.

Gruffle's geniality does not extend outside his clan, however, and he is responsible for some of the more grisly pranks played on the murder victims. In this, his cruelty exceeds even that of Greyblade, who "can't be bothered with that sort of nonsense."

Gruffle is aware of Spellfang's interest in him and is somewhat tempted, but he fears his brother's temper and doesn't know how far Greyblade's filial devotion extends.

Human Thieves (4): AL N; AC 4 (leather and Dexterity); T7; hp 42, 39, 35, 34; THAC0 17; SA backstab ×3; XP 975; long swords, daggers, light crossbows, 2–20 gp each; Thief abilities: PP 45%; OL 45%; FRT 45%; MS 65%; HS 60%; DN 50%; CW 85%; RL30%.

Human Thieves (10): AL N AC 5 (leather armor and Dexterity); T6; hp

36 (×50), 32 (×4), 30 (×1); THAC0 18/17; SA backstab ×3; XP 650; Long swords, daggers, light crossbows, 2–16 gp each; Thief abilities: PP 45%; OL 45%; FRT 40%; MS 60%; HS 55%; DN 45%; CW 80%; RL 25%.

DM Note: If the PCs are not in a room with a window onto the street, the wererats break into the inn, attempt to pick the locks on the PCs' door, and then hurl their various incendiary devices into the room. They then lock the door. If the PCs are in separate rooms, the wererats target those rooms where the PCs are located.

If the PCs decide to follow Rilp's example and change address, the attack on the Rusty Sabre still takes place. Madam Goresia is severely wounded, all her staff is killed along with five of her guests. The Inn is burned to the ground. Greyblade is seriously annoyed at being cheated in this way and sends out many spies in the form of disguised thieves and giant rats to discover the PCs whereabouts.

Every day that the PCs remain in one location, there is a cumulative 10% per day chance of discovery by one of Greyblade's agents. Gruffle's attack will then ensue.

There are a limited number of places within the city that the PCs can go. They can take refuge in Rilp's old house, a deserted crumbling place in Dockside (10% chance per day of catching some chronic disease) or one of the Dockside flophouses which cater for the homeless, beggars and drunks (20% chance per day of catching some chronic disease). Other options include seeking sanctuary at one of the cathedrals (which requires some service or deed to be performed for the clergy at some stage), or else joining the city guard and sleeping in the barracks (which requires service for the city for at least one year; failure to do so results in imprisonment for up to two years for dereliction of duty).

If the PCs stay at either the cathedrals or the barracks, they are safe from attack. Not even Greyblade would contemplate attacking such secure and defensible places. The same is true if the PCs leave the city altogether. Greyblade does not follow them but instead continues his depredations with renewed vigor. At least one death occurs every night in the city somewhere until Greyblade is stopped.

DM Note: Rilp's house is a two story building about 50' square. There are three rooms below and a staircase leading up to the top floor. There are two rooms above. The deserted Dockside house is similar but smaller, 40' square. The flophouses are low rectangular buildings, being typically 20' × 40' square. This should give the DM a rough guide if he finds he has to wing this section.

Into the Sewers

By this time the PCs should be anxious to track down the power behind the wererat thieves. Before they do this, however, they must discover that the new Friendly Fellows guild house is located in the sewers. There are number of ways they can do this.

For example, as stated in the *MONSTROUS MANUAL™ tome,* wererats have a vile smell associated with sewers because they spend so much time there. Added to this, if the PCs have slain any

of the wererats, intelligent use of *speak with dead* spells should reveal reasonably precise directions of Greyblade's lair. If the PCs have managed to *charm* a wererat, they will have an incredibly handy guide who can lead them right to Greyblade's doorstep. Even a captured wererat is more than happy to lead the PCs to Greyblade if he fears for his life enough. Once in the sewers however, the captive wererat may become more cunning and give the adventurers the slip, leaving them lost and alone.

Whatever the case, the PCs will have to figure it out for themselves. There should be enough clues for them to find the answer. If the PCs are really without any ideas, or the appropriate spells to help them along, perhaps Rilp could let a hint fall that the sewers might be the answer, owing to the thieves' odor.

Once the PCs have realized roughly where the wererats' base is, they may wish to tell the city authorities (the governor, the City Watch or the Guard). The official in question, such as Inspector Filadrin, Commander Medran or the Governor's chamberlain, reasonably states that as wererats are affected only by magic or silver weapons, they do not feel confident in committing any troops to help, armed as they are with normal, non-magical weapons. They do, however, appoint the PCs as "special constables" (see area G above "The City of Carn Perrin"), charged with the duty of purging the city of lycanthropy.

The sewers of Carn Perrin are very old, going back many centuries to the days of King Antor the Civic Reformer, who grew tired of the emptying of wastes out of upstairs windows and the general unsanitary nature of the streets. Having studied the texts of the ancients, he built a massive series of tunnels and drains under the whole city and channeled most of the kingdom's effluent into the sea. King Antor went down in history as the Slayer of the Open Drain System.

Since that time, the sewers of Carn Perrin have become somewhat unsafe. Subsequent kings and governors have not been all that interested in such things and the sewers have been allowed to fall into disrepair. Worse, certain denizens of the Underdark have chosen to live there and make life very dangerous, in particular the otyugh, the carrion crawler, and other unpleasant scavengers. These days plumbing is a dangerous occupation!

Entering the Sewers

As indicated on the map, the PCs may enter the sewers from several points. These points are 5'-wide square gratings in the street, which are padlocked shut. Special constables will be given a key should they think to ask for one, otherwise the lock must be picked. The Friendly Fellows have long had their own keys cut and come and go as they please. There are several secret ways as well but only the wererats know where these are. The gratings open to a shaft going down 60' below the level of the canal. There is a well-used iron ladder set into the wall. The sewers are mostly 10' wide circular tunnels and they are usually knee deep in water, smelly, and cold. The sewers run underneath the canals, and in these locations the water can be heard gurgling overhead. They are mostly built of brick, but over the centuries various repair jobs have been done in all sorts of materials, such as stone and wood. Dwarves will find this most fascinating, as the periods of construction range from almost a millennia ago to within the last century.

In their travels the PCs can expect to encounter a number of the sewer wild life. These encounters will occur on a 6 on 1d6 every two turns (see sidebar).

Wererat Tactics

Greyblade senses the party's presence in the sewers soon enough and takes several steps to deal with them. Not much passes in the sewers that Greyblade does not hear of as his spies are everywhere, hiding in the guise of large rats or lurking in the shadows. Most adventuring parties are strong in hand to hand combat. They are usually well equipped with armor and magical weapons and against them the ordinary wererat is not going to last long. Thus the wererats will have to use their rattish cunning and avoid melee for as long as possible trying to weaken the PCs with constant sniping and hit and run attacks, preferably from behind. Three types of ambushes are listed below. The DM can randomly determine or choose which one is suitable.

Use the following thief/wererats for ambushes in the sewers.

Thieves (16): AC 7 (leather and Dexterity); T4; hp 24 (×10), 20 (×6); THAC0 19/17; SA backstab ×3; XP 270; short swords, daggers, 1–10 gp each; Thief abilities: PP 40%; OL 40%; FRT 30%; MS 50%; HS 45%; CW 75%; RL 20%;

Thieves (28): AC 7 (leather and Dexterity); hp 18 (×10), 16 (×10), 12 (×8); T3; THAC0 19/17; SA backstab ×3; XP 270; short swords, daggers, 2–8 gp each; Thief abilities PP 35%; OL 35%; FRT 25%; MS 45%; HS 40%; DN 30%; CW 75%; RL 20%

1. Ambush. A group of five 3rd-level thieves begin sniping at the PCs from long range, while three 4th-level thieves swim up underwater, and attack with surprise by suddenly leaping up and backstabbing the rearmost characters. Having completed this manoeuvre the wererats flee, leaving the snipers to hopefully distract at least some of the PCs. If approached the snipers will as well.

2. Lone Sniper. Greyblade has a number of poisons in his collection which he uses in moments of *extremis*. He sends Gruffle or his next highest level wererat off with a crossbow and five bolts coated with a type D poison (Dmg 30/2–12). The sniper's job is to target the least armored PC and attempt to bring him down.

3. Fire! As a further defensive measure, Greyblade has stocked up with many flasks of oil which he uses on the PCs.

Wererats empty several flasks of oil on top of the water in key locations (DM's choice) that the PCs are likely to pass through. The oil covers a 10' × 30' section of corridor, so it surrounds quite a few of the PCs if they are traveling all in a bunch.

Once the PCs are in the oily section, a wererat fires a burning crossbow bolt into the oil. Everybody suffers 2d6 hp burn damage and 1d6 hp damage the following round if they remain in that section of corridor.

Naturally, a burning crossbow bolt sheds some light before it is fired; if the PCs are traveling in complete darkness using infravision, it is obvious, even if the wererat is hiding around a corner. The point of this is that the PCs have a chance to realize something is wrong and get an initiative check to see if they can move out of the oil section before it ignites. If the PCs are using torches and lanterns the glow of the crossbow bolt will not be obvious and a surprise roll should be made.

Once the ambushes have taken place, the wererats have orders to fall back to their lair detailed below. This is Greyblade's last line of defense before he flees the city, taking whatever he can carry with him.

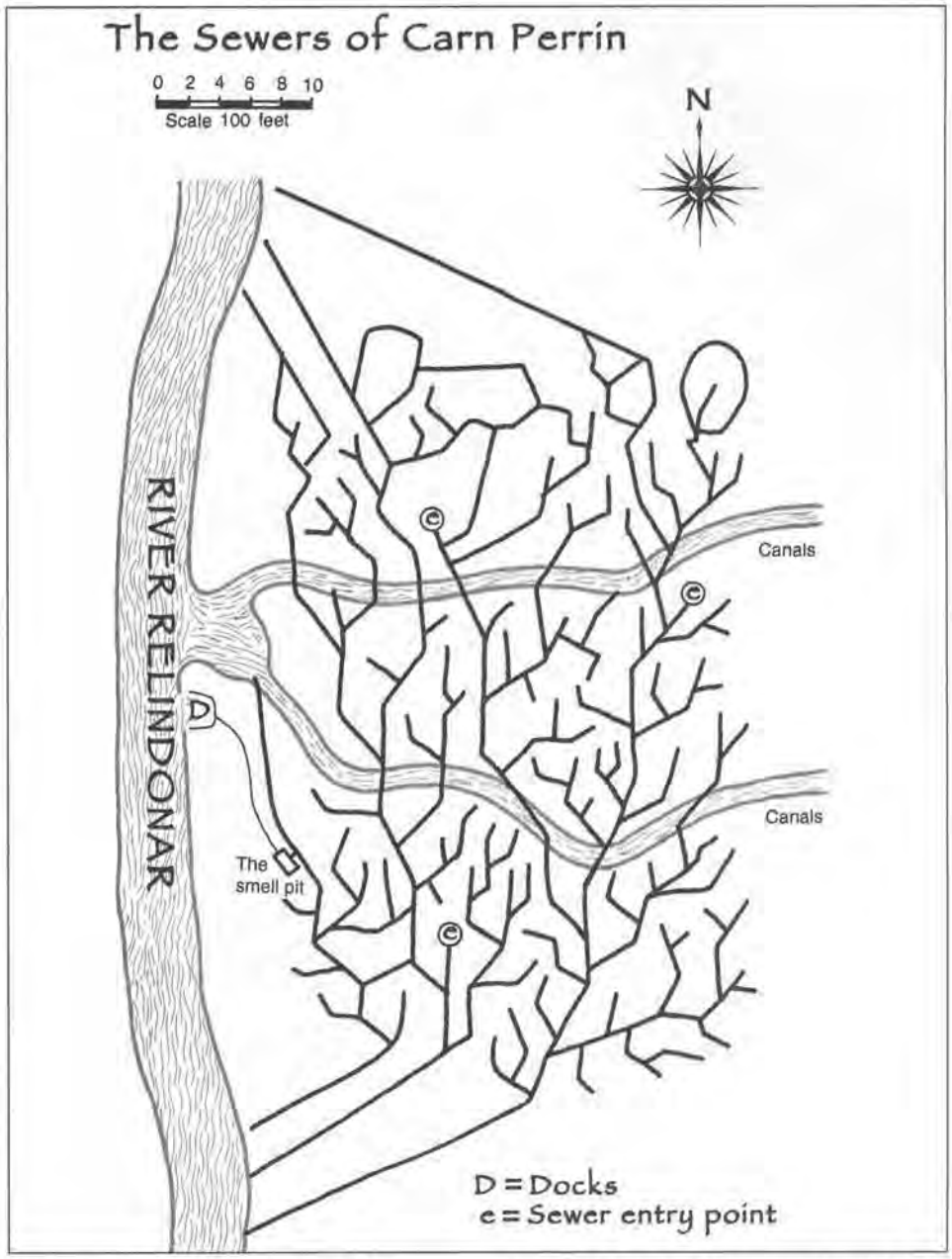
The Wererat Lair

In the ancient days of the Friendly Fellows, the then guild master investigated the sewers for a secret hideaway in case of major persecution by the authorities. He ended up building a secret system of rooms and tunnels accessible only by secret doors and which had several escape routes in case of evacuation. When Greyblade took over the guild, he found that it suited his purposes perfectly and he turned it into his new lair.

The Smell Pit, as it was known by disgruntled thieves who had lived in it, was never designed to be lived in for long periods of time. Rather it was simply a place to go to hide in. With the exception of Greyblade and his family, the infected wererat thieves do not spend that much time down here; they live in the houses and hide-outs that they had before the coup. These places are where they kept the main share of their loot so the PCs cannot expect to find it here. The only treasure here belongs to Greyblade and his family.

The sewer lair is accessible only by a secret door which blends cunningly into the surrounding brickwork. It has a concealed lock (behind a removable chip) which can be picked. Once unlocked, the door swings silently back to reveal a narrow stairway going up 10' and ending in a verdigris covered portcullis (2 rounds to lift), behind which is a heavy, reinforced wooden door. PCs may combine their lift gates roll to get a higher chance of lifting the portcullises (1 round to lift) but no more than two characters at a time may try. If everybody fails this roll, it is still possible to lift them but only if two PCs spend 3–4 rounds doing this during which time they are at armor class 10 from attacks from the other side.

The Smell Pit was also designed to be easily defended, with portcullises located around nearly every corner to confound invaders. All the doors are of heavy seasoned oak reinforced with bronze which has over the centuries heavily oxidized. The walls are of brick and the ceilings are vaulted. The Smell Pit is dank and depressing and the smell of the sewer pervades everything.



Secret doors: All secret doors are lockable from either side. The locks are cunningly concealed and require a further secret doors roll to find. They can be broken in as normal, however.

Once Greyblade has assembled all his surviving wererats here, he brings the "change" upon all the infected wererats so as to increase their combat efficiency. He has twelve flasks of oil left which are used as Molotov cocktails against the PCs. The defense of the Smell Pit is simple. While the PCs struggle with the portcullises (see above), the wererats hurl their flaming oil, shoot at them and stab at them through the bars. Once the portcullis is breached, the wererats flee to the next one and so on. Once the last portcullis has fallen, the wererats are in for a rude surprise. Greyblade has wedged shut all the secret doors that would normally allow them an escape route so they are "cornered rats" indeed. They fight desperately to the death, expecting no mercy and giving none. In the meantime, Greyblade and surviving

members of his family are filling a large chest with their choicest valuables and are getting ready to flee to the docks where a barge waits to take them out of the county.

The following are the defenders of the Smell Pit. Any surviving wererats from earlier in the adventure are here as well:

Human Thieves (6): AC 7 (leather and Dexterity); T4; hp 20 each; THAC0 19/17; SA backstab ×3; XP 270; short swords, daggers, leather armor, 1–10 gp each; PP 40%; OL 40%; FRT 30%; MS 50%; HS 45%; CW 75%; RL 20%. Three 5th-level thieves (8 male, 6 female): AC 6 (leather and Dexterity); hp 30 (×6), 29 (×4) 25 (×4); THAC0 18/17; SA backstab ×3; XP 420; long swords ×10, short swords (×4), daggers, light crossbows, 2–12 gp each; Thief abilities: PP 40; OL 40%; FRT 35%; MS 55%; HS 50%; DN 40%; CW 80%; RL 25%

Smell Pit Key

1. Dormitory: There is not much here apart from five bunk beds. None of them have been slept in for a while. There are a few clothes chests scattered around filled with ordinary clothes, boots, and so on. In the bottom of one box is a tarnished silver ring worth 2 gp.

2. Dormitory. Similar to 1 above. There are fifteen bunk beds here and a straw dummy in the north western corner which has been used for knife throwing practice. One of the knives is especially sharp and gets +1 to attack and damage for three successful hits against ordinary opponents. There is also quite a bit of mold on the floor which appears to have come from an ancient loaf of bread.

3. Spare room. This door is locked. A number of crates and boxes fill this room. They are filled with bits of junk, like old wine bottles, battered suits of leather armor, mattresses, broken chairs and old or broken thieves' tools. Amongst the latter is a complete set of lockpicks and a rusty crowbar.

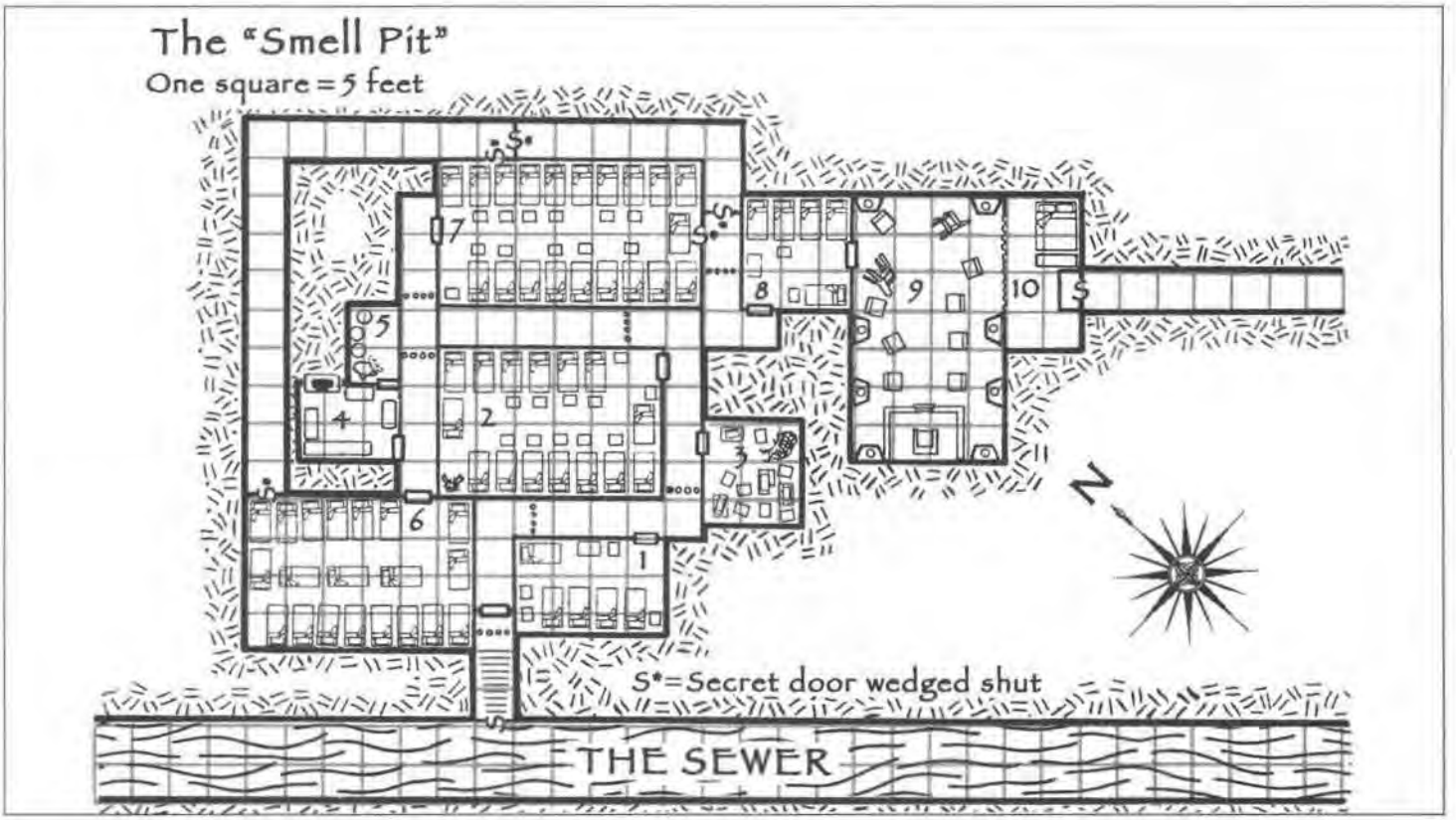
Also in this room is Mevran, bound, gagged and unconscious under a pile of blankets. He has been badly beaten up by Greyblade and *charmed* by Spellfang (or Retha) in an effort to extract more information about Rilp and the PCs. Mevran held out for a while but eventually told Greyblade all he knew. He is bleeding badly from nasty cuts on his face. He doesn't know it yet, but he has been infected with lycanthropy. He is currently on 4 hp. If rescued, he is very grateful, but also ashamed that he told Greyblade what he knew. He is still under the *charm's* influence however and is loyal to the spell's caster.

4. Kitchen. This kitchen is a fairly Spartan affair, with a small stove, pots and pans and large jars filled with various herbs and spices. There are also five large soup tureens, soup and gruel being the staple diet when underground.

5. Pantry. This small room has three barrels filled with salt pork pieces and one barrel filled with fresh water. There is also a sack of grain here which has been badly eaten by rats.

6. Dormitory. Similar to 1 above. There are 20 bunk beds here but not much else.

7. Dormitory. Twenty bunk beds are here and 12 clothes chests filled with



fairly valueless nondescript clothing. Here is where the betrayed wererats make their final stand. Having fled here, they try to barricade the door with some of the beds, making it necessary for the PC trying to batter his way in to roll two consecutive open door rolls.

8. Family Quarters. Here Greyblade's children and "Uncle Gruff" sleep. Like the infected wererats, they don't stay here long, having accommodations elsewhere. Thieves love the high life as a rule and holed up underground isn't usually where it is at. However here is where the clan stores its loot and personal belongings. The door is ajar.

9. Greyblade's Room. Greyblade and Spellfang are the only two who live here on a regular basis. Greyblade's quarters are fairly opulent, decorated with stolen tapestries and clothes from the finest stores of Rondar's (once) richest merchants. All these rich items are now unfortunately worthless, having suffered from moisture damage and acquiring a permanent smell from the sewers. If the PCs insist on trying to sell them they may be able to get rid of them to a rag and bone man for 50 gp for the lot.

Greyblade holds his meetings and conferences here. He has a large wooden throne set on a wooden dais surrounded by 10 chairs. Eight tall candelabra, carrying 10 candles each are placed around the room.

10. Boudoir. Behind the curtain is a large double box bed where Greyblade and Spellfang sleep at night. A large wardrobe stands near the foot of the bed filled with 10 elegant courtier suits (belonging to Greyblade) and 14 gorgeous gowns and dresses (belonging to Spellfang). Unfortunately all these have an unpleasant odor of the sewers which will take considerable washing to remove.

Confronting the Wererat Lords

By the time the PCs reach rooms **8** and **9**, Greyblade and his clan are gone. Several things indicate that they left only recently and hurriedly, however. All the candelabra in room **9** are still alight and two of the chairs have been knocked over.

Greyblade and his family are at present fleeing down the secret passage that leads to the docks. They are carrying all their treasure, some in sacks and some in chests, which slows their movement from 12 to 9.

The DM should determine how much of a head start he should give Greyblade on the PCs, but it shouldn't be anything more than 1d6 rounds. If the PCs are gaining on the wererats, they may ditch their treasure so they can run faster. If the PCs do finally overtake the wererat lords and corner them, they fight savagely to the death, screaming with rage and terror and getting a +2 to attack and damage because of their frenzy. Now that their true nature is known they do not surrender. They can expect nothing but summary execution at the hands of the authorities. If an escape route presents itself at any stage, the wererats abandon the struggle and flee.

If Greyblade escapes he sends a mocking letter to the PCs. Allow him to slip this message into the purse, sleeve, boot, or whatever on a crowded street. The PC in question discover it later on and recall a tall hooded man that brushed against him.

"Greetings Meddlers!

As you can see, you are not so hard to reach! So many victims of Gobbling Jack thought they were safe, safe as houses. Better keep watch from now on in, all night, every night, because you just never know, do you? Maybe tonight, maybe tomorrow, who knows? But make no mistake, I shall pay you back with interest for the injuries you have done me. MAKE NO MISTAKE.

G.

Wererat Treasure

Greyblade and Gruffle are carrying a large chest containing: a diamond (worth 5,000 gp), a star sapphire (worth 4,959 gp), 300 pp, 1,556 gp, 3,547 sp, and (Greyblade's share); an emerald (worth 5,230 gp), 200 pp, 1502 gp, and 2,900 (Spellfang's share); A fire opal (worth 1,000 gp), 100 pp, 1045 gp, and 1,000 sp (Gruffle's share). The shares are all in bags marked with the owner's name.

Spellfang is carrying three pieces of stolen art: the "Portrait of a Forgotten Lady" by the Great Master Goroffin Rodar (worth 6,000 gp), an ivory statuette of an elf firing a bow (worth 1,200 gp), and a bronze mask of an ancient god worth (12,000 gp).

Riff is carrying a sack containing 1,200 gp and 1,170 sp; Gerelan is carrying a chest containing 1,100 gp and 850 sp; Retha is carrying a chest containing 900 gp and 899 sp; Gus, Teryl and Vatin are carrying sacks containing 1,000 gp, 950 gp and 875 gp respectively.

If any of the above wererats are dead or otherwise incapacitated, their treasure is left in rooms **8** or **9**. Smaller items such as the stolen art are taken by other thieves.

Greyblade (male wererat thief): INT genius; AL CE; AC 0 (–2 after 1st round of combat due to *cloak of displacement*); MV 12; T12; hp 75; THAC0 15 as rogue, 9 as wererat; Dmg by weapon; SA surprise, backstab ×4; SD hit only by silver or +1 weapons. SZ S–M; XP 7,000; *rapier +3, leather armor +3, cloak of displacement, main gauche dagger* (see *Fighter's Handbook* for details on the rapier and the main gauche dagger pp).

In his human form Greyblade is a tall wiry man with a noble but seedy air. His hair is a yellowish white color and his face wrinkled and lined. He looks possibly 50 years of age. He generally wears elegant but slightly tattered clothes. His name is derived from his magical rapier which has its blade acid etched to a grey surface so as not to glitter during night time operations.

Greyblade gives the impression of an aristocratic rogue with a debonair charm and ready wit. This is all a front however, as Greyblade assumes personalities like gloves, all to beguile humankind. Only his "court" know his true persona as undisputed patriarch of the clan. He is ruthless and greedy, quite convinced of his own cleverness, and hates unexpected surprises (such as the PCs). His temper is quite formidable when roused and his face often assumes rattish aspects when excited.

As a wererat lord, Greyblade is a master lycanthrope and can control all wererats infected by him. This control is an ability to trigger his "children's" transformation into werebeast form. However, he can only do this if they can see him. He can also summon a pack of giant rats. These rats fight fanatically for him. Thief abilities: PP 60%; OL 60%; FRT 70%; MS 90%; HS 85; DN 75%; CW 95%; RL 40%.

Riff (male wererat thief): INT high; AC 2 (elven mail and Dexterity); MV 12; T9; hp 45; THAC0 19; Dmg by weapon type; SA surprise, backstab ×4; SD hit only by magical or silver weapons; SZ S–M; XP 3,000; rapier, +1 parrying dagger, elven mail. Thief abilities: PP 50%; OL 50%; FRT 55%; MS 75%; HS 70%; DN 60%; CW 90%; RL 35%.

Gerelan (female wererat thief): IN THE high; AC 3 (leather armor and Dexterity); MV 12; T8; hp 40; THAC0 17/13; Dmg by weapon type; SA surprise, backstab ×3; SD hit only by magical and silver weapons; SZ S–M; XP 2,000; rapier, dagger, light crossbow. Thief abilities: PP 50%; OL 50%; FRT 50%; MS 70%; HN 65%; DN 55%; CW 85%; RL 30%

Vatin (male wererat thief): INT high; AC 4 (leather armor and Dexterity); MV 12; T6; hp 34; THAC0 18/15; Dmg by weapon type; SA surprise, backstab ×3; SD hit only by magical or silver weapons; SZ S–M; XP 1,400; rapier, dagger, light crossbow, leather armors; PP 45%; OL 45%; FRT 40%; MS 60%; HS 55%; DN 45%; CW 80%; RL 25%.

If the PCs do not catch up with the wererats in the sewers, the adventure could finish up with a chase down river aboard barges. A ship to ship confrontation would perhaps be an exciting finish, or else the wererats abandon ship and swim away to fight again another day.

Concluding the Adventure

It is possible that the adventure will finish without the PCs having come to grips with Greyblade at all. If this is the case, this need not prevent the adventurers from claiming the reward money as they will doubtless have plenty of dead wererats to put the blame on. Of course, if Greyblade should ever return to Perrin, the PCs credibility will be seriously compromised.

There is also the plight of Madam Goresia, if the "Rusty Sabre" burned down. Good aligned PCs should feel obliged to help her out. The total renovation costs will be around 500 gp.

If Greyblade is captured and turned over to the authorities, he will no doubt escape the night before his public execution and flee the county, swearing revenge on all who wrought his ruin.

Whatever the case, if the PCs let Greyblade escape alive, they will have made a dangerous and implacable enemy. He would make a good "Professor Moriarty" type of character, turning up every now and again to needle the adventurers with some new mischief, or else frame them for some hideous crime. He certainly means to settle the PCs permanently at some stage. The same is true if Greyblade were slain but any of his relatives escaped. Perhaps Riff or Gruffle becomes the next wererat crime lord.

Further follow up adventures could concern Rilp and Mevran (and curing his little problem). Rilp would be a good contact in the city for the adventurers as there is not much happening that Rilp doesn't know about. Ω

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Wererat Lord

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Pack
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Nocturnal
DIET:	Scavenger
INTELLIGENCE:	High to genius (13–18)
TREASURE:	C, I
ALIGNMENT:	CE
NO. APPEARING:	4–24
ARMOR CLASS:	6 or better
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT DICE:	3+1 or better
THAC0:	Varies
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	By weapon
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Surprise
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Hit only by silver or +1 or better weapons
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE::	S–M (3'–6')
MORALE:	Elite (13–14)
XP VALUE:	varies

Wererat lords are the aristocracy of their genotype and as such are capable of much more than ordinary lycanthropes. They generally live longer than others of their genotype who regard them as something near divine. Some wererat lords live as long as 200 years. Other lycanthrope lords are certain to exist, but their discovery has yet to be recorded.
In appearance, the wererat lord is pretty indistinguishable from ordinary wererats.

Combat: Wererat lords differ from normal wererats in one major respect: they have no upper limit to class or Hit Dice level (except that normally dictated by race and/or class). Most wererat lords are thieves (75%) and on occasion mages (mage 10%, thief/mage 5%). Their Hit Dice and class level advance at the same rate, thus a 16th-level human wererat lord thief would attack as a 16th-level rogue in human form and as a 16 Hit Dice monster in man-rat form.

As with their mundane cousins, wererat lords prefer cold steel in combat to tooth and claw. Even better, they prefer to use missile weapons from a safe distance, or else set traps and ambushes.

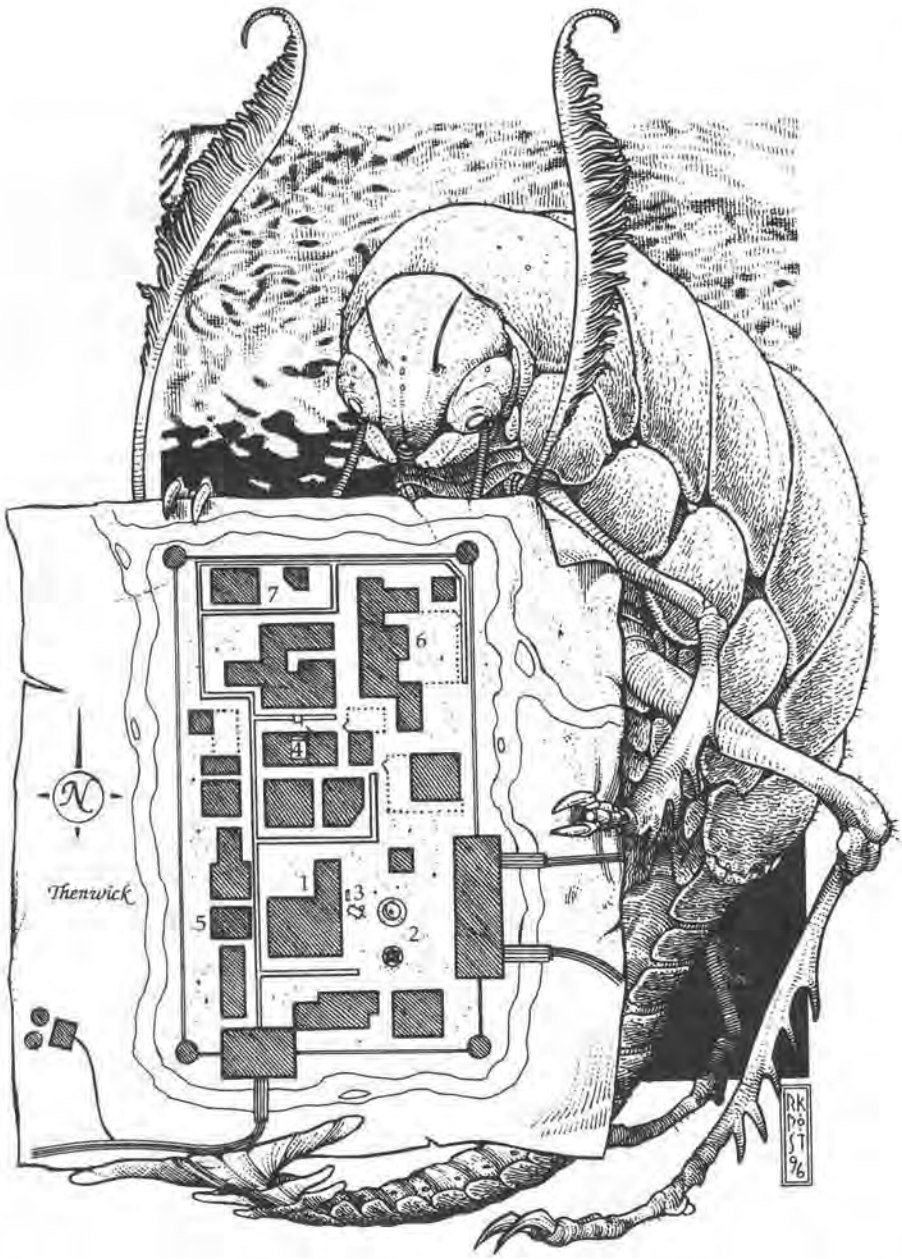
Wererat lords infect their victims with the lycanthropic virus in the same way that ordinary wererats do. However infected victims of the lords are treated in the same way as ordinary lycanthropes; they cannot advance in level as the lords do. Wererat lords are born, not made, and must be sired by two wererat lords. The chance of being infected with the lycanthropic virus by a wererat lord is much higher than normal, being 2% chance per hp damage inflicted by the lord.

Wererat lords are usually lead by a clan leader who as head of his or her particular group is heir to several abilities. A clan leader can summon a pack of giant rats and can control all of the common wererats infected by him. This control is an ability to trigger the infected wererats transformation into their manrat form, but they must be able to see him to achieve this.

Habitat/Society: Wererat lords live in closely knit packs trusting no one but their own immediate clan. Clan family members may conspire against each other, but they are always united against any outside enemies.

Wererat lords are attracted to cities where they can thieve and murder in comfort. They generally try to surround themselves with devoted followers such as ordinary wererats or infected victims. These followers are rarely selected for their intelligence, as they are merely expendable pawns to do the lords' dirty work. Once a city has yielded up its treasures, or becomes too hot to hold them, the wererat lords move on to the next town.

Ecology: Wererat lords are parasites on the parasites. Not only do they feed off humankind and steal their riches, they use their own common kind to do it. Like cuckoos, they will infest the lair of a clan of wererats or a thieves guild to provide themselves with a comfortable nest to live in. While initially beneficial, this usually spells doom for the hosts in question; the lords are only interested in themselves and think nothing of sacrificing their followers to protect their own miserable hides.



WILD IN THE STREETS

BY JASON PECK

Don't feed the animals

Cartography by R.K. Post

Jason writes: I have loved fantasy and adventure ever since I was 14 and my father introduced me to Conan and John Carter. I chose to dedicate my life to writing, creating, and enjoying fantasy. A year after receiving my English degree from San Jose State University, now I can really get down to business.

"Wild in the Streets" is an AD&D® adventure for 4–8 characters of levels 1–3 (9 total levels). Good or neutral aligned PCs are preferable, as an evil party would be unlikely to care about Thenwick's troubles.

PCs of nearly any composition should be able to handle this scenario, but PCs who tend to think before merely charging to the attack may find it less irksome.

This adventure takes place in the small border town of Thenwick in a generic fantasy setting, and can be adapted for any town in most fantasy worlds.

For the Player Characters

The adventure begins while the PCs are resting in a small border town between adventures. Read the following:

> Thenwick is a small, sleepy town, walled away from the dangers of the nearby border. The unrelenting rain has trapped your party in the town's sole inn, the Black Oak. The rhythmic beat of raindrops on the roof echoes throughout the barroom. The innkeeper and his daughter are pleasant and they run a clean and warm establishment.
>
> The inn's door opens, and a moist wind sweeps inside. Three dripping guardsmen enter, hauling a colorfully clad man behind them. One guard kicks the door shut, and the others scan the room. Seeing only your group in patronage, they march up to your table. Two guardsmen grasp the brightly dressed man by either arm while the third steps forward. "I am Captain Bulrick, and I have been authorized to ask for your help. This wizard," the captain waves a hand at the pinned man, "has unleashed his foul monsters on our town!"
>
> "I did no such thing!" the prisoner shouts. "I crashed my wagon in the town square when a fool urchin spooked my horses, and my creatures got away.
>
> Besides, I told you before, I'm no wizard. I'm just a hard working

entrepreneur trying to make an honest living by entertaining the commoners."

The captain turns to scowl at the soggy man, and the two guardsmen shake him around a bit, just for good measure. The prisoner presents a strange appearance indeed. His drooping red cloak, his bright yellow tunic, and his equally bright green pants contrast with eye-snaring affect. He has a prim black beard which glistens with water droplets. His overall appearance is calm, but his blue eyes shift from side to side, searching for a way out of this predicament.

Captain Bulrick turns back to your party. "My men are not prepared to handle this kind of an emergency, so we ask you to help. We need you to track down and capture the three beasties he released. I can offer 100 gold bounty for each one you catch. Will you help us?"

The characters may be wondering how captain Bulrick knows they are adventurers. The answer is fairly simple: Thenwick is a small town, and the captain makes it his business to know such things. His contacts with the innkeeper and other shop owners in town allow him to make educated guesses concerning strangers. In Bulrick's mind, this request will make or break his hunch concerning the PCs.

Captain Bulrick's offer is non-negotiable, and he gruffly says as much to anyone who asks. However, should the PCs demonstrate any interest in the captain's request, then the colorfully clad man, Jegard Stanton, chimes in with an attempt to sweeten the bounty. He offers an additional 50 gp per creature that is brought back unhurt. This money is in addition to what the captain has offered to pay.

Unlike the captain, Stanton is seemingly a reasonable man; he can be reluctantly haggled up to a bounty of an additional 100 gp per beast. If the PCs seem uninterested in the whole affair, captain Bulrick mumbles something derogatory, then marches from the inn to muster his men, with the guards and their prisoner in tow. This adventure is over for the PCs unless a particularly wicked DM decides to bring the "beasties" to them. Should the PCs take up the challenge, however, Captain Bulrick allows them to question the prisoner about his unleashed creatures before marching out into the storm. If the PCs don't think of this, neither does the captain, and he expects them to go hunting for the monsters immediately.

In any case, the captain tolerates a delay of no more than 10 minutes before taking his prisoner off to the guard house. If the PCs ask where they should bring the monsters in order to collect their bounty, he tells them to bring the monsters to the town guard station.

For the Dungeon Master

Stanton claims to be a rare collector of animals and creatures, capturing them and then selling them to various individuals in the northern cities. He further claims to make a little extra money by showing the animals off to the commoners while transporting the beasts.

In fact, only the latter is true. Stanton was, until recently, working as an assistant to a sage who collected such beasts. However, when the old man refused Stanton's suggestion to make a little extra coinage by showing the animals off, claiming such a side show would be too dangerous, Stanton knifed him. Stanton then promptly took over the two wagon trains and replaced the drivers with his own cronies. The second wagon and his men await his return outside the town walls.

Stanton is a devious, unscrupulous man with just enough talent at many different skills to pass himself off as virtually anything. His attention usually lasts only for a few months, so he drifts from scam to scam. The only real goal he has is to make money at the expense of other people. His acting skills are superb, and he always appears to be what he claims to be, at least superficially. But he lacks the information and real skill to answer any probing questions or scrutiny. Thus, if asked for further information concerning his escaped creatures, he can provide only partial information; the rest he makes up.

Contrary to what the captain believes, Stanton assures the PCs that his creatures are all children and therefore far less dangerous than they may appear. If asked specifically what the creatures are he answers as follows: a black panther (the displacer beast), a manticore (the rust monster), and a rare giant armadillo (the ankylosaurus). If asked about some of the monsters' possible abilities, he says only that they are a playful lot and that the panther should prove especially difficult to capture. "She's a shifty one."

Jegard Stanton, human charlatan: AL NE; AC 5; MV 12; B4, hp 20; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 12; D 18; C 13; I 15; W 12; Ch 17; ML 11; *dagger+1, potion of healing, ring of protection+1* (appears as a plain bronze hoop), a knife in his high hard boots, a plain red cloak, and bright clothes of fine make.

Weapon proficiencies: dagger, short sword, club.

Non-weapon proficiencies: acting, animal handling, appraising, disguise, forgery, gaming, reading/writing, riding (land based), rope use.

Languages: common, elvish, dwarvish.

Rogue skills: CW 75%, DN 30%, PP 50%, RL 30%.

Spells: *cantrip, mount, fool's gold.*

The Beasties

The "three beasties" that Captain Bulrick is referring to are in fact three rare monsters, all of which are not yet grown to full size. They are totally unorganized and are not encountered together, each having gone its own way when the wagon crashed. Because of the youth of these monsters, they are not particularly lethal. The DM is encouraged to play them more for their annoyance factor or perhaps for comic affect.

Here Kitty Kitty

The first roving menace to Thenwick is a displacer beast kitten. This little terror is roughly the size of a full grown domestic cat with smooth bluish-black fur that stands up in patches due to the rain. She has six legs as do all her kind, but her shoulder tentacles have yet to develop and so remain as small, almost unnoticeable stubs. Having been taken from her mother at an early age, she has not learned to hate all living creatures and behaves more like a playful kitten than a fearsome monster. She is encountered at a distance, seen splashing through puddles up the street. But her attention span quickly wavers, so she darts into an alley. She is uninterested in combat, though she may spring from an alley or rooftop to give pursuers a friendly nip (Dmg 1–4) before skipping away into the rain.

Because of her wet condition and displacement abilities, she proves almost

impossible to retain a firm grip upon. Any PC who manages to grab her must immediately make a Dexterity check at a –2 penalty or drop the squirming creature. If she is captured in this manner, she tries to bite her captor until released or subdued in some fashion. It should be noted that the PCs should not simply be informed of this creature's special abilities. The DM should remember that Stanton told the PCs (if they asked) that this creature was merely a black panther cub. Thus, the PCs should be told only the general description and perhaps that something doesn't look right concerning this fast moving cat. Once they engage her at close range, it quickly becomes apparent that this is no ordinary panther cub. Because of her displacement ability, grabs or blows at her are likely to make characters look foolish, and during any melee she may stop to play tag with them for a few moments by biting at their boots.

After a few rounds, or if struck by one of the PCs, she ceases to find this game amusing and flees. Clever PCs may think to look at the surrounding ground for her paw prints in order to discern her true location (this requires a successful Wisdom check).

Displacer beast cub: INT animal; AL N; AC 4; MV 10; HD3, hp 16; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1–4; SD –2 on opponent's attack roll; MR save as a 12th-level fighter; SZ S; ML 12; *MM*/5–6.

Walk the Dinosaur

The next monster is an extremely rare baby ankylosaurus. This dinosaur stands as tall as a mule but is considerably wider and more bulky. He weighs nearly a ton and resembles an enormous armadillo-like lizard with a large club tail (complete with spikes). His entire body is covered in huge bony plates and armor with wicked ridges protruding from his sides. This slow moving, dim-witted creature cares for nothing except eating, and he can be found in a horse corral, where he simply plowed through the fence, terrified the horses, and now happily munches on bales of hay. He ignores PCs even if attacked. Only if characters manage to penetrate his armor and hurt him does he respond with a tail swipe. Then he promptly marches away through the fence. This attack may come as quite a surprise, especially if the PCs have tried for many rounds to catch the beast without harming him.

Due to his heavy armor, the ankylosaurus is immune to subdual damage. As a consequence, the PCs are forced either to kill him or to think of some other extraordinary method of capturing him. Because he ignores them, characters are free to attempt any plan they wish against the dinosaur, usually with no response (except as stated previously). As long as his eating is not interfered with, he even allows characters to climb on him or attach ropes to his neck and/or limbs. Unfortunately, his bulk is so large that ropes and even most chains cannot restrain him. However, he can be led about by being offered a sapling or a big bush. He has a particular taste for apples and even the odor of them is enough to draw his attention.

Ankylosaurus baby: INT non-; AL Nil; AC 0; MV 6; HD 4, hp 18; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 2–8; MR Nil; SZ L; ML 13; *MM*/54.

A Growing Boy

The last monster is the most alien looking of the bunch and is likely to be the one most feared by the adventurers. This tiny rust monster is slightly larger than a domestic cat, with two short (1½') prehensile antennae protruding from his face, and a long armor-plated tail that ends in a bony, paddle-shaped projection. His yellowish, armored body glistens with the moisture of rain as he quickly waddles from point to point down the town's streets. He is encountered eating door handles, hinges, and the axles of wagons. Once he sees anyone, he happily rushes up and sniffs them for metal. Due to the rain, this creature can sniff metal out only to a range of 20'. If he detects metal on a person, then he attacks that person until he has devoured all the metal present or until he is wounded. If wounded, he flees from whomever or whatever wounded him, but he quickly forgets his wounds if exposed to a new source of metal.

Rust monster baby: INT animal; AL Nil; AC 2; MV 18; HD 3, hp 13; THAC0 17; #AT 2; Dmg none; SA rust metal (magical items have 10% chance per plus to be unaffected); MR Nil; SZ S; ML 9; *MM*/305.

Concluding the Adventure

The adventure should not take longer than the rainy afternoon. If desired, the DM may enliven it by adding encounters such as a horse stampeding wildly down the street at characters or quivering bushes in an alley that turn out to contain only rats or a stray cat. The DM should grant bonus experience points (no more than 250 per creature) for particularly clever methods of capturing the monsters. No experience points should be awarded for killing the beasts. After all, imagine the difficulties involved in attempting to get a thousand-pound lizard to go where you want it to when it ignores you and continues to eat its stolen hay.

If the adventurers are successful at eliminating the monster rampage (whether by slaying them or capturing them), Captain Bulrick stays true to his word and pays them their promised reward. If not, he shakes his head, mutters something about bungling fools, and commands the adventurers to remain at the inn and out of his way. He then marches off to muster his troops.

No matter what the outcome, Jegard Stanton is ordered to pay a large sum of money to compensate the town for the damage his creatures have caused. In particular, half a dozen fences have been stomped to splinters, and much of the town's metal lies in heaps of rust, including a rather large heap where the statue of Thenwick's founder used to stand. Upon payment of this fee to Captain Bulrick, Stanton is ordered to leave Thenwick and to take his remaining wagon and beasts with him, never to return. If Stanton owes money to the PCs as well, then he pays them at this time too. However, Stanton pays 250 gp of the promised bounty in copper pieces (that he quickly treats with his *fool's gold* spell while in his wagon getting the coins). Stanton uses his charlatan charm ability and acting skills to smooth over any deception concerning the payments or monsters. If pressed about his false descriptions and labeling of the beasts, Stanton looks pained and then pretends to let them in on his secret. He claims that his master died only a few weeks ago and that he is only the former assistant to the real monster collector. His former master's notes are complicated, and he has yet to figure them out, or so he claims.

Once all questions are answered and all fees are payed, Stanton buys a new wagon (if he has any creatures left to haul) from a local farmer and then immediately heads north. After all, he

needs to put as much distance between himself, Thenwick, and the adventurers as he can before his spell wears off. If the adventurers discover Jegard's ruse concerning their reward and they set off to catch the charlatan within one day, then they are able to catch him at his camp. If they take longer than this, however, Jegard reaches the next city before they can catch him. He then attempts to lose any pursuers by blending in with the crowd with some new identity and scam. In this event, it is unlikely that the PCs can locate Jegard unless the DM chooses otherwise.

If confronted by the adventurers in his camp, Jegard attempts to talk his way out of any accusations by claiming that he merely made a mistake and grabbed the wrong bag. Of course, since he doesn't have their money anyway, he is only attempting to buy some time so that he can give his thugs the signal to attack and perhaps catch the PCs off guard. The DM should roll for surprise as normal for the PCs on the round following Jegard's false explanation, unless they are obviously prepared for an ambush. The thugs strike swiftly with their clubs but fight only as long as it appears they can win, scattering to the four winds at the first hint of defeat. During any combat, Jegard himself attempts to stand off and hurl his knife. Then he casts *cantrip* to create a small glowing ball that appears in his hand and which he attempts to convince enemies he is about to launch at them. Finally, he to casts *mount* in the hope that the battle will last long enough for him to use the steed to flee.

When presented with an immediate physical threat, Jegard surrenders, not even bothering to draw his dagger in resistance. As he is a coward at heart, he pleads and grovels openly if his surrender is not accepted quickly. Once taken prisoner, he willingly agrees to any plan to turn him over to authorities, trusting that eventually he can talk or manipulate his way to freedom.

Thugs (5): AL NE; AC 8; MV 12; 0-level humans; hp 4 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 8; XP 15; clubs, padded armor, 2–12 sp each.

A search of Jegard's camp reveals little in the way of wealth. Other than those possessions on his person, the only valuables to be found are Jegard's spellbook, which contains his memorized spells as well as five blank pages, and 200 gp worth of various odds and ends. However, if the PCs turn Jegard over to captain Bulrick along with the details of what happened, then he gladly pays them an extra 100 gp bounty for ridding the land of such a villain. Whether or not Jegard is able to weasel his way to freedom and perhaps plague the adventurers again is for the DM to decide. Ω

memorizing and praying for spells, they may find themselves with their backs against the wall when they awaken in the barn to see the scarecrow's eyes glowing with a mad fire and its enchanted fists flailing away.

Before attacking, the cunning scarecrow ensures that any sources of nearby fire are thoroughly extinguished, but aside from this precaution, its plan of battle is direct and to-the-point. It attacks without mercy, and it attacks to kill.

Concluding the Adventure

If the PCs survive the midnight rampage of the scarecrow and successfully take the Stringfellows' grain to market the next morning, they earn two of the truest friends they could ever have. Miciah and Katy offer the party a share of the meager profits, which the PCs can accept or decline. A few humanitarians in the party might even go so far as to donate some of their own money to help the Stringfellows along. Even though they have their pride, the couple eventually accepts such gifts, tears of gratitude clouding their eyes. The DM should award each PC with 500 XP for the week's worth of backbreaking labor, as well as the experience earned by defeating the scarecrow, and 10 XP for every gold piece the players gave to the farmers as a gift. The Stringfellows might appear at a later time in the campaign, as their farm will always be open to the selfless adventurers who pulled them from the hungry jaws of financial ruin. Ω

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ESMERELDA'S BODYGUARD

BY PAUL F. CULOTTA

En garde!

Artwork by Bob Klasnich
Cartography by Michael Scott

Paul writes: A great advantage of living in the Puget Sound area is belonging to a writer's circle that includes fellow DUNGEON® Adventures *author Ted Zuvich. Ted asked me to review some monsters he was writing up for TSR's Games Department, and while doing so, I got the sudden urge to write the following adventure. Ted, good friend, this one is dedicated to you.*

"Esmerelda's Bodyguard" is a short AD&D® adventure for 4–6 PCs, levels 6–9 (about 38 levels total). PCs should be neutral or good in alignment, and at least one should be male. One PC should also be a wizard or priest with a *dispel magic* spell available.

While this is a generic AD&D adventure, it uses creatures that appear in the upcoming *RED STEEL® MONSTROUS COMPENDIUM® Appendix*. It is perfect for a RED STEEL adventure, and notes have been added for DMs who want to use it that way.

Adventure Background

Felipe Mercado was a rich and powerful wizard who died a little over two weeks ago. His only heir is his daughter, the lovely Esmerelda. Felipe and Esmerelda lived in a country villa not far from a medium-sized town.

Felipe was successful in building magical constructs known as clockwork creatures. These included Gomez, a lab assistant; Gatino, a cat; and Cyrano, a swordsman. Their internal workings are intricately constructed with precious metals and gems, but on the outside they look and sound like real creatures. They are also very intelligent. The only things that readily give them away are soft, clicking noises when they move about and a keyhole in their backs. The clockwork creatures are "wound up" by a magical key, and they work for a little over two weeks before "winding down."

Gomez and Gatino stayed in Felipe's underground laboratory and were unknown to Esmerelda and the household servants all of whom had been strictly warned never to enter the basement.

Cyrano, on the other hand, roamed the household freely and went with Felipe on his many adventures. He initially was created to be Felipe's bodyguard. After the death of his wife, however, Felipe noticed how lovely

Esmerelda was becoming. He decided to settle down to a life of research, and he gave Cyrano the mission of keeping unwelcome suitors away from his daughter. The wizard was adept at magical creations and summoning, but he was an annoying father. He thought that Esmerelda deserved only "the perfect man," and he would be the judge of whoever came calling. No one met Felipe's high standards. They were too tall, too short, too poor, too thin, too fat, etc. Any young man who called upon Esmerelda soon found himself fleeing from Cyrano and his dazzling rapier.

After Felipe's death, Esmerelda mourned for several days. A few of the available young men came from town, hoping that with her unreasonable father out of the way, they might win her hand. Unfortunately, Cyrano (who had just been wound up prior to his master's death) was still active and chased them all away.

Esmerelda was distraught over this development. She was 20 years old, wealthy (her father had left her the property and a generous sum of money), and independent, but she was deprived of any social life. She tried reasoning with the clockwork swordsman, but Cyrano assured her that he had observed Felipe judging young suitors and that he would do just as fine a job as her father had. With that, he pitched a tent in the front yard so that he could see suitors coming and greet them appropriately. Esmerelda was unhappy with Cyrano, but took some solace in the fact that he would eventually wind down, and then she could just stick him in a closet or have him taken apart.

In the meantime, a problem developed inside the house. Both Esmerelda and the servants started hearing noises at the door leading to the basement. They sounded like scratching on a wall or the door itself, and some of the servants swore they heard growling. One of them swore he heard things banging around. Eventually, Esmerelda opened the door and peeked down the stairs, but she heard a scuttling noise down in the darkness. Frightened, she shut the door and ordered it nailed shut.

She hoped that whatever was down there would starve to death, but after 10 days, the servants were still complaining about "noises at the door." Apparently whatever was down there did not need food.

Esmerelda explained the problem to Cyrano, but he just laughed and said that nothing would dissuade him from his task of ensuring that only "the perfect man" could see her.

Nearly three weeks have passed when the adventurers come wandering by the house.

For the Players

The text assumes that the heroes are just riding or walking by the villa en route to somewhere else. The DM could have the adventure start with the PCs arriving in town first and perhaps being hired by a would-be suitor who wants Esmerelda's meddling bodyguard out of the way. Whenever the PCs get close to the house, read the following:

> Beside the road is an elegant country villa surrounded by a low wall. The front door faces the road, and in the yard near the door is a light blue tent. Suddenly, a man emerges from the tent, brandishing a long, slim sword in one hand and a main-gauche in the other. He is dressed in elegant light blue clothing, shiny black boots, and a hat that has a long white plume. Waving his sword he exclaims loudly [to male PCs], "What ho! How dare you even approach the house of the lady Esmerelda! Get you gone before I run you through, swine!"

The DM should add some flowery but very insulting language appropriate to the male PCs' appearance. To female PCs, however, Cyrano is a loudmouthed swashbuckler, inviting them into his tent for a glass of wine where he will sing to them. Even though he does not insult them (at least not initially), Cyrano is overly flirtatious, as he thinks of himself as a great boon to womankind. Inside his tent is a lute, a table with nice crystal glasses, and a keg of fine wine that he offers to female PCs. The DM should note that Cyrano can drink amazing amounts of wine, but this just stores inside a bladder in his body (which he later drains). He cannot get drunk.

Whenever the PCs get within 10' of Cyrano, they notice a soft clicking noise when he moves about. Paraphrase the following where appropriate.

> To a stout character: "You are far too chubby, lout. Go off and lose thirty pounds before you darken this property again, or shall I carve it from your overstuffed carcass?"
>
> To a thin character: "We are not in the market for bean-poles today, I fear. Perhaps if you put some meat on your bones, you might look halfway respectable! Talk to your chubby friend [pointing his rapier at a nearby PC]; surely he can encourage you to eat if he leaves anything in the pot!"
>
> To a dwarf character: "I fear that your beard doth overmuch resemble the quills of brother porcupine! Shall I shave it off? Even so, you still need to grow to a man's size before you call upon the Lady Esmerelda, so hie thee hence, short villain!
>
> To an elf or half-elf character: "You of the sallow complexion and pointed ears! Think you that my Lady Esmerelda would consort with a sickly beast? Begone lest I make your head a trophy for my wall!"
>
> To a paladin or noble looking fighter: "Pride you have, too much I would say, considering that you sit upon your horse [or walk] like a sullen piece of dead steel! Pride means little here; only action counts, and my Lady Esmerelda will have nothing to do with imposters, so leave now, pretender, lest you feel my blade!"
>
> To a halfling: "Ha ha ha! What is this? My lady deserves far better than the attentions of a child, although it is certain that you would pose no danger to her! Go away little boy!"
>
> To a priest: "Good father, there is no need of your services here, get you back to cloistered halls where you can frolic with your scrolls and prayers. Lady Esmerelda needs a finer man than you, 'tis certain!"
>
> To a wizard: "Away wizard! We know your tricks all too well, and you will not even get close to beguile the fair Esmerelda. Off with you, before I remove your wheedling fingers!"
>
> To a bard: "Well, what have we here — a player of music! Perhaps it sings, as well! No one sings as well as I, knave, so take your carnival elsewhere for my lady will not listen to such as you. Heed me not, and I will be forced to remove your tongue!"
>
> To a thief: "What manner of scurvy waste are you, all skulking about? You have the look of someone I saw on a wanted poster! How much are you worth, charlatan? I could use some extra gold to entertain the ladies!"

Combat Chart

Each round of combat, Cyrano engages in a special maneuver according to a percentage roll:

01-25: The swordsman moves about fancifully, disdainfully parrying all attacks. In this case, all attacks against him are vs. AC –4.

26-50: The swordsman tosses out an amusing quip at one opponent. In addition to his normal attacks, he gets one free parry (AC -4) from this opponent's attack and the quip is treated as a *taunt* spell.

51-60: The swordsman recites a bit of poetry which inspires him. All of his attacks are with an additional +1 to hit.

61-75: The swordsman tries a called shot aimed at embarrassing his opponent, such as cutting suspenders or a belt, spanking a posterior with the flat of his blade, etc. He needs a minimum of a natural 18 or better to be successful in this maneuver.

76-90: The swordsman makes a charming compliment to an opponent of the opposite sex. The target must save vs. spell or behave as if under the effects of a *charm person* spell for one round.

91-100: Both attacks are made as if the swordsman is specialized (an additional +1 to hit, +2 damage).

Either the PCs will leave or they will become so angry they decide to fight Cyrano. If they decide to fight, Cyrano challenges them to fight fairly, one at a time. If they want to fight him en masse, Cyrano fights them all. ("Very well cowards, I will fight all of you at once for Lady Esmerelda! Lay on!").

Before the first blow is struck, Lady Esmerelda, who has heard the commotion, opens a window and shouts, "Cyrano, you fool! I don't even know these people! Now leave them alone!"

He replies, "Oh, no milady, I see the gleam of impure desires in the beady eyes of this one [gesturing to the largest male warrior PC], and I would as soon remove them first! En garde, wretch!"

The melee should run using the combat chart for Cyrano (see Combat Chart). The DM should keep him insulting the PCs the entire time. If Cyrano is hit by a PC, he laughs even the most traumatic damage off ("Ha! Tis but a scratch! Is that the best you are capable of?"). PCs might be unnerved when they strike him with a terrible wound but no blood comes out.

After a few rounds of combat, Cyrano winds down. Lady Esmerelda rushes outside and praises the gods, thanking them that at last he has shut down. She reassures the PCs that Cyrano won't bother them any more, and she apologizes for his behavior. If the PCs start to go away without fighting, Cyrano chases them but winds down. Esmerelda comes out and calls the PCs back.

At this point, Esmerelda fills the PCs in on what has been going on since her father's death (and other details from the "Adventure Background"). She announces her problem with the basement and mentions that she could use a stout band to take care of whatever is down there.

As payment for the PCs' service, she offers Cyrano. She mentions that his insides are made of a fortune in precious metals and gems, and she is certain that the local blacksmith in town would be happy to disassemble Cyrano carefully so that they would retrieve maximum value. She guarantees that he is worth at least 1,000 gp. Since she was left a lot of money in her father's estate, she also offers the PCs anything in the basement that they want to take away. PC wizards should ache for the chance to plunder a wizard's basement and may wonder why Esmerelda does not want anything from there. She explains sorrowfully that even though her father tried to teach her magic, she just did not have the knack.

PCs may wonder if they can take Cyrano and re-activate him and Esmerelda is amenable to this idea as long as the PCs take him far away from her and guarantee that he won't bother her again. She also mentions that it requires a special key to re-wind Cyrano, and she speculates that it is down in the basement among her father's other belongings. She does not know what it looks like, as Felipe always rewound Cyrano down there and no one else was allowed in the basement. She also mentions that Cyrano can be re-wound and will run for about 20 days duration before he needs rewinding again.

If the PCs take Cyrano's shirt off, they find a keyhole in the middle of his back. No skeleton key or other device can wind him back up. Only the key in the basement works.

The Basement

No map of the villa (except for the basement) is provided. If the PCs want to explore around the house looking for clues/information, Esmerelda lets them do so. The villa is exquisitely furnished and has a large living room, dining room, two large bedrooms, two water closets, a kitchen, a library, and three servants' bedrooms, along with various storage spaces and closets. Nothing of importance is found in any of the rooms. (In a RED STEEL campaign, there is a locked chest in Esmerelda's room which contains enough cinnabryl to protect her and the servants from the effects of the Red Curse for a year.)

Esmerelda also lets the PCs interview the servants. These include Rodriguez the gardener, Bellisima the cook, and Antonio the butler. All of them are glad that the madman Cyrano is finally still. All have heard scratching at the door to the basement, and both Bellisima and Antonio heard growling on separate occasions. Bellisima thinks that it sounded like a dog, and Antonio believes it sounded like a large cat. It was Antonio who heard the loud crashing noises a week ago, and it was the next day that Esmerelda opened the door for a moment. Antonio and Rodriguez nailed the door shut. Each of the servants are 0-lvl NPCs, AC 10, and have 2–5 hp each. Neither they nor Esmerelda venture into the basement with the PCs.

1. The Door. The door is nailed shut and Rodriguez provides a hammer to remove the nails. The nails come out with loud, wrenching noises, alerting what is currently residing downstairs (See For the DM). It takes two turns to remove all the nails. Once they are out, the door opens easily.

2. Stairs. A flight of stairs goes down 30'. It is very dark downstairs, and the PCs need light sources to see. From the stairway, the PCs may turn around and see some silver runes set in stone above the door. This is a magical warding that Felipe used to keep magical or summoned creatures inside the basement. It extends through the stone walls, floors, and ceiling of the basement, and is the only thing that has kept the creature in the basement from getting out. (Even with the door to the first floor open, a magical or summoned creature cannot exit.) It also prevents

teleportation, dimension door, plane shift, stone shape, and similar spells.

When the PCs have been inside for one turn, there is a clanging sound as a steel portcullis drops from the ceiling to block the doorway. It locks in place, and no amount of lifting or *knock* spells can make it rise. This was a trap that Felipe installed for would-be thieves. It can be opened by one of the keys on the ring that the PCs should eventually find. This lock can be picked, but its exceptional workmanship gives a lock-picker a –50% penalty.

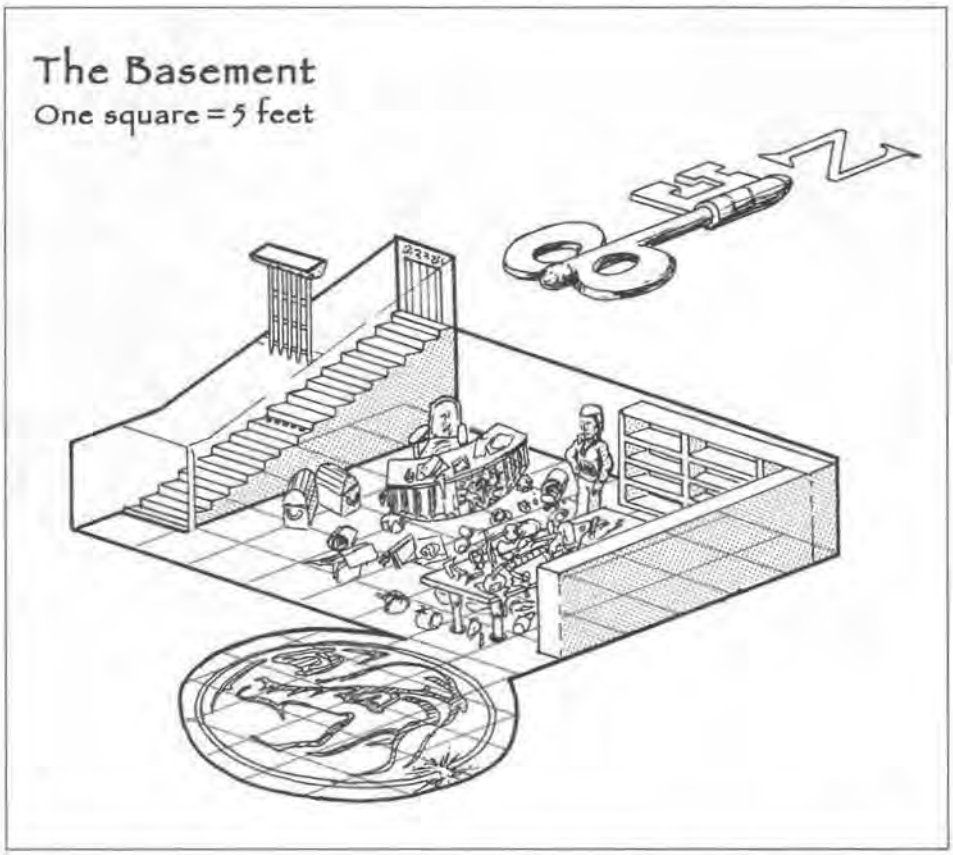
This trap would work even when Felipe entered. When he wanted to leave, he would use his key. The portcullis automatically retracted into the ceiling, and Felipe would toss the keys to his trusty clockwork assistant Gomez, who would replace them in his desk.

3.Laboratory.

You see the wreckage of what was once a laboratory. A large table and the floor are strewn with broken beakers, papers, odd looking herbs, small leathery wings, chemicals, and other things. There are more jars on shelves containing things like dried worms, flies, and colored powders. In a corner is a desk and chair. The drawers of the desk are open as if someone has rifled through it. Next to the desk are two large locked trunks. There is a archway in one wall that apparently leads to another room. In one corner is a plain-looking man in a white jacket, homespun pants, and ordinary shoes. He has black hair, gray eyes, and a bushy moustache. He looks at you and says, "Hello. Who are you?"

This gentleman identifies himself as Gomez, Felipe's laboratory assistant. He wonders what has become of Felipe because he has not come back in many days. When he discovers that Felipe is dead, he states grimly, "Well, finally the master is dead. He created me to help him with his work down here, but now I am free. That is good. Could you help me out of here?"

Gomez tells the PCs that there are magical runes that Felipe imprinted on the wall of the stairs, and that these runes keep him imprisoned down here. (If the PCs had not noticed them on the stairway, he shows the runes to them now). He begs the PCs to cast *dispel magic* on the runes so that he can be free, like other men.



PCs will undoubtedly want to know what happened to create all the destruction down here. Gomez looks sheepish and says, "I became angry with the master for leaving me down here for so long and thought I would teach him a lesson. I was very bad."

The laboratory assistant is not Gomez. Prior to his death, Felipe went into his summoning chamber (area **4**) and cast a spell from an old scroll that he had just acquired. It summoned an utukku, a nasty creature from the plane of Tarterus. This being was not cooperative about performing a service for the wizard, and Felipe decided to let him sit in the warded summoning chamber until he changed his mind.

Unfortunately, Felipe died without telling anyone about this creature. After a week of being bored to tears, the utukku's natural magic resistance overcame the warding within the summoning chamber. It was happy until it found the even more heavily warded runes on the stairway which prevented it from even using its natural *teleport* ability. In a rage, the utukku tore the lab apart, looking for anything that would help it out. It found Gomez, who tried to shoo the denizen back into the chamber, but the powerful utukku interrogated the hapless lab assistant and then tore him apart. It found nothing except a set of keys, but none of them apparently did anything except unlock the trunks. One was full of metal and gems, and the other was empty. The utukku decided that sooner or later someone would come down, and he would assume Gomez' identity, using his *polymorph self* ability. He carefully hid Gomez' remains in one of the trunks.

Woe to the PCs who sympathize with "Gomez" and successfully cast *dispel magic* on the runes (vs 17th-level wizard). Once Gomez is free, he takes off and creates havoc and pandemonium wherever possible. With his movement rate of 15, he stands a pretty good chance of getting away.

If the PCs think this through, however, there are several clues that give the utukku away:

- He does not make a soft, clicking sound as Cyrano does. (If asked, the utukku states that this was the way Felipe built him).
- If they ask to look at his back, Gomez readily complies, wondering why

they would want to do so. When he did his *polymorph self,* he did not make a keyhole in his back because he did not notice Gomez' keyhole or the one on the back of the clockwork cat that he kicked under the desk.

• The PCs may well be suspicious of why Cyrano would be wound down yet Gomez is not. (If directly asked, the quick-thinking utukku states that he is a better model than any others). Note that the utukku does not know who Cyrano is, and if asked to provide details of him, the jig is up.

• PCs may ask about keys, and the utukku says that he has a set of keys that open the trunks. Just let him out and he will happily give over the keys. If asked, he shows the keys, and the PCs see that there are six keys on a key ring (one for each of the three clockwork creatures, two for the trunks, and one for the gate). The utukku says that the other keys are for stuff that Felipe kept outside of the basement.

• PCs may open the trunk that contains Gomez' remains. Of course the fake Gomez tries to prevent this. ("Please, just let me out, you have plenty of time to go through the lab").

• A clever mage may ask Gomez to explain what some of the ingredients are or to describe some of the things that Felipe was doing. The utukku does his best to concoct some story, but a wizard PC or another PC with a successful alchemy nonweapon proficiency check realizes the story is false.

• The circle in the summoning chamber (area 4) is broken, giving an indirect clue that something might have been summoned and escaped.

• Casting *detect evil* or *know alignment* immediately reveals that this may be the most evil thing the PCs have encountered in their adventuring careers.

If the PCs figure out that Gomez is an imposter or attack, the utukku takes his natural form and attacks fearlessly, not even thinking of retreat or surrender (since he has nowhere to go). He first uses his *symbol of discord* ability, then he blasts the sturdiest fighters with a *lightning bolt.* He then casts *darkness 30' radius* (which does not affect him) to blind the PCs. The utukku strains to avoid damaging (well, not too severely anyway) any one PC who has shown or said that he has the ability to *dispel magic.* The utukku's plan is to kill the other PCs and then capture the PC who can dispel the magic on the chamber, using any of a dozen forms of grisly torture to force his will. Nobody can hold out long against the utukku's torture, and eventually he escapes, but not before he inflicts a disfiguring disease on the surviving PC.

4. Summoning Chamber: This round chamber contains an inlaid silver circle that is 15' in diameter. A small 6" arc of the circle is scorched and broken, the result of the utukku's magical resistance eventually wearing through it.

Concluding the Adventure:

Successful PCs can go through the remains of the laboratory and find some treasure that might be worth all their effort with the utukku. In one of the trunks are the remains of Gomez; the precious metals and gems that composed his inside mechanisms are worth 2,000 gp. In another trunk are more precious metals and gems; these are worth 1,000 gp. Among the papers littering the floor and desk are three intact pages from Felipe's spell book; they should be treated as scrolls, each with one spell (level 3, 4, and 5, DM's choice). The various containers hold 400 gp worth of spell components.

Finally under the desk is a clockwork cat, Gatino, which has long wound down and which was kicked under the desk by the rampaging utukku. One of the keys fits the cat and can wind it up (one round of winding for each hour that the creature can be active). If the PCs have it disassembled, they can retrieve 400 gp worth of gems and metal from it.

Successful PCs should receive a story award of 20,000 XP, which includes defeating the utukku. In addition to the treasure in the laboratory, the PCs receive Cyrano as payment. Again, Esmerelda warns them that if they wind him up, they must do so far away from her.

The PCs should be faced with somewhat of a moral dilemma on the decision on whether to wind Cyrano back up. He is a real annoyance when active. Moreover, they will be forced to concoct some tale of why they took him away, because he will initially want to carve

the PCs into little pieces for taking him away from the fair Esmerelda. The PCs might have Esmerelda write up "articles of freedom" for Cyrano or some document that charges him to go out into the world and destroy evil in her name.

On the other hand, Cyrano is a magical, sentient creature, and they may be bothered by the question of whether taking him apart is the "right" thing to do. Such a matter should be governed by the desires of the PCs and the tempering judgment of the DM.

Taking Cyrano apart yields 3,000 gp worth of precious metals and gems, but the local blacksmith charges a fee of 300 gp to do this (not to mention he requires the PCs to protect him if something should go wrong). The blacksmith also charges 300 gp to extract the materials from Gomez' remains.

Even if they wind Cyrano back up, eventually he wears out. Every time he is rewound, there is a 10% chance that his internal mechanisms break. Only Felipe could repair him without chance of error, but another wizard (at least 15th level) can try to do so. Attempting a major repair costs 1,000 gp and has only a 30% chance of success. Repairing Cyrano's lost hp is also expensive: it costs 100 gp for each hp restored, and for each hp restored, there is a 1% chance (non-cumulative, roll for each hp) that Cyrano "breaks." If he ever loses 75% of his hp, he is unrepairable. The guidelines for Cyrano apply equally to Gatino.

Keeping Cyrano around could be a lot of fun for the DM. Unfortunately, he is reckless in battle, and often taunts opponents when least expected. He is not much for sneaking around, but he is big on partying like a true swashbuckler. Because he has expensive tastes, he insists on nothing less than a full share of treasure. Ω

Which reminds me: I think it's a great idea to give credit to your cartographers. The maps have been getting better and better every issue, and I greatly appreciate that.

Finally I'd like to say that even though I haven't been able to read any of the full adventures in issue #60 yet (I got it only last night), I was very impressed with the SideTrek "Centaur of Attention." It was a very creative little encounter. Now where can I fit that into our game ...?

Forrest Elam
via e-mail

No Electricity!

The adventure "Jigsaw" in issue #61 was well written, if a bit unimaginative, and made for entertaining reading. It was however a total waste of 20 pages which could (should) have been used for a classic, conventional TSR adventure. An adventure set in the late 1800s or early 1900s on Earth has no place in *DUNGEON Adventures,* or should I expect to see BOOT HILL®, TOP SECRET®, GAMMA WORLD® or STAR FRONTIERS® adventures appearing every so often. As it is, adventures which take place in AL-QADIM®, *Oriental Adventures,* PLANESCAPE and DARK SUN (which I enjoy) often cause conversion problems for DMs who are unfamiliar with the setting. While AD&D medieval setting RAVENLOFT, FORGOTTEN REALMS®, BIRTHRIGHT (which I don't really care for) and even the Celtic adventure "Iasc", from issue #60, are all easily convertible, into most D&D® campaigns, "Jigsaw" is not. Things such as electricity, pistols, and a lack of magic do not transfer well. Setting this adventure into a standard D&D campaign makes "The Monster" an easy kill unless the party of 4–6 level characters does not possess any weapons +1 or better (very unusual). How much damage does an army pistol or a derringer do anyway. I tried using heavy and hand crossbows as substitutions but compared to multi-shot pistols they proved inadequate. And the electric chair ... Please keep to fantasy and medieval history and stay away from anything historically realistic more recent than 1453.

Edward V. Albert
Howard AFB, Panama

Most of those who have written to us on the subject also want setting-specific adventures, but we agree they should be limited to one or two per issue — and two only when one of them is among the medieval fantasy settings, like the FORGOTTEN REALMS®, MYSTARA®, or GREYHAWK® campaigns. As long as we continue to receive good adventures for them, we'll continue to support all the AD&D® game worlds in addition to the generic settings.

Planar Corrections

Congratulations on your 60th issue. I really loved "Shards of the Day," the Underdark adventure, and I intend to use it in one of my campaigns. I like the way all of the major races of the Underdark (except the aboleth) were used.

However, my major reason for writing deals with "Nemesis." I love the PLANESCAPE campaign setting, and I might just use this as a sequel to the "Umbra" session I did a few months back. Unfortunately, I am a stickler for details, and I must point out some mistakes Mr. Perkins made. (I know the setting like the back of my DM screen.)

#1. The gatehouse is not the headquarters of the Xaositects, as Chris implied. It is the headquarters of the Bleak Cabal.

#2. You can't enter Sigil via a *mirror of mental prowess.* The rulebook made it quite clear that the only way to enter Sigil is by one of its portals.

#3. I looked at everything I know about tieflings, and there's nothing in their description (both the rulebook and the *PS MC Appendix)* that says they are immune to the Styx's memory draining powers, so I assume they are not.

Despite this, I enjoyed "Nemesis" and hope to see more PLANESCAPE adventures in the future. (I have some good ideas for them myself; you may see some of my proposals). Keep the great modules rolling, and I'll see you in the Lady's Ward.

Brian Corvello
Phoenix, AZ.

Ω

Clockwork Swordsman

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Nil
INTELLIGENCE:	Very to Exceptional (11–16)
TREASURE:	Q (×2), see below
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic good
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	2
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT DICE:	5–10
THAC0:	5–6 HD: 15 7–8 HD: 13 9–10 HD: 11
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	By weapon (+3 Strength bonus)
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	M (6' tall)
MORALE:	Fearless (19–20)
XP VALUE:	
5 HD	650
6 HD	975
7 HD	1,400
8 HD	2,000 (+1,000 per additional HD)

Clockwork swordsmen are the mechanical and magical creations of powerful mages, originally devised as elite bodyguards. Clockwork swordsmen are fearless and act according to a "code of conduct" very similar to that of a swashbuckler. The DM should treat the clockwork swordsman as a swashbuckler of level equal to its Hit Dice. The clockwork swordsman has all the applicable nonweapon proficiencies and swashbuckler abilities, but they never belong to any of the fighting schools. (See The SAVAGE COAST™ Campaign Book for the swashbuckler description.) Because of its mechanical nature, the clockwork swordsman succeeds on all proficiency checks on a roll of 18 or less.

Clockwork swordsmen are sentient, generally intelligent and charismatic, but they have a horrendous Wisdom. It is very difficult for them to learn from their mistakes, and they repeat the same error over and over again, even if corrected. These automatons are quite capable of handling sophisticated missions within a limited time frame and are capable of limited interpolation and extrapolation of past behavior to cope with new situations. However, the results generally leave something to be desired.

Clockwork swordsmen are almost perfect replicas of the humanoids they were built to emulate; only slight clicks and whirs betray their true nature. All clockwork swordsmen are obsessed with the fact that they only have a mechanical heart and no soul. They see this condition as a curse. A clockwork swordsman in company is cheery and quite outgoing. When a clockwork swordsman thinks that is unobserved or alone, however, it can be quite morose and melancholy.

The Red Curse: Clockwork swordsmen never acquire Legacies or require cinnabryl.

These automatons are immune to spells that influence the mind, such as charm person and suggestion. However, ESP and telepathy affect them.

A clockwork swordsman is usually armed with either a rapier and main-gauche or a saber and stiletto, although they sometimes (20%) have a wheellock pistol. A clockwork swordsman has an effective Strength of 18, giving it a +1 bonus to hit and a +3 bonus to damage.

Clockwork swordsmen always seek to avoid water and most of them carry a can of oil. Exposure to moisture damages their internal mechanisms. If exposed to moisture, the clockwork swordsman must make a successful saving throw vs. poison or take 6d6 hp damage 1d4 days after the exposure. These automatons are also terrified of rust monsters.

Habitat/Society: Clockwork swordsmen have no treasure and generally have no desire to accumulate any beyond the trappings necessary to support a flashy, graceful lifestyle. Clockwork swordsmen seek to emulate swashbucklers in every particular, including the flashy clothing, gaudy belongings, and lavish gifts.

Clockwork swordsmen desire above all else to be human. As such, they attempt to behave as humanly as possible. Clockwork swordsmen often harbor deep fears that they do not really have emotions and a sense of humor.

Clockwork swordsmen are valuable and expensive servants. Most creators do not risk their creations unnecessarily, so they send them out only on critically important missions. Most of the time, they keep such automatons close by to serve as bodyguards. In this case, a clockwork swordsman may only be partially wound up, forcing it to stay close to its master.

Ecology: "Swordsman" is kind of a misnomer, because roughly half of these automatons are female.

If destroyed, the body of a clockwork swordsman yields rare gems equivalent to a Q (×2) treasure and precious metals (gold, platinum, and silver) worth 1d4 × 1000 gold pieces. These materials are part of the automaton's internal workings.

Clockwork swordsmen need to be rewound on a regular basis. They can operate for a maximum of (hit points x 10) hours before needing to be rewound. If its springs run out, the clockwork swordsman goes dormant. When encountered, use percentile dice to determine what percentage of activity it has left, with a minimum of 10%. A clockwork swordsman with 45 hit points would have a maximum activity duration of 450 hours (about two and a half weeks). A percentile roll of 70% would indicate that it has 315 hours of activity left in its springs when encountered. A clockwork swordsman with less than 50% time remaining is always returning to its creator.

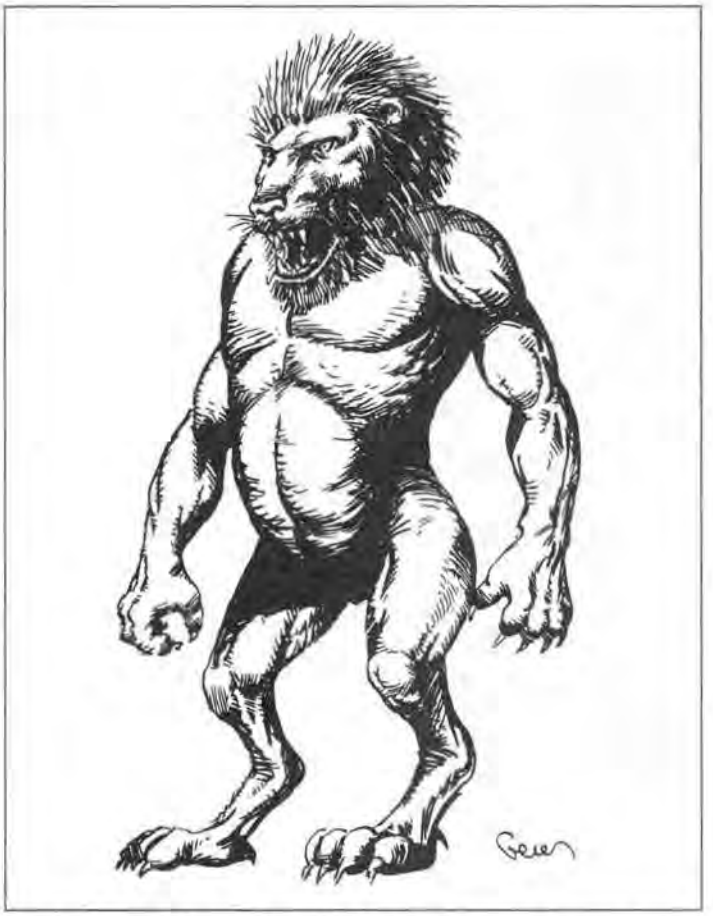
Rewinding a clockwork swordsman takes one round per hour of activity restored. When attempting to fully wind the springs, there is a 10% chance of breaking the automaton's delicate internal workings, which effectively kills it. Clockwork swordsmen cannot be raised since they have no souls. They can be repaired, but only by the original creator. Clockwork swordsmen cannot rewind themselves, and the most powerful automatons (9 or more Hit Dice) often require magical keys, which are usually safeguarded by their creators.

Other types of clockwork automatons are certainly possible. For example, a mage might construct a mechanical body servant, laboratory assistant, or even a horse.

Utukku

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Common on Carceri, very rare elsewhere
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Exceptional (15–16)
TREASURE:	F, R, X
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic evil

NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	–2
MOVEMENT:	15
HIT DICE:	10+5
THAC0:	9
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3 (claw/claw/bite)
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	4d4/4d4/3d4
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Spell use
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Hit only by +1 or better magical weapons, spell immunities, saving throw bonus
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	50%
SIZE:	L (11'–14' tall)
MORALE:	Champion (15–16)
XP VALUE:	16,000



Utukku usually inhabit the planes of Carceri, but on rare occasions they will come to the Prime Material Plane, inhabiting caverns or pits in desolate regions. On the Savage Coast, they are most often found in the deserts around the Horn and the Land of the Shifting Dunes, near Trident Bay.

Utukku are roughly humanoid in shape, standing about 12 feet high. An utukku has the head of a lion, with long quills in place of a mane, and a scaled humanoid body. It also has huge, white claws on its hands and feet. These creatures are mostly dark red in color, but their faces are a golden-red. An utukku's eyes are bright yellow with catlike blue pupils.

Utukku have their own language, which resembles low growls and is composed of very few words; meaning is conveyed by tone and inflection. They also have their own written language — a harsh and angular script, which bears some resemblance to the enduk writing style.

The Red Curse: Utukku never gain Legacies, and they do not require cinnabryl.

Combat: Utukku use their hands to slash at opponents in battle. Utukku can also use the following powers at will: *detect invisibility, read languages, know alignment,* and *detect magic.* They can use the following abilities three times per day: *teleport without error* (carrying up to 1500 pounds), *cause fear* (as per wand of fear), *create darkness* (30-foot radius), and *lightning bolt* (12d6 points of damage). Once per day, utukku may use a *symbol of discord* and *control weather* as an 18th-level mage. Once per week, an utukku may cause disease (by touch) and *polymorph self* into a human or humanoid form for a full day. All utukku have infravision to 120' and have a limited form of telepathy that allows them to communicate with intelligent creatures.

The harsh and deadly nature of the utukku's home environment has forced them to develop resistance to certain magical attack forms. From lightning, fire, or poisonous gas attacks, they take half damage if they fail a saving throw and one-quarter damage if they succeed. They also gain a +4 bonus on saving throws vs. poison. Utukku are immune to any sort of mental probing, such as *ESP* and *telepathy.*

Habitat/Society: Once per century, each utukku can plane shift itself into the Prime Material Plane from Carceri; it can remain on the Prime Material Plane for one year, after which it automatically shifts back to its home plane, taking up to 4,000 pounds of material with it. Because of its relatively short stay on the Prime Material Plane, its lairs are hastily made, and its defenses will not be very complex.

On the Prime Material Plane, utukku use their powers to spread misery and evil through nearby humanoid communities. They do not attempt to gain followers or lead humanoids, preferring to work alone. They attack other creatures from the Outer Planes on sight, regardless of alignment or plane of origin, unless they are outnumbered.

Ecology: Unlike some extraplanar creatures, utukku are mortal, but they have a life span of several thousand years.

Rumors claim that the utukku are the minions or servants of a long-forgotten Immortal that was either destroyed or imprisoned by the enduk patron Immortal. The enmity between this shadowy Immortal patron and Idu would certainly explain the utukku's fierce hatred for the enduks.

Side Treks

THE

BY JOHN BAICHTAL

"The Ghost at Widder Smither's" is an AD&D® SideTrek adventure for 1–4 PCs of levels 1–3 (about 5 levels total). The adventure may be located in any small town or village. This adventure would be appropriate for a low-level fantasy campaign where even a 5th-level wizard would be looked upon as powerful.

Introduction

You are walking through the town of Amber. The day is clear and warm, and the bustling townsfolk are gracious and cheerful. All in all, it is a fine afternoon. Suddenly, your content musings are broken by the clamor of a screaming old woman running through the streets, begging passers-by for help.

If the party offers to help the woman, read the next section. If they ignore her, then the boorish clods deserve no adventure.

The elderly woman composes herself and introduces herself as Lamani Smither.

"I was cleaning up after taking tea with my lady friends when I heard a creepy moaning. I looked around and saw an unearthly light in my kitchen. Standing there was a glowing man, waving his hands around. I fled, shouting for help — and never shall I return to that house until that unnatural phantom is banished!"

A greasy butcher pulls you aside and whispers to you: "Now, Widder Smither is getting on there, and maybe she seen things what ain't there, and maybe she seen a real ghost. But my money says that she imagined the whole thing. Now, you look tough, and maybe you could look through the old Widder's house and show her there ain't nothing to fear. In a day or two she'll have forgot the whole thing. You calm an old lady's fears, and I'll give you a fine roast for your dinner tonight."

If the PCs agree, the butcher and "the widder" show the party to her modest, pink house, with bright and cheery flowers planted in window boxes and neat lace curtains in the windows. The door is wide open.

As the party may eventually discover, the house was once owned by a wizard named Sylgarius Ghaz'm. He lies entrapped with his arch-enemy in a hidden cellar beneath the cottage. It is his rival who has been "haunting" the house.

The House

On a table are the signs of the widow having entertained her girlfriends — a partially cleared scattering of cups and saucers, a tray of scone-fragments, and a few linen napkins. There is nothing else to corroborate the Widder's story until the party reaches the kitchen. (In fact, there is nothing to interest the party in any room besides the kitchen.) The kitchen has the usual furnishings and shows signs of the widow having baked the biscuits for the tea party. But the most interesting feature is the apparition of a human man:

Before you is the phantasm of a male human, a burly fellow wielding a pick-axe and chopping at the floorboards, which show no signs of damage. A weird green-yellow luminescence fills the room. The ghost takes no notice of you.

This "ghost" is really the visual product of an *improved phantasmal force* spell, courtesy of a wizard named Lyrel Revenshield, who is trapped in Widder Smither's cellar — a place the widow doesn't know exists. The wizard has been concentrating on maintaining the illusion for half an hour and gives up five minutes after the party arrives. At the end of the spell, the phantasm drops the pick (which vanishes), makes imploring gestures with his hands, then sinks through the floor.

Wizardly Rivals

Fifty years ago, Sylgarius Ghaz'm and Lyrel Revenshield were the greatest wizards in the region. Inevitably, they became rivals, and this rivalry eventually ended in bloodshed. The squabbling persisted for some years until the day when Sylgarius was accused of murdering a shopkeeper. Lyrel led the effort to arrest him, and the two finally met in Sylgarius's house. Those waiting outside heard explosions and loud noises lasting for some time, then silence. When the other members of the posse

GHOST AT WIDDER SMITHER'S

gathered the courage to enter the house, they found nothing — no trace of either man. The house was subsequently looted and lay empty for years until the widow's husband took it as his own and repaired it.

What really happened was that the two wizards fought in Ghaz'm's secret cellar laboratory. The fight raged back and forth, with Lyrel on the winning side. Spell after spell was cast, and magical items discharged. Then came the final exchange: Lyrel was reading a *lightning bolt* from a spell scroll, ready to blast the weakened Sylgarius, who in turn pulled his trump card, a *ring of one wish*. He shouted, "I wish that he will stop attacking!" The hastily worded wish, rather than paralyzing Lyrel, put both men in stasis for 50 years. Lyrel's casting was interrupted and the *lightning bolt* smashed the stone staircase leading up to the cottage's kitchen, and both men were covered in rubble, protected from injury by the *wish's* magic, but buried so thoroughly that, when they awoke, they could scarcely move. Lyrel is trapped under a stone lab table, but this has given him enough room to cast his *improved phantasmal force* spell to attract the party's attention.

The floor in the kitchen holds a secret trapdoor, about 2' on a side and set into one corner. In addition to being camouflaged, the trapdoor is partially covered by a set of shelves, which must be moved to get at the trapdoor. Or, the party could simply hack through the floor as they saw the ghost do.

The Secret Cellar

> A cold blast of air strikes you in the face as you peer down into the cellar.
>
> You see a large circular chamber, lined with black bricks, with no other obvious doors. In the center of the room is a huge pile of stone rubble, apparently the remains of a staircase. Broken glass and garbage is scattered throughout the room, and heavy blanket of dust covers everything.

This was Sylgarius's laboratory, though it is scarcely recognizable as such. Lyrel and Sylgarius are trapped under the rubble. When they hear the party, they make a (muffled) commotion, clamoring to be freed. As the party begins searching the room, a pair of necrophidii that were Sylgarius's guardians, slip out from the shadows and attack, using their dance of death to paralyze as many PCs as possible.

Necrophidii (2): AL N; AC 2; MV 9; HD 2; hp 12, 12; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8; SA bonus to surprise, dance of death; SD golem immunities; SZ L; ML 20; XP 270; *MM*/170.

After the fight, the characters find little of value. The garbage is mostly worthless, except for two items: under the rubble, found only if the party is extremely thorough in their search, is a wooden coffer holding 121 sp and 55 gp, along with two *potions of speed* and a *ring of warmth*. This treasure belongs to Sylgarius. There is also a stained, grimy dagger lying in a corner. This is Lyrel's blade, Kobrukalan *(Wyrmspawn)*, a magical weapon with special powers. See the sidebar for details on this item.

The Wizards

Lyrel, a quirky man, has many great talents and many failings, but he has always been — and always will be — a staunch warrior against evil. He is a not a social man and has little grasp for table manners or other such conventions. He believes that evil appears in many guises, often seeming benign until the last moment. Therefore, it is better to distrust until a person has proven himself. As a consequence, he is perpetually mysterious about himself and his motivations. Lyrel compulsively lies when it comes to talking about himself and his past, even with his close friends, so one never knows what is the truth.

Lyrel is built like a lumberjack, his powerful muscles concealed somewhat by a thick layer of fat (it seems his appetite is as powerful as his thews). He has medium-length shaggy blonde hair and wears woodsman's clothes — fringed buckskins, a rain-hat, and moccasins. Lyrel got his name when he shattered an enemy's shield with one punch — a story he enjoys telling more than people like hearing it. He walks and talks like the ranger he is, but he is as wise as a priest and learned in the ways of magic. He is the friend of elves and dwarves, and a steadfast foe of evil in all its guises.

> ***Wyrmspawn***
> This extremely old dagger was given this boastful name after a legend stating that it was enchanted by dipping it in the blood of a dying dragon. *Wyrmspawn* is +1, and has a bonus of +2 vs. evil creatures, +2 vs. magic using creatures, as well as +2 bonus vs. any reptile. These are cumulative, so a red dragon (reptilian, evil, and magic using) suffers +6 hp damage. Any evil creature attempting to carry this dagger discovers that (for him) it weighs 100 lbs. *Wyrmspawn*, when cleaned up, is revealed to be of unimaginably ancient workmanship, with a bone hilt and a finely milled obsidian blade. It is Lyrel's most-valued possession — he will want it back.

Lyrel Revenshield: AL CG; AC 10; MV 12; R3/W4 (dual classed); hp 37 (12 remaining); THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type +3; SA spells; S 18/20, D 10, C 17, I 17, W 18, Ch 8; SZ M (6' 4"); ML 14; XP 2,000 Remaining spells: *light, mount; misdirection.* Magical items: *silver ring of jumping, bone pendant of mind shielding* (as the ring), *moccasins of silent movement* (equivalent to elven boots), and *pipes of the sewers.* At his side he has a beaded leather sheath for *Wyrmspawn,* along with a purse of 100 pp.

Sylgarius Ghaz'm is a small, dapper man, foppish in dress and manner. He was known for dressing in somber colors, though his clothes are always of the finest quality. He is also fond of heavy jewelry, especially huge rings and massy neck-chains. When found, he is wearing a dark maroon tunic of fine velvet with black silken breeches and slippers, with a black fur cape coming down to the backs of his knees. He also had a velvet hat with a nice feather in the brim, but it was blown up in the fight.

While definitely malign, Sylgarius is

not one of those evil wizards who creates armies of undead and victimizes whole cities. He is simply extremely selfish and paranoid. Sylgarius is best described as the opposite of Lyrel — gloomy where his foe is cheerful, sinister were Lyrel is benign, small and slim compared to Revenshield's huge height and girth. They hate each other with a passion. If it should ever come up, Sylgarius maintains his innocence regarding the 50-year-old murder of the shopkeeper. Actually, this is true, but Lyrel hates him too much ever to believe he is innocent. If Sylgarius should have to escape, he uses his *alter self* spell to grow a pair of wings and fly off. This is a trick he has done many times, and he is an expert flyer.

Sylgarius Ghaz'm: AL LE; AC 8; MV 12; W5; hp 21 (9 remaining); THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; SA spells; S 11, D 8, C 16, I 15, W 16, Ch 12; SZ M (5'6"); ML 12; XP 1,400. Remaining spells: *light, shocking grasp; alter self.* Magical items: *leather bracers of defense AC 8, staff +1,* and a *potion of healing.* He wears three gold rings; two are extremely large and worth 150 gp each, while the third (the expended *ring of wishes*) is worth only 1 gp. He also wears a large gold necklace worth 500 gp and his fur cape is worth 50 gp.

Concluding the Adventure

When the wizards are freed, they immediately start fighting again unless restrained. The PCs must decide whether to interfere. The battle can be rolled normally, or one side or the other can win as decided by the DM. If both men survive, they continue their feud and draw the party into their battle. The DM should make it ambiguous as to who is the "good guy." Lyrel is a compulsive liar and also a social clod who can be extremely rude and annoying, whereas Sylgarius is smooth, dapper, and courteous, looking and acting like a gentleman. He has a knack for speaking to courtiers and bureaucrats as though he were their best friend and can frequently make the authorities work to protect him.

If the party subdues the two to prevent the continuation of their duel, both wizards mark the party for revenge. Lyrel forgives them in a few months, but Ghaz'm never forgets an insult, and at a future date will do whatever he can to eliminate them. Ω

Denzel Washington

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